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THE PRESS AND THE AGE.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

From the Vierteljahrs Schrift.

TRANSLATED BY F. A. STRALE.

CONCLUDED, FROM PAGE 401 OF VOL. II.

IF the estimate assigned in the preceding remarks, of the relation between the essentially different powers in man and the present transforming movement, is correct, then the present condition of art contrasted with that of science appears to be a necessary one. The march of the more open, susceptible, palpable, and arbitrary elements of soul, is so impetuous, that no concentration is allowed or attainable for its deeper, in their essence, more instinctive powers; no rest or breathing-time in which to consolidate themselves into a definite form, and constitute the spiritual index of the age. We behold the developments of art carried out of sight by the rush of scientific developments, the hot pursuit after knowledge, after discovery, after invention, the rational and useful appliance.

In the pressure of our restless desires to penetrate the entire labyrinth of the past, to measure and adjudge every production of the human mind, and place them as dressing-glasses before us, we have long since been shorn of that enviable ease and contentment with the present, in being and in thought, that self-satisfaction and consequent self-esteem, which rendered antiquity and the middle ages a poetical reality, and

VOL. III. No. I. 1

enabled them to seize with a vigorous grasp the salient points of their existence, in their manners, in their costume; and to embody the noblest ideas and most exalted feelings in monuments of art.

Even the usual conventional faith in our own actual refinement is no more to be found; that self-reliance from which might spring forth a fresh blooming season of the Arts in after-time; for we miss,—and truly thankful we feel that it is so,—we miss even a satisfied and settled self-complacency among the higher Aristocracy, whose taste in Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Poetry, has with surprising universality, twisted itself into what we style the Rococo, which they affect to despise and yet imitate. The past affords us almost the only matter of reproach against Art, at least all higher art, and it becomes most strikingly apparent, how very much life to us has lost of its poetry, from the bitter criticism which we bestow on our own external appearance, a sort of æsthetical pity at our personal habiliments. Thus the nerve of modern historical painting and sculpture is severed and destroyed at the outset. Our conceptions in forming historical or ideal figures, in portraying the condition of our contemporaries, never amount to any thing more than barren prosaic reality, or may be something humorous and caustic, or in the worst cases, something sentimental. We are unable to produce any thing more. Intimately connected with this is the fact, that we are just as unable to erect a house dedicated to

our God, to our Rulers, to the Arts, or finally for our own use, where the genius of a past period does not stare out of the windows.

Along with the eagerness for historical and antiquarian studies, a desire has also been awakened, to purify life and art from the dregs and rubbish of much naughty stuff, descended from the last century, and this again has had a vivifying effect on historical research. A third auxiliary was added in the simultaneous and mighty stride of activity in trade. Industry now applied itself, as it had to Science, to the numberless branches of Art, and is at this hour endeavoring, with untiring efforts, to rescue the Spirit of History, as embodied in forms whether tasteful or only emblematical, to meet the ever-increasing and more refined wants of the multitude, by the splendor, beauty, and *recherché* character of its productions, that is, by their fashionable modishness, and to impart an artistical appearance to results obtained by an almost entirely mechanical process, through imitation and division of labor. Industry is incessantly conning and turning over the leaves of History's pattern-book; the silversmith and chaser, the brass or bronze-founder, the jeweller, the japanner, the cabinet-maker, the upholsterer, &c., are all incessantly hammering, casting, clipping, cutting, and filing, now in the antique, now in the gothic taste, *renaissance* or *rococo*, as inspired by some invisible power. They consult their own interest best, when adding as little as possible of their own; but it is of no consequence in the eyes of the public, if in concocting some odd mixture of Grecian and old German models, they present them with some abortive monstrosity. Every day new fashions are invented, in which the luxuriousness of former ages, whether tasteful and spirited, or coarse and insipid, is imitated in the manufacture of more ingenious, more picturesque, and cheaper furniture and utensils. And these artisans take their hints and reasons for changing the mode and fashion of the hour, mostly from the same quarter with the tailor and the milliner, (*Modiste*.)

Through the rapid spread of exterior refinement among all classes of people, so strikingly apparent since the peace, and through the universal increase of ideal wants which seek to be gratified by cheap luxuries, Industry has received a general impulse, and has, to a considerable extent, been necessitated to call the fine arts more and more within her sphere of action. These circumstances have rendered Art

herself popular, and have, by multiplying the markets and raising the demand, impelled her, on her part, to enter the many various paths of industry. The peculiarities of these reflect themselves on the Artist, and even he often joins the comprehensive class of Modernists (*modearbeiter*) who meet and gratify the urgent cravings of the great Public for the grandiose and modish by airy productions calculated for effect, or else by clever imitations; and thus afford the superficially enlightened the opportunity to imagine themselves occupying the pinnacle of the refinement and taste of the age.

Art, which once, strictly limited within intellectual effort, was the leader and pabulum of the guilds, and gave form and expression to public sentiment in stone, metal and wood, in lines and colors, now descends on the one hand quite low into mere handicraft, and on the other, as the quintessence of learned and æsthetical culture, ranges upwards to the very summits of sumptuousness. She is divided into an artistical industry of manufacture, and a learned industry of design, which again often merge into the former. Learned industry, or design, is formed, however, if we so may speak, artificially, almost entirely on historical understanding and knowledge, close study of the times in which a definite exposition of the Beautiful attained distinguished perfection. Nearly all our present Architecture and Painting is the offspring of a transposition of the Artist into past ages, and into a forced attitude of contemplation and sympathy, striving to rekindle their spirit in his own imagination, or eclectically using their forms and models to adorn the fashion of the day in her whims and vacillations. Our painters paint after all conceivable manners, our architects build in every style, and we may behold in our exhibition-galleries, and in the new streets of rapidly growing and field-devouring cities, how every couple of years a new epidemic prevails for this or that particular form, the same as in the cut of our garments. But, when in a boasted historical painting, or in one of the newest dazzling edifices, there is nothing to remind us of any particular period or stage of the Art, the whole sinks too often into insignificance and amounts to nothing. The demon of the age, Knowledge, guides the hand of the Artist, and very bewitchingly in his way. Whatever of calculation, that is, mere intellectual precision—whatever of practice, of lugging in by the shoulders and grouping together any thing auxiliary

from natural and recorded History, is to be found and often developed to perfection in details. Never have artists gone to work with better materials, never were seen more practised burins and brushes, never was the technical science more universal. Never did stone-masons and brick-layers work smarter, or trowel and build faster, or more ornamental; for every calculation, tables and the ready-reckoner are at hand; the old-fashioned crane has given place to the most effective levers and machinery; and thus it would be an easy matter, leaving money out of the question, to complete the dome of the Cologne cathedral: the thought, the design of that wonderful structure, is there, though born such a length of time ago, and the plan of the building is not yet destroyed.

We see, then, that the present Age lacks neither genius, materials, nor industry. On the contrary, the same power, which, by its main-spring, the Press, so materially has accelerated the energies of mankind in every direction, has also pushed artificial industry to gigantic proportions, and spread it widely throughout society. Only one thing is wanting, the very thing indispensable to characteristic developments from the hidden recesses of genius: a *fixed, permanent centre of feeling*, from which alone genuine creative Art can emanate, and on which it can fall back to recruit its strength; there is wanting the historically traced fountain-head of all true Art; there is wanting a common religious faith and its fruits; there is wanting a sense of the poetical import of the present life. Consequently, Genius, in its helplessness, in its eagerness to enwrap the spirit of the times in the most attractive forms, has surrendered and thrown itself into the arms of the monarch of the age, Science; led by this Mæcenas, it discourses all History, and vents itself, with whimsical and fretful inconsistency, in that form and the other, and in none has it found that independent self-esteem and contentment, which would serve it as the key-stone to works of identity and character. Or, if it should already partly have discovered this key-stone, we are unable, in the confused exuberance and multitude of productions, to discern it. So much cried up as of vast importance, as a revelation in its kind—has so speedily been engulfed in the ever-rolling tide of novelties, and given place to new wonders, that the observer's eye becomes shy, and his judgment mistrustful.

Poetry, generally speaking, partakes of the fate of the plastic Arts. The great in-

tellectual evolutions proceeding from the boundary between the present and the past century, have become the landmarks of a new epoch in polite literature in that of Germany and other countries. In this distinguished section of time, happened that equally rare conjunction of two of the most creative minds which history has known. Those comprehensive views, which then were opened in every department of human genius, were seized upon by them, each in his peculiar manner, with poetical fervor and acumen. It would appear, as if the new phases of the external and internal world received from them an instantaneous poetical impress, and by so doing, that all true poetic life and energy were forestalled, so as to allow a freer scope for the development of science. That period in our literature which so quickly ended with Schiller and Goethe, may be likened to a green-house plant bearing two glorious blossoms, one male, the other female. Both diffuse, with equally strong scent, but with very different odors, the spirit of that intellectual and moral change, through which mankind has been drawn from the surface into the very depths of creation; the spirit of speculativeness, of restless prying into the laws of human capabilities, and of nature, and of their mutual reaction. The seed dropping from this plant, was exceedingly rich, and brought forth a hundred-fold; but it carried within an organic amalgamation of the poetic element, which, in its very essence, is unchangeable in its loftiness, with that tendency to intellectual development which was roused to such extraordinary vigor; the achievements of knowledge preponderated greatly over the original and underrived. In the general onward course of refinement, in the nervous and bustling activity infused into every branch of human industry, poetical aspirings also rose to an immeasurable height, and called into existence that luxuriant crop of literature, which pervades the beau-monde of the present day with exhalations, sometimes narcotic, sometimes actually offensive, but rarely with wholesome, invigorating odors.

The present tendency of letters was early and distinctly indicated by those æsthetical ideas and maxims which were broached by Goethe and Schiller, but chiefly formed aside from them, and which soon acquired authority. The great revolution spoken of in all the Sciences, in connection with its direct influence on our greatest poets, has with us very conspicuously called forth the new school of æsthetics and Poetry, which is termed the Romantic School.

Research in this new school, inspired by the sublime, took the path of historical development in Art and Poetry, which it is even now pursuing among us. Now, for the first time, since so many branches of science were in vigorous and mutual reaction, a profounder understanding of the poetic spirit of past ages and nations became practicable; now, for the first time, the true foundation of a comprehensive History of Arts and Literature could be laid with true creative enthusiasm. Could any thing be more suitable to the German character? And these beautiful structures progressed with astonishing rapidity. From this time we were brought in contact, in ever-livelier forms, with the spirit of antiquity and of the middle ages, the spirit of our own people and of their neighbors, as instamped of old on works of the pencil and of the pen, and it was principally the æsthetic, romantic schools, which, with elated zeal, led the fountains of all poetry from gray antiquity, and from the farthest East, by able translations, and spirited comments and criticisms, into the stream of our national literature. When we look back on the times of those men who were the pioneers in this new conquest, on Wieland, and Herder, and Voss, the progress seems indeed very great, and any one who does not know, or does not consider, that Poetry in its essence follows quite different laws from those of Science, cannot understand why it is that we feel ourselves to be but very indifferent poets, just in proportion as we gain higher attainments in science.

Efforts in Historical-æsthetic study, exercised a stimulating and life-giving influence on all the historical and moral Sciences; they were of the last importance in promoting general culture, in purifying the taste, and in acuminating the historical mind, so characteristic of our times. But real Knowledge and true Art, cannot, from their very nature, advance together, in the same direction and through the same species of mental industry; and thus it came to pass, that æsthetic literary, while enlarging more and more the avenues of poetry to the understanding and the heart, through *History*, unwittingly lent a hand to withdraw the very ground on which it (Poetry) should rest in its conceptions of the present, and in its consequent execution. Through the prolific efforts to invest one's self with the very poetical soul and genius of the most diversified nations, and to imitate their manner, our language became polished and pliant, poetical technicality more accomplished and widely dif-

fused. The easier the mechanical business of poetry became, even through the general culture, the more the taste for it increased, and also the faculty of producing something in the form and complexion of the East and of the West, both the new and the old, or of distinguished living masters or historical standards, which at first sight looks like Poetry. In this manner, the vitiated principles of the Romantic tribe, with respect to the transcendent importance of form and the comparative insignificance as to the matter, obtained the most pernicious practical influence; and in a so much the higher degree, as the only true main ingredient, the actual living present, had become deteriorated. Every fruit and blossom of true original poetry which the world had yielded, had been enjoyed with æsthetic epicurism, and, through translation and paraphrase, injected into the literature of the day. It was then that the painful conviction first obtruded itself upon us, that with all our knowledge and command of style and rhythm, and, on that very account, we are not capable to produce any thing which comes up to the creation of times which were so much behind our own in æsthetic culture. Placed alongside the glories of so much departed excellence, our present life appears pitiful, dwarfish, and prosaic. Besides, there is, what after all is the main consideration, the moral and intellectual ferment into which the world has fallen in these our days, and which is working itself out for a re-casting of the whole system of education. But History shows, that Poetry, in its grandest strains, those which take hold of the actual outward life and being, in its Epic and Dramatic character, only adapts itself to periods of a higher, but now decaying state of culture. When, however, the work of expounding old and new Systems in Religion and Ethics, in Politics, and every social relation, is at its height, as at present, the soil in which epic and dramatic poetry might quickly and productively take root, is wanting, and in a time devoid of authorities, and where every thing in the visible and invisible world is subjected to doubt, and put to the question, the poetical vein does naturally and spontaneously flow into lyrics. These considerations explain, we think, the entire character of romantic poetry which has filled the first decade of the present century, as well as of the kind of literature, which now for a number of years has supplanted the romantic school.

In plying the rhyming trade, this school aimed at nothing less than a thorough po-

etical sifting and spiritualizing of all existing relations and circumstances. We know how little has been effected by this, or could in fact be effected. Their doctrines diverged fundamentally from a sound and available aspect of the present, leading direct into nonetical æsthetic speculation. Their successful endeavors to exalt the arts and poetry of all antecedent time, chiefly caused the living generation to regard their own existence as spiritless and prosaic, and not well knowing themselves what to make of the world, whose elements they had brought into discredit with their own and their cotemporaries' imagination, they invented an artificial, nebulous, and fantastic kind of world of their own, in which were huddled together pell-mell the thoughts and poetical forms of all ages, and caused them to jumble and play ad libitum in legends, tales, and allegories, in Utopian dramas and romances, which exhibited things *toto cælo* different from the reality. The whole range of this kind of literature, where so much respectable talent wasted itself, tells better than any thing how the spirit of knowing (rather than of knowledge, properly so called) of research and appliance, characterizing our modern culture, has penetrated and pervades every thing, even where its results can be only disastrous. The intellectual process glares conspicuously through in all these romantic poetizings, in defiance of all their affected profundity and apparent feeling. And taken as a whole, what is this kind of poetry but a rule-and-compass literary-historical exercitium, often nauseating, silly, and pedantic—now and then successful to admiration; so grand and imposing that we are dazzled by it, and easily forget that the poetry of poetry is not poetry.

When romanticism, or the romantic school arose, and during its sway, fresh, scientific, and æsthetical thought was yet the monopoly of an intellectual aristocracy, the property of comparatively few. But it expanded, chiefly by means of these very romantic works, more and more among the masses, which are the most wrought upon by polite literature. The process was hastened on, in great measure, through the political and social excitement consequent on the revolution of July, (1830.) Since then, the universal custom or eagerness to pry into the innermost recesses of every thing new—to search and question the authority of every thing already existing—to remodel, to complete, and where resistance is offered, to demolish, has received fresh impulse. This restlessness has

especially taken full possession of those excitable brains, (*bewegliche Köpfe*), which, whether called or not, press for political power; and literature has, under the influence of the latest political events and movements throughout the world, as by a sudden roundabout face, changed its front, and taken a quite different disposition with regard to life and its realities. The fictitious nihilism of the romancers has veered around into a practical endeavor to seize the present poetically. Every one knows and acknowledges, how poorly this has succeeded and does succeed; and verily, it hardly ever can succeed, so long as the historical fever rages, which is so utterly repugnant to all our public and social relations, and to the higher flights of genuine poetry.

Young Germany's grand project of eliciting a quiet, fresh, and blooming literature out of her own real mother-soil, has produced just as little as the labors of the Romancers to spiritualize life in verse. A feeling of inability, of impotence to seize this impetuous age by the lug of the hair, has soured both these schools, if we so may call them, against reality, and both scampered away from it, but in opposite directions. Under the mountain-weight of foreign dominion and the subsequent quietism of restoration, Romanticism spontaneously surrendered her poetical faith in reality, disavowed it, and hugged Antiquity to her bosom. In the present pressure of practical tendencies, it happens just as naturally, that spirited literature, which perhaps is the shortest phrase we can use, presses even beyond this pressure, frowns on the slow proceedings of real life, and industriously builds poetical castles in the distant future. In Romanticism ideas of restoration played their ghostly pranks; a chilled and hollow existence must be warmed, exalted, ennobled, by placing before it the magic mirror of chivalry, knight-errantry, troubadours, and minstrels, coupled with a pious belief in better and more glorious times. Modern literature, on the contrary, is carried away by reform; the religious and moral paradoxes of the age, which we hear, can be reconciled, life can be purged from so much nonsense and impurity, only by an entire re-construction on an entirely new, never before existing plan. In this, the reasonableness and justice of hitherto existing fundamentals of society, religion, the judicial and social relation between the sexes, the code of morals and conventionals, will be critically put to the question, and undermined in poetical

praxis. If æsthetical extravagance and an affected poetry were once styled "New poetical catholicism," they appear now intrinsically the same, in the shape of a new poetical heathenism. In the drama and in epics, we, in the one case, look back, in the other, forward, on Utopian wonders. This Janus-head of our new literature, has on either side a face, from which speaks in unmistakable traits the science-loving, speculative, analyzing, and designedly again combining spirit of the age. Hence, with all their external differences, the drama, romance, and novel of both schools, the romantic and the modern spirited literature, are so intimately connected. We find in both, everywhere the same command of language, mastery over form, smart ideas, historical acumen, bold figures, witty and tasteful weaving of historical art and literature into splendid arabesque work,—but what is most wanted is not there, poetry itself. And can it be otherwise? The age gives its tone to every mind per force; its atmosphere brings reflection and consciousness to the poetical workman, but in a manner, that instead of following the immediate poetical feeling inspired, and improve upon it, his feelings are captivated by his reflections, and carried along with them. And in this process the feelings and the materials become entangled in inextricable confusion. Add to this, that under a sense of inability to seize the present with firm and mastering hand, our natural desire of reforming the world, degenerates into a mania (Drange) wrathfully to destroy, what we are incompetent poetically to appropriate; and we have a satisfactory clue to the characteristic pathology of all our modern poetry, as well as to its famous frittered diffuseness, to the poignant grief of impotence, the proud remonstrances against the laws and maxims of society, and then to the unsubstantiality, and the confused caricaturing portrayal of epic and dramatic personages and figures. These, for the most part, are as little like real human beings, and as distorted and repulsive as are the actors of the romantics, though so often coming on the stage with mustache, imperial, kid-gloves, and Spanish cloak, just as these came on rattling in armor and steel, with hairy garments, torches, and minstrel's harps.

The present constitution of things, militating against true epic and dramatic conception, and the character of prevailing views of philosophy and of nature, co-operate to give preponderance and the highest praise to lyrics, and a class of lyrics,

which by sinking into the depths of nature and of mind, by a drawing of these two worlds within each other, by pain in the midst of pleasure, and smiles from among tears, present a striking contrast to that honest, simple-hearted kind of lyric or Idyl, which sports so harmlessly with the feelings spontaneously awakened, and with the placid features of the face of outward nature. Say we now, that Poetry, through the deep commotions of society, through the moral schisms incident to late developments even, has had presented to her graver subjects, higher as well as more profound problems, and this in one of her principal veins, the purely æsthetical, we say indeed what is the truth.

But we should, on the other hand, bear in mind what Goethe, who looked upon the prevailing taste for lyric verse, as a sign of literary dilettanteism, said, as being that "which shuns every thing contemplative, which cannot paint the object, but only the feelings which it awakens, whose pathological (diseased) productions only exhibit the bent or aversion of the author, and which thinks to exalt Wit into poetry."

And truly, this kind of superficial smattering, this dilettanteism is lord-paramount of our literature. The higher the culture of the age, the easier its superficial attainment; it adheres spontaneously to any one who lends himself to the influence of that torrent of ideas which the press pours forth. Thus all the philosophical, historical, political or æsthetical ideas of the times, flow freely and unchecked into many thousand heads, and dash again from their narrow receptacles into the immense basin of letters. The spirit of the age argues, reasons, groans, and raves, in every writer, like the demon in those possessed, with this difference, that the phantasms of the latter take the form of extraneous personalities, while the former regards the common-place ideas which he propagates as productions of his own spiritual self. Imagining, as so many rhyming and scribbling people do, that they contribute something of original and sterling value, while flippantly delivering themselves of the hastily-absorbed and crude elements, they at the same time deceive themselves just as much with regard to the form. They have passively succeeded to the heritage of a rich and fully-developed poetical language, and believe themselves trading on their own capital, when only dissipating and squandering this heritage with revolting levity, yet often with much grace, on the barren soil of their writings. Hence that astonishing impudence, with

which the flimsiest and most immature talent, considers itself some great and rising genius, and with the coolest arrogance confidentially announces itself as such to the Public ;* hence those characteristic stereotype features so prevalent in certain departments of our literature : the most singular medley of keenness and stupid nonsense, smart skimmings of the profound, affected profundity in mere trifling superficialities, fitful dippings into the arcana of Science, which ever bring up the same, therefore nothing, elegant methods of irrationality, and a peculiar splendor of diction, of no intrinsic worth whatever.

We often hear numerous voices, enjoining upon writers of the present day, above all things, to observe moderation and curtailment, and thereby think that they contribute something to what is called the turning of literature, (*Hebung.*) There are advisers, even, who are fully minded, that it would be much for the better not to squander and waste so much power of mind in fruitless poetical efforts, to suffer the fields of poesy to lie fallow until more favorable times, and to labor more zealously to further the appropriate business of the age, Science. It is, however, perfectly plain, that moderation and resignation are preached up to individuals, and to the age, with just the same success as attends the preaching of the faith, where the disposition to receive it is wanting.

A bold theological criticism is hardly a greater stumbling-block of offence to the pious, than to many is the present state of polite literature and of æsthetical criticism, as presented in every-day productions, or in exhibitions of public institutions. Even the very persons who would provide our literature with a splendid modern wardrobe, made of entirely new materials, which indeed she must wear a while, before it can be made to fit comfortably and gracefully, even these do by no means pretend to say, that literature is in a flourish-

* We beg to adduce an instance from real life, which will indicate a whole category of literary maladies pretty distinctly. The waiter at a Reading-club had manufactured an historical drama in iambic verse, and laid it before his Macænas, the President of the Club. On being asked by him why he had taken the pains to indite his performance in verse, the aspiring Poet answered in these very words: "I am sensible that I cannot command as fine thoughts as those of Schiller or of Goethe, and wished, therefore, to give some importance to the piece, by means of rhyme." How much rarer and more honorable is such a partial self-knowledge, than that implicit and impervious self-confidence which poetically removes mountains! The good man, too, provided his own reward, by not sending his historical drama in Iambics to the press.

ing condition. They modestly put forth their lucubrations as only very promising and pouting half-blown rose-buds ; while the other sees in them nothing but the crisp and withered shoots of a premature summer-season of the mind, prematurely come to an end. We discover the principal cause, why our present poetry is so much feeblér and less substantial than the plastic arts, in the great expansion and culture of language, and the consequent ease of forming a style without labor of thought. Plastic Art cannot ever again sink so very low, nor become so completely flattened to insipidity by inordinate spread and commonness, because it rests in its very nature on the basis of a handicraft, that is, on the skill acquired only by laborious effort and practice. But, when the breeder of poetry has no longer to wrestle with words and language, when they fall into his hand ready-made and pliant tools, when on every side it presses upon him forms and parcels of contents cut and dried for ready use—in such an era, certainly, Poetry must partly become stifled in its own exuberance, partly evaporate in ethereal nothingness.

Epic and dramatic literature, in general, are evidently much weaker, and with all their scientific training, much more vague in their aim and character, than is Historical Painting. The mental attunement of the age stands forth in its deepest and most striking traits in lyrics and in landscapes ; whatever is genuine and significant in either, becomes in after-time better appreciated and more valued ; we are disturbed at every moment of enjoyment, by the diffusive after-lyrics and the flat landscape, both copies from the composer, one from the true poet, the other from nature. Sketch-painting, (*Genre-malerei*), the naïve, sentimental, humorous, droll, satirical dashes, from real life or from history, stands, as a whole, far above our boasted and boasting literature ; all these sketches and tableaux are generally much more bearable and effective, when hung up on the wall by the refined public, than when lying as a cover on the table, enclosed by some many-colored medallion. Portraits remind one but too often, however involuntarily, of the personal, insidious, and defamatory criticism, which has invaded our literature. As for the rest, the mass of likenesses of unmeaning faces at our exhibitions, and the fulsome chatter of our journalists about insignificant writers and virtuosos, are two very prominent signs of the democratic tendencies of the present day. And this tendency or quality, is to

usa circumstance which has much enhanced the baneful influences which we have indicated through the astonishing and prevailing increase of literary productions and literary enjoyments. The relations of polite literature to the reading world, have already been spoken of in these pages, as connected with our remarks thus far. We touch upon this subject here only in view of our ultimate object.

We see the sentiment frequently advanced in cursory remarks on the history of German literature, as well as in works professedly devoted to the subject, that a state of exhaustion and sterility must necessarily succeed to the short and brilliant period through which German poetry has passed, and that fresh blossoms can be expected only in remote futurity after the lapse of a slow and gradual recruiting of strength, and a re-modelling of our own National character and habits. It may be so, or it may not; but is it not passing strange, that in making this estimate, Literature is often looked upon as a special identity, with its appropriate vitality, subject to alternate periods of vegetation; but the masses, the soil in which she is rooted, the public, is thought to be some once-for-all established and permanent fixture, a quiescent substratum?—It is forgotten, that it is and ever will be the public, the spirit of the multitude, which though so slightly tintured by literature, yet, if not positively creating it, determines its scope and coloring, and lends it the customs, actions, and postures with which it may invest itself. Who will venture to specify what particular direction our German poetry would have taken, had the appearance of Goethe and Schiller not been followed by a radical change in the organization of society?—But this is by no means the case.

In past centuries poetry had by degrees, and that chiefly through the agency of the press, become detached from the living national soil, divorced from the views and feelings of the people, and when commencing to be signalized as "polite literature," she had long been the exclusive badge and property of the higher classes, growing out of and congenial to the state of their intellectual culture. When German literary genius awoke, after an ignominious slumber of centuries, she found such a system already perfectly established, in her standard works. Like the poetry of England and of France, she almost entirely disowned the multitude, as by pre-concerted agreement; she sang, played, and declaimed only for the gratification of ears polite,

in strains which hearts fraught with artificial sensibility only could appreciate. The coterie of readers and authors, was nothing more than a committee of self-constituted delegates from the supreme intellectual census, most inadequately representing the people, though pitched in close proximity to the legitimate congress. The case is so no longer. The elements, in which the poet and author of the present day draws his circles around him, from whom he earns his bread and to whom he dedicates his productions, have become altogether different in their ingredients, aspects, and tastes.

Political revolutions and reforms have broken down the ancient landmarks of rank and cast. In utter variance with a former state of things, all or nearly all are perfectly equal in the eye of the law, all equally entitled to do and possess many things, or qualified thereto in the preliminaries. Since then also culture and refinement, whose main channels formerly flowed only through the higher walks of society, have tended downwards with impetuosity. Light in science and art penetrates the masses more and more. It is however inherent in human nature, that the man wrought upon by the progress of the age, not only appropriates to himself all that can be of practical benefit to him in his daily business, in his particular trade, but he wishes to grasp the whole circle of improvements, according to his capacity. He reaches out his hand, not only after what is serviceable in the world of mind, but also after the ornamental, the beautiful; not only after the bread, but after the wine of life also; not to secure knowledge alone, but also art; and scarcely has he learned scantily to assuage his mental cravings, before the luxury becomes to him a necessity. A half-educated person, who looks about him from his obscure station and seeks for light, is drawn by means of our *Encyclopædiæ* and especially by the universality of matter spread out upon the columns of our newspapers, into the very midst of the premises of knowingness, (we will not say knowledge,) is soon hurried through these, and before he is aware he emerges on a wide æsthetical common, which he finds delectable indeed. He suspects not what danger he runs, in pursuing this course, of destroying instead of strengthening the marrow and jewel of his being; and after having absorbed a certain quantity of poems, plays, novels, and reviews, he arrives quite naturally to the conclusion, that he can easily produce the like of these himself.

The reading public of our day, is a far more promiscuous company than formerly, and what can be more natural that that polite literature should spontaneously adapt itself in scope and matter to the proportions, character, and demands or necessities of the reading world? With the extension of the reading public, the sphere of those who not only receive bounty from the Muses, but who extort it, has been immensely enlarged. In like manner, and in the same sense as predicated of the plastic arts, the brotherhood of Belles-Lettres has become much vulgarized and drawn within the precincts of industry and handicraft, and the spirit of the age has erected its factories and workshops on the manor soil of poetry itself, in the shape of literary journals, magazines, and philological and translating institutes.

He who draws a comparison between the present condition of literature and its recent palmy days, who begins to meditate on its probable or possible development, and leaves out of sight this point of culmination, this essential difference between *then* and *now* in the annals of human culture, he, to use a homely phrase, reckons without his host. The sudden swell and consequent disarrangement of the intellectual masses, which are operated upon by the literature of the age, and which again reacts in the multiplying and increased vamping emptiness of authors, is evidently the main source of the prevailing dilettanteism in literature, which in most of its departments knows far less its own mind and object, than the plastic arts do.

An ever increasing craving for instruction, is sated by an aimless, undue, miscellaneous reading; but through all this wilderness of words, the craving mind seizes direct on any thing like fact or narrative; the dress, the vehicle of conveyance, is of no consequence. With such a disposition, not merely the practical and relatively useful is absorbed, but also the ideal and fanciful. The fiction, the drift, and meaning, is then every thing. The majority of readers imagine, that the conceptions of the poet are as easily embodied in form and language, as a newspaper paragraph or a popular tale; that to design, to create, and to commit that which is designed and created to paper, is but one and the same operation, or that as long as a man is prolific and successful in inventing, it is of the smallest import how he acquits himself in the delivery. Hence it happens that ignorant, half-educated people evince much more veneration for the veriest mediocrity

in the plastic arts, than for the most meritorious compositions, and know no other poetry than that which jingles in verse. In this they see and apprehend that skill has effected something, of which they are incapable, and which evidently can be acquired only by industry and practice; the labor bestowed and the wit expended strikes the eye in looking at verse; but in prose they see nothing but what they think themselves able to produce, if the thoughts and ideas were theirs, and as these go toll-free, they are not disposed to attach any great value to such ware. In the former case they overlook the matter on account of the vehicle, in the latter they forget the form for the sake of the matter, or, in this the form, and in that the matter, seem to them something as quite *selon la règle*.

Preoccupied by such notions, not only the rude hand of the serf, but even the delicate gloved and perfumed digits of the literary parvenu, grab into the conservatory of choice and elegant literature, to gather a nosegay suiting their taste. With views as these, reading is sedulously attended to, not only in the guard-house and the servants hall, but much oftener in the boudoir, since every body claims partnership with the beau-monde, who has his head furnished and done up by the peruquier. But so populous a beau-monde produces naturally authors innumerable. The bel-esprit-virus with which the world has become inoculated, breaks forth at a thousand points in the shape of poems, novels, romances, &c.; poetical vitality raised to an enormous pitch! Nothing can therefore be more natural than that very many entertaining the same ideas of poetry as to its matter and form, dash away at writing, with the same nonchalance as the others do at reading; knowledge of every kind is now-a-days in such a state of fluidity, all manner of instruction so wonderfully facilitated by the most effectual helps, the most ingeniously contrived literary funnels and injection pipes. The minds of youth are at once immersed in the immense vat of literature, and instead of being suffered to form themselves, are there operated upon according to circumstances; before they well know how, they find themselves to their great delight in full and undisturbed possession of the great tool of the poetical craft, language; and in a few years after the young lady has had her last exercise corrected by the *gouvernante*, she has with heroic grief hatched and put forth her first novel; and just about the same period, or when his little college-learning is about evapo-

rating, the young gentleman feels himself called to be a poet or a critic. In the good old pedantic times, the man who desired to marshal forth his genius into the upper circles of society, if not a bona fide genius, that is, if he had not passed through the schools with some degree of personal and earnest application, which was the indispensable groundwork of all superior culture—we say, he must have made something of himself by study—he must have solidity; though perhaps not fashioned out of the finest and best materials, yet he had a sound and solid one, but it must be purged and gilded in the schools. But in these times of ours, people are very quickly and very thinly varnished over with the professional compound; they extemporize their poetical effusions, and we think indeed that the galvano-plastic mode of gilding was discovered earlier, and more for the benefit of poetasters, than for the beautifying of house-furniture and kitchen utensils. The most empty heads, the most shallow brains, plunged into the castalian fount, soon become coated over with a thin crust of base gold-wash, and incontinently pop aloft as matriculated and all promising sons of the muses. There is no lack, in these days, of very clever heads, but most all of them become very early infected with the æsthetic atmosphere of the age, and *a priori* accustomed to over-rate themselves, to mistake the dominant idea of the day for originality, to eschew and contemn serious study and honest labor, and to plunge into a path on which no talent can eventually arrive at any thing, or produce any thing worth speaking of. But is it worth one's while, to encounter all the grievous ills to which, by the confessions of the best men in all ages, all true poetry, yea, every superior work, is destined? It is more convenient to trifle about these ills. The art of making false jewelry in the cheapest and most plausible imitation of real gold-ornaments, has been carried to such perfection, that only the very smallest portion of gold trinkets have the credit of being solid and genuine, and consequently but very few wear such. In like manner, a technical routine cheaply got, and as it were thrown at one's head, produces a modern literature of plated and gilt hollow-ware, by which the multitude garnish their intellectual premises. Small demand there is for the massive, finely wrought, and chiseled article. Who, that works for a market, would think of taking the thankless pains of producing such?

With many the desire to appropriate to

themselves at least so much of æsthetic culture (once the exclusive property of certain classes,) as may be thought necessary in order to lay claim to some conventional distinction in society, is the cause of the increasing clamor for literary distinction. We may observe that this clamor and this desire extend just as far downwards and embraces as many classes, as does that modern attire which is fast crowding out the earlier national and grade-indicating costume; both are equally significant signs of a social conformation, where there are enough of gradations, heights, and depths in external as well as intellectual respects, but nowhere a definite demarcation, no legitimate gauge and standard of pretensions. In this world people judge and estimate one another with wonderful instinctive accuracy. With one glance, the most ignorant servant-wench discovers not only the difference between the dress of the real and the would-be lady, even when stuff and cut are the same, but seizes upon much smaller discrepancies in the attire, though perfectly similar in make; the most common eye is difficult to deceive as to the standing and quality of persons, by a dress contradicting that quality. Much natural and acquired art, theoretically, and much impudence and cunning, practically, is requisite, to deceive the world successfully, and to maintain one's self by dint of talk, dress and deportment, in a sphere naturally far above one's deserts; but least of all do people suffer dust to be thrown into their eyes, by coarse luxury or modish foppery. But how much more vague and shifting is not the taste of the multitude in their intercourse with books, than in their intercourse with mankind—in an intercourse where all depends upon discerning the quality of the mind through the texture of the drapery. Here as many are imposed upon by polish, mannerism, and grimace, as there are few in the other case. One may without great effort or knowledge, pass for a nobleman in authorship, with a certain very numerous class of readers; for any one who can fantastically bedizen himself and grossly flatter the prevailing mania of the public, is there looked upon as a portentous apparition. There are, no doubt, people enough, who on paper easily distinguish the truly informed from the mere varnished pretender, but they form no longer a body, a censor morum; they are unequally scattered through the mass; their influence on the course and character of literature is in many respects

much curtailed; and thus the voice and taste of the majority, who hold true learning so cheaply, prevail in most of the various departments of letters. That, while thus speaking, we in nowise are so foolish, to wish again for the "good old time" of privileged caste—that we do not anticipate the future glory of poetry from a revival of the old aristocracy of Savans, we need not, it is presumed, expressly state. The conclusion of these reflections will make it apparent, that we entertain quite different views of the future.

But it is not to be wondered at, that with the prevalence of such æsthetical habits, so many writers and readers lose sight more and more of the difference between literary solidity and mere tinsel, that the difference becomes more and more unnecessary. "*Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur.*" How many valiant in producing or criticising poetry, have not understood this saying, even if the literal meaning were plain! They may have heard of it, but do not believe, that a poetical fashionably popular work, whether great or small, must appear light and destined to oblivion. If it has been so easy for the author to indite, it must be a light matter, and the opposite of all ideas of true art, and if to be thrown aside into oblivion, it is certainly not worth preserving. As the French say of the drama: "*Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante;*" so we may say of a great portion of our belles-lettres; that which had better never been thought, is printed.

All systems of science, from chemistry to æsthetics, are crammed with strange, outlandish, and, for an unlearned tongue, often desperate words and phrases, mostly Greek. This still flourishing custom, of baptizing new objects and ideas by hellenistic and barbarian names, is at least excusable when used in a purely scientific connection, with reference to interchange of thought with antiquity; but stands in the absurdest disproportion with the growing flippancy and superficiality of the present humanistic school-education. One would suppose, that this thorny nomenclature would repel many authorlings and adepts in book-making, who never were burdened with much knowledge, and who forget nothing only because they have so little to be forgotten, from certain matters and things, just as rabbits and worms are kept aloof from the fruit-tree by haw-thorn hedges and ramparts of pitch. But the literary caterpillar finds everywhere his way to leaf and bark, and devours every thing, even to the knots and prickles, which he often re-delivers

in the most grotesque shapes. Thus one in his travelling-sketches abandons himself to his "eligaic" mood, and speaks of the "triumvirate" of the creative arts, music and poetry; another complains, laughably enough, of the "hydrogene" elements of a certain literary association—this is printed; only he meant to say, "heterogene" elements; another promises in his prospectus of a new gazette a "Reblique" of the latest literature; evidently a learned transformation of revue or retrospect.

How far the general thirst for knowledge, the spirit of speculating and sifting prevails in poetry, as well as in every species of art, is especially apparent from the circumstance that literature is itself aware of her weakness, and of its cause. Literature storms bravely about herself, just as we grumble over our own citizen's dress. Through the labors of antiquarians, theatre-directors, and merchant-tailors, the costumes of past ages have become as familiar to us as their poetry, and we have arrived at a critical conviction, that at no time people dressed more shabbily and absurdly, at no time was poetry more shamefully misused than at the present. One would think that nothing would be more easily changed, more easily and entirely revolutionized on coming to an unbiassed resolution, than the diurnal modes of dress; but not so—in this department, too, next to nothing is invented—in this too we apply only scientific criticism, recur to the ways of our grandmothers, and patch them up, and particularly with regard to female costume, any variation depends chiefly on the fecundity of antiquarian talent. Our tailors and mantuamakers are as sterile in creative and progressive invention as our poets, and we can as little get rid of our clothes as of our literature. Thus the fate-abandoned field of tailoring proves most strikingly, first, that all developments in the same age, the highest as well as the lowest, necessarily proceed from the same root; and next, that the problem and characteristic of our time is not *invention*, but *discovery*. A presumptuous chasing after scientific discovery, finding out, and appliance, keeps down inventive and creative art, drawing it into the same unfruitful path, so that a self-confident activity and thoughtfulness pervade the arts; but not that sort of thoughtfulness and study which in the genuine work follows inspiration—a sort which must serve as substitute for inspiration.

We would indeed be led to entertain very serious apprehensions respecting the

future destinies of literature, if we were to judge of the present character of poetical talent, from inferences drawn from our estimate of intellectual culture of earlier times, as exhibited in their standard works, did we not look beyond our day. Every one is aware that poetry, by being spread out before so many classes, with which it formerly hardly came in contact, has indeed become more common, but not, therefore, in a good sense, more popular; that among the nauseating trash which daily falls from the press, as well as in those of her offspring for which we have no need of blushing before posterity, we may search long and wearily to find any thing resembling a germ, a grain of fresh and genuine poetic nationality, (*Volks-poesie*.) But yet such germs and grains do already exist; we discern (as we think) the first faint auguries and beginnings of a development, in the progress of which the people gradually will become susceptible of poetic feeling, and once more the foundation be laid for creative art, not from above, from the gentry downwards, but from beneath, out of the heart and quarry of the nation. Such a blessing can never spring from mere belle-lettres and artificial dilettanteism; it seems rather to be hoped for from a certain tone among the people which has little affinity with literature. We allude to those marks of a revived nationality, which are traceable in the awakening of patriotic sentiments, and in an impulse towards free associations. It is of much significance to our nation and to our period, that this disposition reveals itself in its poetical tendency, by music; in the numerous musical and vocal societies, which, steadily spreading, embrace social unions of quite distinct classes. It is a matter of congratulation that the poetical electrometre has hitherto elicited so faint sparks of genuine original poetry; all healthy growth is remarkably slow. This remark leads us to the last idea, which we here wish to record.

Culture, in its universal sense, before the discovery of the art of printing, had an aspect widely differing from that which it subsequently assumed. We see education in the middle ages, notwithstanding the rigid separation of classes and ranks, far more uniform than now, when so many of these barriers of caste have been done away with. The gulf between the suzerain and the vassal was more of a civil and external nature than an intellectual. The ideas of Deity, of the world, and of nature, were, if we so may speak, bounded and fixed pretty much within the same figure

in the soul of the prince as in the soul of the galley-slave; whereas in the later relative positions of men who must pursue various paths through life, they have become much more diversified by occult and inward, intellectual qualities, than in civil and political respects, or outward condition. In former times, the leech, the adept, the astrologer, or the heretic, stood out isolated and in bold relief from the equally tempered mass, as the representatives and purveyors of learning. The spirit of investigation and acquisition was fettered, describing narrow circles around scattered and migratory centres; but art grew up in joyful luxuriance on the broad and deep soil of faith, and the artist was no virtuoso, no dilettante, who with unwonted strength of genius ushers something overwhelming into day; he was what Thomas Carlyle calls, a worker, who by his personifications gave tone and expression to the common feeling, and never delivered a text to which every soul had not a response and a commentary at hand.

This revival of art threw its last vibrations pretty far within the domains of the press, and in an age where, through the reformation, the might of that press had already been sensibly felt, art once more stood up in glorious strength. The paintings of the sixteenth century are the delicious fruit, and also the sere and yellow leaf of a rapidly consummating year of the universe. A new era commences from the hour in which the *idea* of printing became reality, and at the time, when the antiquarian no longer invoked his old books and parchments as Incunables; the genius or demon of a new cycle of the world, leaped out of his cradle accoutred in complete armor. From that hour, the fetters which had until then held nearly all, high and low, great and small, in the bondage of simplicity, begin to be loosened; differences and controversies in thinking and feeling come to be identified and expressed in words; the warfare between spirit and mind, the upper and lower powers, begins; the understanding quenches and conquers sentiment, and the watch-word of an ever increasing, rapid development, is knowledge. In this process, the ancient spiritual level of society was necessarily destroyed; here it rose into eminences, while there again it sank into declivities; the ideas and standards of individuals and of classes tallied less and less, distinct circles and platforms formed themselves separately, which took very unequal interest in the solution of the master-problem of the age, research, and were

very unequally affected by its results. A spiritual aristocracy stood over against the mass of the people, as pioneers in the movement towards enlightening reason, which not only ruled them politically, but kept them morally muzzled. But the deeper the mind penetrated into nature and history, the more the horizon cleared up at those points, the darker and denser and more confused became the shadows resting on the intellectual world; the more divided, essentially differing, men became among themselves touching the most momentous questions and interests. Science bounded up to the clouds, but the church languished, and with her *that* art which springs from a common and paramount spirit. The foundations of this common paramount feeling were demolished, and thus art and poetry became the property and prerogative of the higher, knowing, enlightened classes, and the offspring and impress of their taste and spirit. The arts were no longer the common spiritual bread of life; they became seasoned dishes for refined palates, for those who know how to enjoy scientifically; but utterly insipid, indigestible, incomprehensible to those who brought nothing but nature's common unsophisticated appetite to the banquet.

While culture thus rapidly advanced toward the aristocratic pole of the social world, light, spurious as well as true, penetrated yet slowly the masses toward the democratical. This descending tendency of culture, has become wonderfully accelerated since the latest important changes in politics, in science, and in trade, and the conviction is forced upon this generation, that culture and education will assume an entirely new aspect. The press, that very instrument which yet in its imperfection, at the close of the middle ages, exploded the unity of feelings and ideas, appears now in its mature strength, to labor for the restoration of this very unity. It looks as if History were intent upon reconducting mankind by some spiral windings to the same point which they occupied half a thousand years ago; as if out of the present commotion, a middle age is to emerge on a more splendid and exalted scale; that is a state in which the entire people shall, in spiritual and moral respects, again form a phalanx more unbroken than ever; an age in which the common mind, in its nature essentially one and unchangeable, shall again find its equipoise in connection with the isolated aristocratic mind; in which, after a final momentary satisfying of the spirit of research and inquiry, of

analysis and classification in the outward world, the creative spirit of the inner world shall again be emancipated; in which art shall fully perfect and ennoble that which science has so gloriously achieved during the last centuries, making it by a touch of her magic wand the legitimate spiritual capital of the people.

Such a view can give umbrage only when not rightly understood; it will, however, only be pointed out in this place. At another time we may take a nearer view from this point, of the present course of history.

Culture has evidently struck into another path, leading to quite a different goal from that which she seemed to follow fifty years ago, and many are the phenomena of our time which may be construed in consonance with our views. State, legislation, arranging and intercourse of classes, morals, customs, dress, in short, the whole social system as it at present exists, and in its present state of progress already indicate, on close observation, where the new movement has taken its beginning—where it betrays more affinity to a state of things as they existed before the discovery of the art of printing, than to that of the past century. In many respects present circumstances appear altogether the reverse of what they were in the middle ages; but in this complete transformation, the new is far nearer to the old than merely on the way to it. Whether reading and writing shall form the rule or the exception—whether very many do not think, because they read nothing or have read too much; whether men obey, because they *must*, and know no better, or whether the idea of a just government shall pervade the community; whether a certain category of the laws of nature, or a certain amount of authenticated facts, shall be known by the many or the few; whether every person shall be able to propel himself forty miles in the hour, or whether high and low must travel on foot or on horseback:—all this is of no consideration, when treating of the main-springs, of the stamina of social development; and every one, who is not an entire stranger in the history of the middle ages, is able to extend these parallelisms into every direction and department of life.

It must not be forgotten, that even the highest and most sublimated views of nature, as they strike ever deeper, have broken away from the materialism of mere ratiocination,* and manifest a leaning, a returning towards the mystical point d'appui of

the middle ages. But one asks—what about religion—the church? Where is here a general soothing, satisfying, effectual remedy to be found—a reconciling of opposites discoverable? Our answer is: the depths of cavil and contradiction must become exhausted, as they now are pretty much for the first time, before a reconciliation can become imaginable, or before a reformation can begin. No one can as much as conjecture in what sense such a reformation is to ensue, and consequently no one can determine whether it has already begun or not. But, at all events, at this point a vista opens upon us of an indeterminate duration of the present ferment. We do not even know in which season we are of the current year of the universal cycle; whether we are yet in the vernal season, or whether autumn is at hand. Sufficient for us, is the persuasion, that the world is not on the point of dissolution, but rushing onward to some grand transformation, or rather re-modelling, reformation, and that the present sufferings and throes of humanity shall subside, her infirmities will be healed, to give place to other infirmities. Should, however, the procreative sap once ascend into the upper branches, evolving research and creative intellect, the common mind will again yield untainted, genuine blossom and fruit. Yet, while even now, imperceptibly to us, a new germ of the beautiful and of a true living nationality, is slowly developing from the heart of the people, that which poetry and art have produced by its unnatural and soulless alliance with science, may cause yet greater confusion, until those weeds shall be choked by the fresh and healthy vegetation. And we see, therefore, no cause in the world to despair, even if our social, literary, artistical, theatrical, and every other characteristic institution of the day, should appear to succeeding generations to be the same as the last scarcely departed century is to many a one among us, the good old time.

THE CROSSING OF THE DESERT.—Extract of a letter dated Alexandria, June 20th, 1843:—"It gives me great pleasure, in taking a retrospect of the last 12 months, during which time I have crossed the entire of Egypt 13 times, and as far as Cairo no fewer than 29 times, to bear testimony to the amazing change that has been wrought in the system and means of transit. At that time the means and arrangements of the canal navigation were of the most wretched description, and amid inconven-

iences and scenes of the most repulsive nature passengers were obliged to spend 12 or 15 hours huddled together within a space not fit for the accommodation of half the number conveyed. Instead of two there are now five canal passage boats in use, and two steam tugs, besides 48 horses. This improvement has enormous advantages, but will be felt best by those who have travelled under both circumstances. On the Nile, instead of one there are four steamboats. The Desert, too, has lost most of its terrors. At the time to which I allude, and subsequently, I have seen and shared serious privations. But this has undergone a change. The wretched horses formerly in use have been replaced with efficient ones, their number increased from 80 to 250; a relay, instead of every 40 or 60 miles, now established at every station, say every 10 miles; the vans and harness refitted and repaired, the station-houses fitted up most comfortably, and an English male and female attendant at the centre and principal bungalow; all the dependents throughout the line better ordered and more civil, and none of that extortion which was practised at hotels and at every point where a possibility of it had heretofore existed; and there is now no cause sufficient to deter the most timid or delicate traveller, at any season of the year from crossing Egypt with perfect safety and comfort, and without the slightest risk of delay. For much of the improvement thus rapidly introduced into the overland route the public is indebted to his Highness the Pacha, who continues to afford every facility towards the complete development of a communication which is daily becoming more important both to England and India. It is understood that an arrangement is now in course of completion between the new Transit Company and the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, by which the means possessed by both parties in Egypt will be brought into united operation, and the efficiency of the transit permanently secured.

PREMATURE RISE OF THE NILE.—A very remarkable anomaly has been observed this year in the periodical flux of the Nile. From time immemorial the first day of the rise of the Nile has ensued soon after the summer solstice, and at Cairo the phenomenon has usually taken place some time between the 1st and the 10th of July; this year, however, there was a rise of the river on the night of the 5th of May, consequently two months earlier than usual. This rise continued only four days, after which the water fell, and it still continues falling as it always does until the period of the summer solstice. History affords no example of so early a rise of the river, and only a few instances are recorded of a second rise taking place shortly after the first. One of these instances occurred in the reign of Cleopatra, and the other in the year 1737.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

IMPOST ON MERCHANDISE THROUGH EGYPT.—The Pacha of Egypt has issued a proclamation establishing the transit duty of only half per cent. on the declared value of all merchandise *in transitu* between India and Europe, subject to very rational regulations. The duty must be paid at Alexandria for the merchandise landed at that port, and also for that landed at Suez. In case of fraud being manifest, either in the denomination or valuation of the merchandise, the Custom-house, after having proved the fraud by opening the packages, will charge a duty of ten per cent.—*Britannia*.

WORDSWORTH'S GREECE.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THIS very beautiful book is worthy of the name of Greece, and of another name now classical in England by a double claim, that of Wordsworth. As regards the pictorial, it delineates almost every thing—scenery, buildings, costume; and has besides numberless fanciful vignettes. There are upwards of three hundred and fifty engravings on wood, and twenty-eight on steel, all by such artists as Copley, Fielding, F. Creswick, D. Cox, Harvey, Paul Huet, Meissonnier, Sargent, Daubigny, and Jacques. The descriptive paints Greece as it was, and again as it is; and with the hand of one who is master of his subject, thoroughly acquainted with the ancient and modern geography of the country, and an accomplished observer in all that relates to the arts. The historical portion, in like manner, exhibits the learning and judgment of the author. The traveller in Greece will find this, we are inclined to think, the very best book he could take with him—no other work contains, perhaps, so much matter in one fair octavo; and it has this further advantage, that whatever information Dr. Wordsworth gives us on subjects of this class, comes stamped with acknowledged authority. The classical student, albeit that he never makes a voyage except it be *autor de sa chambre*, will find in these pages most interesting and abundant information; and the poet, the architect, and the antiquarian may gather from them quite enough to repay a perusal.

One or two short extracts may give some idea of the manner and matter of the book.

The passage which follows leads to his description of Athens:—

"To describe Athens, a man should be an Athenian, and speak the Athenian language. He should have long looked upon its soil with a feeling of almost religious reverence. He should have regarded it as ennobled by the deeds of illustrious men, and have recognized in them his own progenitors. The records of its early history should not be to him a silence; they should not have been the objects of laborious research, but should have been familiar to him from his infancy—have sprung up, as it were, spontaneously in his mind, and have grown with his growth. Nor should the period of its remote antiquity be to him a land of shadows—a platonian cave in which unsubstantial forms move before his eyes as if he were entranced in a dream. To him the language of its mythology

should have been the voice of truth. The temples of Athens should not have been to him mere schools of art. He should not have considered them as existing, in order that he might examine their details, measure their heights, delineate their forms, copy their mouldings, and trace the vestiges of coloring still visible upon them. They should not have afforded materials merely for his compass or his pencil, but for his affections and for his religion.

"This, we gladly confess, is not our case. We commence our description of this city with avowing the fact, that it is impossible at this time to convey, or entertain an idea of Athens such as it appeared of old to the eyes of one of its inhabitants. But there is another point of view from which we love to contemplate it—one which supplies us with reflections of deeper interest, and raises in the heart sublimer emotions than could have been ever suggested in ancient days by the sight of Athens to an Athenian.

"We see Athens in ruins. On the central rock of its Acropolis exist the remains, in a mutilated state, of three temples—the temple of Victory, the Parthenon, and the Erechtheum; of the Propylæa in the same place; at its western entrance, some walls and a few columns are still standing; of the theatre on the south side of the Acropolis, in which the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were represented, some stone steps remain. Not a vestige survives of the courts in which Demosthenes pleaded. There is no trace of the academic porches of Plato, or of the lyceum of Aristotle. The pæcile of the Stoics has vanished; only a few of the long walls which ran along the plain and united Athens with its harbors, are yet visible. Even nature herself appears to have undergone a change. The source of the fountain Callirhoe has almost failed; the bed of the Illissus is nearly dry; the harbor of the Piræus is narrowed and made shallow by mud.

"But while this is so, while we are forcibly and mournfully reminded by this spectacle of the perishable nature of the most beautiful objects which the world has seen, while we read in the ruins of these temples of Athens, and in the total extinction of the religion to which they were dedicated, an apology in behalf of Christianity, and a refutation of paganism, more forcible and eloquent than any of those which were composed and presented to the Roman emperor by Aristides and Quadratus in this place, we are naturally led by it to contrast the permanence and vitality of the *spirit* and *intelligence* which produced these works, of which the vestiges either exist in a condition of ruinous decay, or have entirely disappeared, with the fragility of the *material* elements of which they are composed.

"Not at Athens alone are we to look for Athens. The epitaph—*Here is the heart: the spirit is everywhere*—may be applied to it. From the gates of the Acropolis, as from a mother city, issued intellectual colonies into every region of the world. These buildings now before us, ruined as they are at present, have served for two thousand years as models of the most admired fabrics in every civilized country of the world. Having perished here, they sur-

* Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Royal 8vo. London: W. S. Orr & Co.

vive there. They live in them as in their legitimate offspring. Thus the genius which conceived and executed these magnificent works, while the materials on which it labored are dissolved, has itself proved immortal. We, therefore, at the present time, having witnessed the fact, have more cogent reasons for admiring the consummate skill which created them, than were possessed by those who saw these structures in their original glory and beauty."—pp. 129, 130, 131.

These eloquent and able passages attest the scholarship of the author. He goes on to observe that it is not in the *material* productions of Athens that her spirit is still seen: it survives in the intellectual creations of her great minds; and the interest which they have given to the soil, invests it with new and strange charms for us of modern times. Dr. Wordsworth then enters into a minute account of the remarkable buildings of Athens—a subject on which no one in these times could venture to say much, who had not some confidence in his classical acquirements, and in his knowledge of the arts. Dr. Wordsworth is well known to be a sure guide in all these matters. His name alone might give character to the book, but it would fail to do it justice. It is so beautifully got up, that to be appreciated it must be seen.

The passage we have quoted may give our readers a very fair impression of the author's style; but being only introductory to more detailed observations, it does not exhibit any thing of the fulness and variety of matter for which the work is very remarkable. We had pencilled some other passages for extracts. One giving the fable and the history of Theseus, another suggesting with much ingenuity and apparent truth, that the systems of education adopted at Athens and in Sparta—systems strongly contrasted in all points—arose from the physical forms of the two countries. The site of Sparta at a distance from the coast, secluded in a valley at the extremity of Greece, led to a system of self-dependence, abstinence, and denial, and to that principle of implicit obedience to the law, "so emphatically described," says Dr. Wordsworth, in the epitaph engraved upon the tomb of the Spartan heroes who fell at Thermopylæ—"Oh, stranger, go and tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their commands."

"At Athens," observes our author, "the maintenance of such a system of education would have been a physical impossibility." Her site, her soil, barren in corn, but rich in marble, the sea flowing before

her, the islands, nurseries for a maritime population, her facilities for communicating with other countries—all led to a system of education of which the freest development of all her resources, of all the energies of her population, was the object and the result.

Travellers in Greece are usually struck with its Homeric aspect—with the resemblance of the localities to those described in the Iliad. Scenes of any note, and many but little known to fame, are given in the illustrations. The mountain-chain—the rich vale, made classic by its ruined temple—the headland and the isle, all form attractive pictures, being nearly all immortal by their names; and the attention of the reader is directed to almost every circumstance that can lend them interest.

There is one topic which we exceedingly regret that Dr. Wordsworth has not touched on, that is, a comparison of the Romaic with the ancient language of Greece. The resemblances are so constant, the identities so frequent, that a tolerable classic might make his way there with but little difficulty. A striking circumstance is, that the language appears to be the same throughout the country—that there are no longer those differences of dialect which were so remarkable in the ancient times. We regret that our learned author did not examine this subject, as we cannot often hope to have a traveller so well qualified to undertake it.

There are very considerable efforts now making for the civilization and advancement of Greece. A great deal doing in the way of schools by King Otho and his government; but these efforts attract hardly any notice in England, or in the principal countries of Europe. We may further observe, that in their contests with the Turks the Greeks exhibited traits of character and deeds of heroism quite worthy of their ancestry, and yet were they but little regarded by other nations, and are hardly remembered. It may be that our acquaintance with the story of ancient Greece is so early and so intimate, and leaves on our mind so many and such absorbing impressions, that we have no interest to spare for that kingdom now, save what is connected with the past. This we are disposed to think is, to a great extent, actually true, and it is a most singular result, consigning a fair country to the destiny that, do what she will, she can never revive—that the nations of Europe *will* think of her only through the past, and for ever hold

" 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

LORD STRAFFORD.

From the British Critic.
CONCLUDED.

OF a home cabinet so constructed, Strafford experienced the effects from the first, in the immense labor which he found necessary to get any of his propositions received. He had to fight time after time with them—for a Parliament—for Poyning's act—for his plantation schemes—for his revenue schemes—for his church schemes: he had no sooner made money, than he had to fight for the employment of it—he had to fight for appointments, for rewards, for punishments. Powerful noblemen—Lord Clanrickard (son of the old earl), Lord Wilmot, and others, appeal from him to the English council. Don't listen to him, writes up Strafford; you are encouraging disaffection in thousands, if you do—he is the head of a party.—But this is just the reason, in Charles's view, why I must.—Don't be afraid, says Strafford, I will take all the odium upon myself. Whenever persons appeal to you, tell them that you hold the deputy responsible, and send them back.—The absolute duty of a minister to take odium to any extent off his monarch's back, was a maxim constantly in Strafford's mouth; and happy was the deputy if he got his own way any how: but the fear which the king evinced of these aristocrats, the time that their appeals stood, and the half or favorable decision at last, vexed Strafford personally, and weakened him politically. The last scene of his Irish government was embittered by the triumph, after a long contest, of Lord Clanrickard over him in the English council.

A hard tussle in which he had engaged with Lord Cork, for the restoration of some church lands, he had to fight literally alone, against Lord Cork and the English cabinet. This nobleman had, through his relationship to the Cumberland family, considerable interest at court, and a sort of claim of connection upon Strafford himself, who made himself extremely obnoxious to his own relations by his unflinching disregard of the private tie. The Cumberland family took up the matter warmly, and Strafford had to endure all sorts of hard names, and to be called a persecutor of his kindred. But a man with such fixed public objects in view was not to be deterred. The recovery of church property was one thing he had positively determined on, the equal administration of justice was another. Without an able body of clergy, he said, it would be impossible to effect any re-

formation in religion or manners; and church property must be got back for that end. In Ireland there had indeed been hitherto one law for the rich, and another for the poor, and robbery and sacrilege had been winked at, when the offender could put a title to his name. He was resolved to put an end to this system, to uphold the sanctity and the spotlessness of royal justice, to show the great and noble that they were as amenable to the law as the meanest subjects, and comfort the hearts of the poor and defenceless classes by the spectacle of a righteous government, bent on extinguishing the insolence, oppression, and fraud of their petty tyrants. "I never had," he says of Lord Cork's case—"I never had so hard a part to play in all my life; but come what please God and the king, neither alliance, friendship, or other thing, shall be ever able to separate me from the service of God or my master, or persuade me to quench the flame in another man's house by taking the fire of his guilt into my bowels."

There were more galling trials: Charles had never been a minister, and did not know what a minister's feelings were. A low impudent Scotchman of the name of Barre penetrated into the royal presence, with an unsupported charge against Strafford, of peculation. Charles, either surprised by the sudden intrusion, or wishing to look impartial, actually listened—nay, gave him a special passport, under shelter of which the fellow oscillated between England and Ireland, collecting slanders against Strafford for communication to the court. "*And now, ant pleese your Majesty, ea werde mare anent your debuty in Yrland,* (Strafford had a trick of taking off the dialect of the Scotch: there was no love lost between them,) with other such botadoes stuffed with a mighty deal of untruths and follies amongst. Far be the insolency from me," he continues, "to measure out for my master with whom or what to speak; I more revere his wisdom, better understand myself. But to have such a broken pedlar, a man of no credit or parts, to be brought to the king, and countenanced by some that have cause to wish me well, howsoever I have reason to believe I shall not find it so, only to fill his majesty's ears with untruths concerning me, and that the whilst his foul mouth should not either be closed, or else publicly brought to justify what he informs; to have such a companion sent as comptrol and superintendent over me, I confess, as in regard to myself it moves me not much, yet as the king's

deputy it grieves and disdains me exceedingly. Alas! if his majesty have any suspicion I am not to his service as I ought, let there be commissaries of honor and wisdom set upon me; let them publicly examine all I have done; let me be heard, and after covered with shame if I have deserved it. This is gracious, I accept it, magnify his majesty for his justice; but let not the deputy be profaned in my person, under the administration of such a petty fellow as this, unto whom, believe me, very few that know him will lend five pounds, being as needy in his fortune as shifting in his habitation."

The Cottington party, who contrived these insults, allowed Strafford no rest. Rumor, charge, malicious whisper, subtle innuendo, told upon his sensitive spirit. "These reports pinch me shrewdly," he says. He wrote up to Charles, and was told, "Do not buckle on your armor before it is wanted:" Charles did not understand his sensitiveness. He solicited one step in the peerage, as a proof that the king had not deserted him, and it was denied.

The sense of ingratitude always makes philosophers of us: first comes the sting, then the musing, speculating, moralizing sedative—the never mind—and, yes it must be so—and, ah! it is the way of the world!—the reducing of our wrongs from their personal and contingent to their universal archetypal form. Strafford had a strong vein of metaphysics, which soon sent him on the generalizing flight, far out of sight of Charles and the English council. "In good faith, George (to his cousin), all below are grown wondrous indifferent." The world, this visible system of things, was in a sense necessarily unjust; and ingratitude was the law of an imperfect state. But did he think with the poet that the Lady Astræa had long since gone to heaven? Not quite so. Under favor, he could still discern her: justice had not ceased to be, but in a loose disordered system could not act. Men might sometimes be just, could they but agree; but each had his own standard—one despised what another appreciated—and hopeless division produced "a certain uncertainty of rewards and punishments," crossing their destination, and coming to the wrong persons. Philosophizing Strafford—he realized the grievance and the discouragement—the ἐν δὲ μὴ εὐμῇ ἡμῶν κακός ἦδ' αἰ εὐθλός—sad burden of many an heroic heart, from the time that savage Caucasus heard the grand laments of a Prometheus, and Achilles sounded his

plaintive lyre over the Ægean, and the great Roman scorned, and Lear rhapsodized, and Hamlet mused—age after age the sad reproachful strain has floated vainly by, nor arrested for a moment this deaf material machine of things; and on and on will it sound more mournful and more grave, till rising on the gale it ends in the whirlwind's sharp ominous cry, and becomes the dirge of a collapsing and dissolving world. Philosophizing, moralizing Strafford—he went on drawing truths and lessons from Donne's anagrams and Vandyke's shadows, till his spiritual consoler stepped in, with advice to "read that short book of Ecclesiasticus while these thoughts were upon him:" it would comfort him more than ever Donne's verses or Vandyke's colors.

But there were moments when all poetical consolations failed Strafford. The neglect of the home government made him feel acutely the desolateness of his position in Ireland—standing alone amidst conspirators and mortal foes. Sadness and distress of mind overcame him at times: "*The storm sets dark upon me: it is my daily bread to bear ill: all hate me, so inconsiderable a worm as I.*" He looked forward with melancholy relief to a resting-place in the grave, to which his dreadful bodily sicknesses as well directed him. A martyr all his life to disease and pain, he thought little of it; the gout only "made him think the more;" but an accumulation of disorders now, an intermitting pulse, faint sweats, the increasing tortures of his old complaint, combined with his internal distresses to drag him into the depths of an intense, exaggerated, we should say, an unreal humility in such a man, did we not take his situation into account. Isolation, however, is, beyond question, a humbling thing: let those think serenely of themselves whom a world embraces, who lie pillowed and cushioned upon soft affections, and tender regards, and the breath of admiring circles,—greatness in isolation feels itself after all but a wreck and a cast-off from the social system, wanderer forlorn, worldless fragmentary being, like the wild animal of the desert—gaunt solitary tenant of space and night. Yet from the gloom of despondency and self-annihilation broke forth like lightning the mind of the statesman in the brilliant scheme of finance, or the energetic blow which brought a rebellious aristocrat to the dust. The kingdom stood aghast at his proceedings; nobody understood so mysterious a compound; a report spread with rapidity

through the court that the Lord Deputy was insane, and Lord Holland added, as a fact of his own knowledge, that he had once actually been confined in a madhouse. Strafford, in burning indignation, wrote and demanded an inquiry before the Star Chamber, which the slanderer, however, backed by his friends in the council, contrived to stave off upon technical grounds. In truth, he was a puzzle to his age: the hypochondriac and madman, as some would explain him, others would have a rank hypocrite and actor; his emotions mere pieces of statecraft and theatrical display, and even his last touching speech at his trial—it is the coldhearted sneer of the Scotch Baillie,—“as pathetic an oration as ever comedian made upon the stage.”

It was in the midst of these troubles, that, in the summer of 1636, Strafford crossed the Channel and presented himself before the King in council with an exposition of his whole administration from the beginning. Clear and straightforward statements, a style manly, eloquent, and imposing, and, above all, the presence of the man himself, produced their effect; Charles was really carried away; English courtiers, and even Irish foes, began to smile and look gracious, and Strafford to indulge in irony: “He had great professions from my lord keeper, and the duke, and the marquis, and the chamberlain, and from my Lord Cottington in the most transcendent way—my lady of Carlisle never used him with such respect; he had been very graciously used by the queen; my lord of Durham is my creature. Wilmot hath visited me, and, now he is able to do me no more mischief, makes great professions—I do him all civilities, wait upon him to his coach, in good faith wish him no hurt at all, yet *must the king have his land*. His lordship must answer my suit in the Exchequer Chamber,—send me that *Dedimus potestatem*.”

For one brief visit Strafford was the lion of the London world, stared and pointed at, and experiencing vast civility and attention from all classes, which, with an amusing mixture of simplicity and statecraft, he attributed wholly to his temporary favor with the King; adding, that though people were much mistaken in thinking him of such consideration with his majesty, he should not attempt to destroy an impression so serviceable to his administration. Sick of the scene, he hurried down the moment business was over to York, where a circle of his county friends met and smothered him with dinners and kind-

ness for a week. He was not sorry of an escape to reflect affectionately upon such hearty demonstrations at the most solitary and retired of his country seats, Gauthorp, the old place of the Gascoignes, of chief justice celebrity. One short, very short interval of perfect repose penetrated deeply, and a mind satiated with care and business drank in the rich tranquillity of country solitude.—Lord, with what quietness in myself could I rest here in comparison of that noise and labor I met with elsewhere; but let that pass; I am not like to enjoy that blessed condition upon earth.—Strange as it may appear, retirement from the world, for the purpose of religious contemplation, call it a dream, a fancy, or what we will, was a prospect which, amidst all the excitements of government, dwelt involuntarily on his mind. The moment which launched him irrevocably into office, stilled even *his* throbbing heart and mounting pulse with awe, and the fatal plunge was succeeded by hollow misgivings.—A farewell now to all those quiet retirements wherein to contemplate things more divine and sacred than this world can afford, interrupted at every moment by the importunity of affairs.—He could not bear the thought of *dying* a politician. What hypocrisy, says the modern biographer, in so ingrained a statesman:—we think not so; the deepest water is both the most tempestuous and the most still, and capacities and tastes for great energy and great repose co-exist in heroic minds, and alternate mysteriously; so at least thought the poet, when he made his hero on the stirring scene of fight and glory think of Phthia—so sweet to imagine himself only three days’ sail from his beloved Phthia—It was but a moment; from the shelter of his nook, Strafford heard the mighty roar summoning him to the strand, and he looked out upon a black boiling tide and flashing waves embattling the distant horizon. He embarked for Ireland, to enter on a more tremendous scene of exertion even than what he had passed through; a commanding mind came more every day into requisition; the fatal wheel moved with a still more awful velocity as it approached its goal;—and to the whirling medley of Irish politics was added the still more ominous and distracting charge of the Scotch war.

The great struggle between the Church of England and Puritanism, which had been so long preparing, was now beginning to break out. The Church, under Laud, after gradually collecting strength and as-

suming more and more of a determined attitude, at last resolved upon the aggressive and forcible step of fixing itself in Scotland; and the very home and hot bed of Puritanism suddenly found itself under a regular clergy and hierarchy, with a liturgy more catholic, and canons more stringent than the English. So determined a move on one side excited defiance on the other; the fierce puritan spirit boiled over at the sight of the surplice; a storm of hootings, and cries of Pope! Pope! Anti-christ! stopped the first commencement of the Church ritual in the Cathedral of St. Giles; and the courageous and apostolic Bishop Forbes, for instantly confronting from the pulpit the raging multitude, and endeavoring to bring them to reason, nearly paid the penalty of his life. The omen of shrieking preaching women sounded a revolution at hand: Presbyterian Scotland rose *en masse*; the covenant was signed, and the armies of the Church and the Conventicle prepared for mortal conflict.

Such was the commencement of the great rebellion—an essentially religious war, which the English Church began. While her meek Waltons and Herberts were chanting in the retired vale, a great restless persevering mind at her head was pushing her supremacy upon court and nation. She felt the influence, and, awakened to a sense of her divine life and powers, would be enlarging her borders and not let the nation rest. To be sure the Puritans would have commenced the fight, if she had not; still it must be confessed that as matter of fact the Church was the aggressive party at this period: Laud's resolute determination to bring Scotland under her yoke, and any how by argument or by force conquer Presbyterianism, was the real origin, and his ecclesiastical journey to Scotland the first overt act of the war. If this be called persecution we cannot help it; the fact, whatever it be, must be confessed. No one questioned at that time of day the legitimacy of employing violence for the promotion of religion; persecution was the theory of the age, as it had been of ages preceding; minds of the most religious, the most devotional, the most saintly cast, persecuted; Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Independents, all persecuted; to force a belief upon others was a necessary corollary from the sincerity of your own; and only indifference could afford to be indulgent. Our Articles, as the offspring of the age, embrace the theory, and in giving express power to the

civil sword in the province ecclesiastical as well as temporal, to punish the stubborn and evil-doer, schismatic as well as criminal, admit the principle of persecution as fully and clearly as ever the Church of Rome propounded it. Laud was compelled by every high feeling and sentiment of the ecclesiastic of that day, to propagate episcopacy if he could at the sword's point; and to make him as much a respecter of the rights of conscience as *they can*, and soften him down into an eighteenth century divine, as his biographers have done, is something like an improved version of Othello, which would make him kiss his wife instead of killing her, or a new edition of Hamlet which would make him marry Ophelia, and continue to ornament contentedly, instead of disturbing so sadly, as he did, the Danish court.

The first news of the outbreak wound up Strafford's energy and spirit to its height. It came suddenly when it did come, owing to Charles's habit, borrowed from his father, of keeping the affairs of the sister country separate, and confined to his council there; but a moment was enough to convince him that it was no little matter. "*Believe it, they fly high,*" he said,—"*a storm is beginning*"—"for love of Christ let me know all." Indignation, contempt, judicial gravity, pious horror, alternated—The barbarous mutineers—the gallant gospellers—Rouse up all, contribute your last farthing, break shins in emulation, arm against these wicked sinful men. It is our sins that have brought the trial on us, let us not fly from it, now it is come. I do not think myself too good to die—*statutum est semel*.—When Charles talked of going to Edinburgh and conciliating, "it went as cold to his heart as lead."—Reconciliation, indeed, think not, dream not of it—fight you must—*till the Prayer-book, Episcopal jurisdiction, and the whole ecclesiastical system is received*.

Strafford's enthusiasm had always a close alliance with cabinet paper: the next moment found him bent intently over his Ordnance maps, and the speedy result was a decisive and complete plan of the war, which he transmitted to the home government. It singularly combined determination and caution. Berwick, Carlisle, Leith, and Dumbarton, occupied the four corners of southern Scotland: garrison and fortify these four corners, he said, and you have the Lowlands in your grasp, cut off from communication with the Highlands; Leith gives you the command of Edinburgh. When you have done this, and blockaded them by sea—wait. Do not give them the

distinction of a battle; you have every thing to lose by defeat, they nothing; and you want time for yourselves—generals are not made in a day. "Watch, fast, starve them out of their madness into their right wits."

The general plan formed, he rushed with a keen scent into his favorite details; and what addition to make to the Irish army was the next step, inasmuch as an invasion from Scotland might be anticipated. The home government was stingy, and would not allow more than a certain expenditure; the ubiquity of horse made up for numbers, 400 were equal to at least 1500 foot, and had the advantage of fewer mouths to fill, and backs to cover; he decided on a body of 400 horse, a tabular prospectus of which—divided into cuirassiers and carbines, all the expenses calculated to the minutest items—pistol, head-piece, gorget, breast, back, short taces, sword, pay of captains, lieutenants, cornets, corporals, trumpets, respectively three shillings, two-and-twenty pence half-penny, eighteen pence, and twelve pence a day—to begin from Midsummer last if they passed muster by Martinmas next, with other important particulars, he sent up for the approval of the home government. The neat proposal took, the addition of the 400 horse was made, and Strafford having got his hand well in, went on enlarging enormously. The Irish army of 2000 foot, and 600 horse, which he had found ragged and naked, hungry as wolves, and pests to the country, had been long brought into thorough condition, but the present emergency might demand any day an increase, for which provision should be made. 10,000 stand of foot, 1000 stand of horse arms, and stores of gunpowder, under the superintendence of an able master gunner from the Low Countries were procured, and only waited for use; pikes were ready for any number more; and Strafford was before his departure at the head of an army of twenty thousand men.

A military spirit and talent which had hitherto worked under ground, or in a sphere of insignificance, was now elicited to the full; and the able general and the regimental officer were most happily combined. One little troop had hitherto supplied the main material for practice—the Lord-deputy's own cuirassiers: all the army came under occasional reviews, and had their field-days, but this little favorite troop of 100 horse by almost daily inspections had been brought into the highest finish and discipline. With amusing pride

and self-complacency used Strafford to boast of his £6000 worth stock of armor, saddles and bridles, which formed the inexhaustible resources of his troop, the gratuitous purchase of their captain out of his private purse, where former deputies had on the contrary preferred pocketing the government allowance, and letting the men go bare. And with the self-congratulation of the officer was coupled the shrewd remark of the Lord-deputy, that he could at an hour's notice put himself at the head of a body guard which would enforce any order of council in any part of Ireland.

After the little *chef-d'œuvre* which had furnished all the advantage of the most extended experience, Strafford did not raise his army without attending to their discipline. Scattering his commands with firework briskness on all sides, he made the officers not only attend personally to the inspection of the troops, but actually learn the meanest exercises of the common soldiers. Even Lord Clifford, his lieutenant in the North of England, was told that he must learn how to use the pike, and that it was nonsense his thinking of being a general without it:—You must practise the pike, my lord, so much a day,—*I wish I was at your elbow*. Trust no eyes but your own—do nothing by *proxy*, was his maxim to officers; *proxy* was fatal to effectiveness, the very palsy of the public service, "which casts the soul of all action into a dead sleep." Officers who were above their work were very speedily sent adrift; and he battled vehemently with the home government for the appointments in his own army, and would not submit to their forcing mere men of family and interest upon him. Mr. Maxwell, son-in-law of Lord Kircudbright, a tyro, a fop, and covenant, came with an appointment in his pocket from Secretary Windebanke,—the saucy gallant, the poor sneaking anabaptist, was kicked football-wise back again. And so bent was he on setting an officer-like example himself, that when he sent a reinforcement of horse to the royal army in England, unable to move from sickness and exhaustion, he was carried to the field of review day after day till their embarkation.

He was interrupted in his plans, as usual, by a wretched sidelong scheme of the home government, which threatened to take all the military resources he had collected out of his grasp. Ulster was the chief point to which his preparations were directed. The Scotch, who abounded there, and were the class in station and

opulence, carried on constant communication with their kinsmen across the water; they were becoming daily more wild and unmanageable, and the province bordering on a hostile movement. Leslie, Bishop of Down, wielded the ecclesiastical sword with spirit in his diocese, and harassed them with censures. They resisted, rioted, and bearded the bishop in his own court; even the sheriffs refused to execute his writs. A letter from Leslie brought Strafford's pursuivants in a trice from Dublin, who corrected matters. The bishop's hands were effectually strengthened, and the Scotch throughout Ulster compelled, sore against the grain, to subscribe a formal declaration disavowing the covenant.

The Earl of Antrim, a nobleman of large family connections but broken fortunes in the northern corner in Ulster, had a hereditary feud with the house of Argyle, his opposite neighbor on the Scotch coast, and a long standing claim to a part of the insular domains of that house which was not yet settled. He took advantage of the present posture of affairs with respect to Scotland to assume the patriot, and solicited and obtained the king's leave to raise an army for the purpose of invading the opposite coast. Charles, judging from a distance, was not sorry to turn a domestic quarrel to public account, and anticipate by an offensive step a Scotch invasion of Ulster. But Strafford knew more of the earl's resources and intentions. It was ridiculous, he told the government, to expect that man who had only £6000 a year, and was to his certain knowledge £50,000 in debt, could furnish or maintain an army; the expenses would infallibly fall on the revenue; and if so, the King, if he chose to undertake the scheme, might as well have his own general to conduct his own army, as give it gratuitously to Lord Antrim. "Above all," he continued, "I am astonished at his lordship's purpose of putting these men under the command of Colonel Neale, understood to be in his heart and affections a traitor, bred no other, egg and bird, as they say. And I beseech you imagine what a comfortable prospect it would be for all us English here to see 6000 men armed with our own weapons, (ourselves by that means turned naked,) led by that colonel, under the command of Tyrone's grandchild, the son of old Randy Macdonnel in the same county, formerly the very heart and strength of those mighty long-lasting rebellions." This plain straightforward view of the matter made no impression however; Lord Antrim received

his commission, summoned instantly the O'Neals, the O'Haras, the O'Lurgans, the Macgennises, the Mac Guiers, the Mac Mahons, the Mac Donnels—as many Oes and Macs, says Strafford, as would startle a whole council board—he flourished his baton and unfurled the banner of war before the assembly of his clansmen, and then the poor, weak, silly, helpless man, who had never looked an inch before him, came to ask Strafford's advice what to do. The unfortunate victim had brought his own nose to the grindstone, and it suffered a most merciless reiteration of rubs. Strafford, with refined cruelty, determined to enjoy himself thoroughly at the poor man's expense, and declared himself at the outset far too humble, too conscious of his own inability, to suppose that any advice of his would be of service.

"Albeit, considering not only his reputation, but the weight of his Majesty's counsels, the lives of his subjects, and the good of his affairs might be all deeply concerned in this action, I should be bold to offer a few thoughts of my own, which might at hereafter (as should seem best to himself) by his wisdom be disposed and mastered for his own honor, and advantage of his majesty's service.

"I desired to know what provision of victual his lordship had thought of, which for so great a number would require a great sum of money?

"His lordship said he had not made any at all, in regard he conceived they should find sufficient in the enemy's country to sustain them; only his lordship proposed to transport over with him ten thousand live cows to furnish them with milk, which he affirmed had been his grandfather Tyrone's plan.

"I told his lordship that seemed to me a great adventure to put himself and friends upon: for in case, as was most likely, the Earl of Argyle should draw all the cattle and corn into places of strength, and lay the remainder waste, how would he in so bare a country feed either his men, his horses, or his cows? And then I besought him to foresee what a misery and dishonor it would be for him to engage his friends where they were not to fight but starve.

"To that his lordship replied, they should do well enough, feed their horses with leaves of trees and themselves with shamrocks.

"To this I craved leave to inform his lordship, I had heard there were no trees in the isles; but if trees as yet no leaves: so no such pressing haste to transport his army, for that the season of the year would give him yet one or two months' time of consideration in that respect.

"We went on in the discourse—his lordship had at any rate but satisfied the proposition in part. I did therefore crave to know what provision of victual his lordship had given order for, during the time of those eight thousand foot, and three hundred horse, their abode *on this side*? Since that in all probability less than two months will not be spent in teaching his

soldiers the use of their arms, in shipping his men, his ammunition, his horses, his ten thousand live cows, and other their baggage: they were the whilst in a friend's country, all true and loyal subjects to his majesty; those he might not plunder in any wise. Then, if he had not victual to satisfy their hungry bellies, how were it possible to contain them either from mutiny or disbanding? Again, in case the wind should not serve, but that two or three months more run up before the arms or the shipping could be brought to transport him; or say by misaccident they should be cast away, what means had his lordship in store to pass that time, until he were supplied of those necessities?

"To this was answered his lordship had not considered of that; nevertheless I humbly advised his lordship should not altogether lay it forth of mind, but cast up what victual at sixpence a day for eight thousand foot, or at one shilling and sixpence for three hundred horse, might come to for two or three months, and provide accordingly.

"Next I craved to know, when the men were brought together, what officers he had chosen to exercise, instruct, and lead them? I made bold also to question what proportion of powder, bullet and match, what ordnance, with all sorts of ammunition, and other necessary implements, what shovels, mattocks, spades, &c., &c. I desired to be informed whether he had thought of any plan of landing—"

And so on: Strafford dragged his victim through one torturing query after another; to each and to all his lordship had nothing to say—he had thought of nothing, had not an idea in his head as to any one particular that he had to do: and at the end of an interview conducted with the profoundest courtesy and respect on the interrogator's part, he stood before Strafford a miserable confessed simpleton. The result naturally was a very strong and decided desire—a determination on his lordship's side to be well quit of the whole undertaking; and with that view he dodged, and dodged, but his polite persecutor still confronted him. He would fain have got creditably off by dint of enormous and extortionate demands on the government magazines, which he knew could not possibly be met. Strafford resolved that the failure of the scheme should rest entirely with *him*, was ready, most complaisantly ready, to supply any thing. Antrim went on adding and adding, horses, arms, ammunition; the Irish magazines continued obstinately inexhaustible; and at last the truth came out, plain and acknowledged, which it had been Strafford's object to extract—his lordship had no money, and could not support an army; his only design was to make himself a general and all his relations officers at the government expense, and use the royal army to

add some three or four Scotch isles to his own private estate. *Strafford saved his magazines*; but to have to spend such exertions in correcting the mistakes of the home government was hard; the interference of the latter was always an awkward interloper, a note out of time in his schemes.

Meantime affairs in England were proceeding miserably; and the royal army, of six thousand horse and six thousand foot, under Lords Arundel, Essex, and Holland, doing nothing. Strafford's plan of the war was adopted, but not an effort made to carry it out. Berwick and Carlisle remained without garrisons, Dumbarton with but a poor one; the Scotch gained confidence at the sight—Dumbarton fell; its fall knocked Strafford's complete scheme on the head; and then Berwick and Carlisle were at last garrisoned, the former, however, by Strafford's own Irish troops; he had to be designer and executor as well.

The first plan destroyed, another quickly followed to meet the change of circumstances. Keep fast hold of Berwick and Carlisle, he said; the Scotch when they invade will either pass them by, and have a foe at their back, or by taking them throw odium upon their cause in England. But you cannot afford to take the high quiet line; you are no longer the besiegers but the besieged, and must try a sally to recover your credit: march down your horse rapidly to Edinburgh, fire their corn-fields before their eyes, and then back again, leaving them to fight it out with cleanliness of teeth. Don't hazard a regular battle. The wretched answer to this stirring appeal was Lord Holland's disgraceful and inexplicable retreat from Duncce, and the rapid advance of the victorious Scotch army under General Leslie to the border. The pacification followed, which raised the credit of the Scotch in the eyes of their allies, France and Cardinal Richelieu, and brought their smooth tongues into play upon whole masses of undecided English politicians. A hollow peace ill concealed the dark working of the volcano below. A parliament met; the whole trick of the pacification was discovered, and the traitorous correspondence of the Scotch with Richelieu brought to light and proclaimed; the war began afresh; a new army marched to the north; and Strafford was sent for from Ireland to conduct it.

It was at the end of March, 1640, that Strafford received the summons which placed him at the head of the English army, and called him like the Roman victor

to the crown before the axe. The cruel and ominous justice, which even the brute force of events compels to commanding intellect and character, lifted him up before his fall; and higher and higher rose the pallid black countenance, and rode in ghastly triumph on the summit of the fatal wave from which the next moment engulfed it in the abyss. His first act was to send away his children, the hardest trial he had yet passed. They had been his only consolation, his only recreation amidst the labors of office; and to watch with pleasure how Nan took after her mother, and Arabella took after Nan, and hear how prettily they talked French, was a great delight. And "Nan too, they tell me, danceth prettily." This little lady was a perfect little Strafford: while her father's mansion was rebuilding, she was exceedingly vexed when it rained one day; she could not be out of doors, to superintend the work, and except little Mistress Nan, just three years old, superintended, it could not go on for certain. Radcliffe knew what would please Strafford when he told him this trait of Mistress Nan. With prayers and blessings he sent them away to their grandmother Lady Clare, and prepared to obey the royal mandate.

The announcement found him in a state of utter weakness and exhaustion, which the paroxysm of a severe stomach disorder had left: just allowing himself time to make the necessary arrangements for carrying on the government in his absence, he hastened to embark. A litter conveyed him—a miserable helpless body, but a mind glowing with portentous energy and living fire, to the shore. The sea was tempestuous, and the captain declared it positively unsafe to set out: with feverish impatience he drove captain and sailors on board, and a stormy and hazardous voyage landed them at Chester. The motion of the sea was too much for so distempered a frame; at Chester the gout took hold of his other foot, and what with the shaking, under which his nerves still quivered, and the torture of the pain, a literal inability to endure motion compelled him to take one short rest: but long before he was in travelling condition he resumed his journey. Laud in alarm for his life procured a mandate from the king's own hand commanding him to stop at Chester, and nurse a health which was of vital consequence to the public cause. Strafford received it at Litchfield, and answered it from Coventry.—"Your Majesty's least thought is of more value than such an inconsiderable creature as I am, but of your

abundant grace it is that you thus vouchsafe me far more than I deserve. By the help of a litter I am gotten thus far, and shall, by these short journies my weakness will I trust be able to bear, reach London by the beginning of next week."

From London he continued his journey, his head teeming with schemes for the approaching campaign, and receiving and writing despatches of all sorts. Berwick, and Carlisle, and Newcastle, the Scotch seas, the Clyde, and Dumbarton,—arms, ammunition and exchequer bills,—hypocritical covenanting commissioners, and insolent Yorkshire deputy lieutenants,—passed through and through the racked brains of the sufferer, as his litter conveyed him by slow stages to York. While on the road he sent spies to examine the state and numbers of the Scotch camp beyond the border, and the result of the intelligence was a command to Lord Conway, after a reproof for his indolence, immediately to meet the Scotch, who were advancing to Hexham, break down the bridge over the Tyne, and there oppose their passage. Before he had got through half-a-dozen lines or could explain further, a violent attack of the stone disabled him from writing, and with an abrupt—"Dear my lord, do something worthy of yourself,"—the despatch breaks off.

A wearisome toilsome journey at last brought him to the English camp, and then his mortification was complete: he arrived just to hear the first news of the fatal rout of Lord Conway at Newburn, and to witness an army in the worst state of degradation, helplessness and disorder. Spirit and hope were fled, and the royal cause was in the dust. Strafford, who could hardly sit on his saddle, went the rounds, and did what he could. The officers, however, were not accustomed to act under strict generals and knew not what discipline was: he reprimanded, assumed a high tone, called them to account, and told them their duty; they resented it, threatened and mutinied; the Scotch were advancing upon an army without strength or discipline, and Strafford felt himself compelled to retreat to York. Yet even in this lowest gloom, a revival under his auspices began to dawn, and give promise of a bright and glorious day. He had recommended a quick manœuvring line, and now followed it himself. An opportunity soon occurred: he despatched a party of horse under a favorite officer, to surprise the Scotch quarters; and a large body of the enemy were defeated, and their officers taken prisoners. The army plucked up courage,

Strafford had shown his powers, his influence was on the rise, and a master mind would soon have been at home in its new sphere: he had an army of 20,000 men in Ireland ready to cross at the first notice. It seemed the beginning of a splendid career. Alas! it was his last, his expiring act. As if trembling at such success, Charles interposed, and Strafford was told to be still and do nothing.

There are not many situations in which great minds genuinely ask for our pity, but this is one—compulsory passiveness and impotency—when a man longs to act and cannot, when he would fain raise an arm and an outward influence chains up every sinew; when the air chokes his utterance, and the net catches his steps, and he is compelled to be a log—this dead lock and suffocation is a misery almost for tears. The treaty at Ripon was already begun; and the bare enumeration of the English commissioners, noblemen of the popular party, and two of Strafford's personal enemies, Lords Holland and Savile, stamped its character; it announced "Thorough" discarded and disaffection courted. Things were entirely taken out of Strafford's hands, and he asked leave to return to Ireland. He had good reason for asking. A fresh parliament was approaching, and the names of himself and Laud were written in characters of black upon its journal. With strange and most cruelly complimentary infatuation, Charles would not let him go. Poor Charles, he knew not yet the extent either of his weakness or his strength. Perplexed and indecisive whether to go forwards or backwards; afraid to touch the mighty spring that threatened his failing nerves, once touched to blow up all, yet wishing to have it near him, should he ever make up his mind and come to the point; he could not, amidst his distresses, part with the mock charm and palladium of a great minister from his side, or deny himself amidst a crowd of hollow counsellors the comforting sight of an honest man. He clung to him as a drowning man does to the too generous swimmer, who with arms fast locked and entwined can only bear his sinking burden to the bottom. Sad melancholy journey, which brought from York to London Charles and Strafford to that last deplorable scene, where a monarch abandoned his preserver to death! Chained captives of an unseen hostile triumph, in prophetic politician's eye, no fallen kings ever marched more downcast through gazing avenues to the capitol; and the saddened royalist's imagination saw nature

drooping, and heard ominous birds and moaning winds as the mournful funeral line passed along.

The parliament of 1640 opened, and the crisis commenced: a group of resolute powerful heads in the lower house saw their game before them. Four men, Pym, Hampden, St. John, and Vane, led the opposition—formidable men, were it only from the force of their political animosity, now brought to a head. Now or never was the time for Pym to remember the fatal words on Greenwich pier; and of all men that lived he was not the one to forget them. Sturdy, experienced, and self-possessed, he was surpassed however by his brethren in talent, as he was an improvement on them in character. Profound subtle dissimulation marked Hampden and Vane. The former, of a modest slippery address, had a knack of approving his designs to other people under the disguise of their own suggestions to himself, which told remarkably in sapping the minds that came in contact with him. Vane, after a riotous gentleman commoner's career at Magdalen College, Oxford, which the good tutors of that society, we are told, were not able to check, as they have sometimes failed on similar occasions since; succeeded by a conversion or Genevan twist, which took him a dreaming enthusiast and busy body to New England, had ultimately reposed in the more secular character of a cool designing and a factious democrat at home; he had too a family grudge against Strafford. St. John combined the shrewd lawyer and the dark glooming puritan, and ever since one particular scene in which he had figured before the Star Chamber, had borne a mortal grudge to the Church.

At the nod of these sinister four, who occupied with magician scowl the upper region of political strife, moved an infuriated mob below, wild with fanaticism, and ripe for excesses. The church of St. Antholin, appropriated by government to the use of the Scotch commission, was filled with crowds, especially women, that swallowed with rapture the insipid extravagances of Alexander Henderson; even the windows outside were besieged, and the fortunate inside eat their dinners there—an atmosphere of suffocation, and the flaming Presbyterian harangues, heated the body and maddened the brain from morning to night. The contagion spread; two thousand Brownists rioted and tore up the benches in the consistory of St. Paul's as the Court of High Commission was sitting, and a raging mob, with cries for the archbishop's blood, at-

tacked the palace at Lambeth. Burton, Prynne and Bastwick were brought up, to be the idols of adoring crowds. The wealthy London citizens, leavened with puritanism, and exasperated with some sharp contemptuous expressions of Strafford's, joined themselves to the cry. The merest ebullitions of irritation, the gibe and the joke, were gravely heightened into schemes of barbarism. Strafford had been heard to say on some occasion of disturbance, that the Londoners would never learn good behavior till some of the aldermen were hanged: and no matter now that he could appeal to a whole career in Ireland, notwithstanding its rigor and determination, unstained, absolutely unstained by blood, the speech was brought up—he declared, and we believe him, that he never remembered it; but it clove to the memory of Mr. Alderman Garroway—*Indeed, my lord, you did say so!* A more terrible opponent still, as Clarendon tells us, the whole Scottish nation, represented now by their commission in London, called for vengeance upon their “mortal foe;” and the influence of a subtle nation, coming into contact with all classes and acting in the very centre and thick of affairs, was felt everywhere: through every vein and artery of the nation penetrated the mercurial Scotch element, and rottenness marked its spread—untrue hearts blackened, and feeble ones turned to pallor. The commission were in deep communication with the leaders of the house, and two strong sets of heads cemented a plot which did full credit to its designers; death for Strafford, and the first step to accomplish it an immediate arrest. No more effective beginning could have been made than this beginning, middle, and end in one. “*Stone-dead hath no fellow,*” was the word, and the sharp scent of the blood-hound, with that deep cunning which is the inspiration of vile natures, led them instinctively the shortest way to work. Strafford at large, and acquiring personal influence, while a dilatory debating-house was preparing its charges, was destruction to the scheme. A word and a blow, and the blow first, was clearly the only policy; cage your man first, and get up your case afterwards. Once in *prison*, a blow was struck, a fact gained; Strafford the culprit was no longer the same Strafford to king or country that he had been; the spell of victory and power which hung around his person was gone, and antagonist force was *de facto* master.

Strafford came up to town late on Monday, rested on Tuesday, came to parliament

on Wednesday, and that very night was in the Tower. The lower house closed their doors, and the speaker kept the keys till the debate was over, when Pym, attended by a number of members, went up to the upper house, and in a short speech accused, in the name of the commons of England, Thomas Earl of Strafford and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of high treason. The sudden step astounded the lords: word went to Strafford, who was just then closeted with the king; he returned instantly to the house, called loudly at the door for Maxwell (keeper of the black rod), to open, and with firm step and proudly darkened countenance, marched straight up to his place at the board head: a host of voices immediately forced him to the door again. The consultation over, he was called back and stood before the house: kneel, kneel, he was told—he knelt, and on his knees was delivered into the custody of the black rod, to be a prisoner till cleared of the commons' charges. He offered to speak, but was commanded to be gone without a word. The black rod bore off his great charge, and apparently felt his importance on the occasion. “In the outer room,” says Bailie, “James Maxwell required him as a prisoner to give up his sword. When he had got it, he cried with a loud voice for his man to carry my lord lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, all gazing, no man capping to him before whom that morning the greatest of England would have stood discovered; all crying, ‘What is the matter?’ he said, ‘a small matter, I warrant you.’ They replied, ‘Yes, indeed, high treason is a small matter.’ Coming to the place where he expected his coach, it was not there; so he behoved to return that same way, through a world of gazing people. When at last he found his coach and was entering, James Maxwell told him, ‘Your lordship is my prisoner, and must go in my coach.’”—This great step taken, the commons were all activity. Pursuivants despatched to Ireland and the North sounded the trumpet, and summoned all who had any complaint against the Lord-deputy and President to appear at the approaching trial. Strafford was busily employed with his counsel in the tower preparing his defence.

Four months passed, and the two sides met to encounter in the court of justice, before they tried their strength at Marston Moor and Worcester. On the 21st of March Westminster Hall, railed and platformed, and benched and scaffolded up to the roof,

showed an ascending crowd of heads; judges, lawyers, peers of parliament, Scotch commissioners, aggrieved gentlemen from the North, incensed Irish lords; the look of strife, of curiosity, and here and there of affection and pity, turned in the excitement of the opening trial on the illustrious prisoner. From a high scaffold at the north end, an empty throne looked disconsolately over the scene, a chair for the Prince on one side of it, which he occupied during the proceedings. "Before it"—the accurate and characteristic account of an eyewitness shall continue the description—"lay a large woolsack, covered with green, for my Lord Steward, the Earl of Arundel. Beneath it lay two other sacks, for the lord keeper and the judges, with the rest of the chancery, all in their red robes. Beneath this, a little table for four or five clerks of the parliament, in their black gowns. Round about those some forms covered with green frieze, whereupon the earls and lords did sit in their red robes of the same fashion, lined with the same white ermine skin, as ye see the robes of our lords, when they ride to parliament; the lords, on their right sleeves, having two bars of white skins; the viscounts, two and a half; the earls, three; the Marquis of Winchester three and a half. England hath no more marquises, and he but a late upstart, a creature of Queen Elizabeth. Hamilton goes here but among the earls, and that a late one. Dukes they have none in parliament; York, Richmond, and Buckingham, are but boys; Lennox goes among the late earls. Behind the forms, where the lords sit, there is a bar covered with green. At the one end stands the committee of eight or ten gentlemen, appointed by the House of Commons to pursue. At the midst there is a little desk, where the prisoner Strafford stands and sits as he pleases, together with his keeper, Sir William Balfour, the lieutenant of the Tower. This is the order of the House below on the floor; the same that is used daily in the higher House. Upon the two sides of the House, east and west, there arose a stage of eleven ranks of forms, the highest almost touching the roof; every one of these forms went from the one end of the room to the other, and contained about forty men; the two highest were divided from the rest by a rail, and a rail at every end cut off some seats. The gentlemen of the lower House sat within the rails, others without. All the doors were kept very straightly with guards. We always behaved to be there a little after five in the morning. Lord Wil-

loughby, Earl of Lindsey, Lord Chamberlain of England (Pembroke is chamberlain of the court), ordered the House with great difficulty. James Maxwell, black rod, was great usher; a number of other servants, gentlemen and knights, assisted. The House was full daily before seven; the lords, in their robes, were set about eight. The king was usually half an hour before them. He came not into his throne, for that would have marred the action; for it is the order of England, when the king appears, he speaks what he will, but no other speaks in his presence. At the back of the throne were two rooms on the two sides. In the one, Duke de Vanden, Duke de Valer, and other French nobles, sat; in the other, the king, queen, princes, Mary, the prince elector, and other court ladies. The tirlies, that made them to be secret, the king brake down with his own hands, so that they sat in the eyes of all; but little more regarded than if they had been absent, for the lords sat all covered. Those of the lower House, and all other, except the French noblemen, sat discovered when the lords came, not else. A number of ladies were in boxes above the rails, for which they paid much money."—Private persons of place and distinction were admitted to place among the Commons, one of whom was Baillie, principal of the university of Glasgow, and one of the commissioners from Scotland, from whose letters we borrow this description. By the force of a clear, strong mind, the intellectual Scotchman proceeds to describe, in spite of himself, in Strafford a fallen greatness, before which the noisy bustling scene sunk into vulgarity; and while his hatred of the champion of the church and king is as intense as ever, his intellect bows to the nobleness and grandeur of the man.

At eight o'clock the lieutenant and a guard brought up Strafford in a barge from the tower; the Lord Chamberlain and black rod met him at the door of the court. On his entrance he made a low courtesy, when he had proceeded a little way, a second, and on coming to his place, a third; he then kneeled, with his forehead upon his desk, rose quickly, saluted both sides of the court, and sat down; some few of the lords lifted their hats to him. Every day he was attired in the same deep suit of black. Four secretaries sat at a desk just behind him, whom he kept busily employed reading and writing, arranging and handing him his papers; and behind them his counsel, five or six able lawyers, who were not

permitted to argue upon matters of fact, but only on points of law.

A day or two were occupied in preambles and general statements, and a declamatory speech from Pym gave a sketch of all the charges against Strafford, and endeavored to destroy all the merit of those parts of his administration which the accused could appeal to. He had paid £100,000 indeed of the royal debt, and left another £100,000 in the treasury, but all had been got by screwing parliaments; he had augmented the customs greatly, but he had done it solely for his own gain, and he had added a large property to the Church, but he had done it to please the archbishop of Canterbury, and at the expense of sundry noblemen's and gentlemen's private estates, from which, though it had originally belonged to the Church, he had no right to abstract it. Strafford, indeed, had done more for Ireland than all the deputies had done since the conquest, and much more than a hundred generations of Pym's would have done, had they reigned uninterruptedly there since the Flood; and he was bringing the country rapidly into a state of unexampled order and prosperity: but Pym did not care for that; Pym quite turned up his nose at that; Pym thought that did not signify at all—that made no difference at all with Pym. How much better would it have been for example, had Ireland had a sage and constitutional governor like Pym: she might have felt, to be sure, some inconveniences, a fallen revenue, a decayed commerce; she would have had, perhaps, no linen manufactures, no shipping, no agriculture; but then she would have had the pleasure of hearing Pym make constitutional speeches, and she would have heard the rhetoric of the mighty Pym expand for mortal interminable hours on the grand theme of the balance and adjustment of the three powers in the state.

The regular business of the court followed; twenty-eight charges of treason and maladministration were formally preferred against Strafford; every high proceeding and act of power, every harshness, and every case of grievance of the subject, noble and aristocratical, that they thought could tell upon the court; all the knots and rough spots and corners, that an administration of unparalleled activity had in the full swing and impetus of its course contracted, were brought up, singly and isolatedly enlarged upon, and exhibited in the very worst color. Strafford was asserted to have done every thing with a view to the most selfish ends, to establish

his own tyranny, oppression, and extortion; and the very idea of a respectable intention in what he did, of any view to public good, mistaken, irregular, as they might think it, but still real, was not alluded to. Strafford had long before spoken his answer to such charges, and such interpretations. "*Where I found a crown, a church, and a people spoiled,*" he said, in defending himself before the English council, "*I could not imagine to redeem them from under the pressure with gracious smiles and gentle looks; it cost warmer water than so.*" He now suffered for his own zeal and industry, for the multiplicity and comprehensive range of his administration; had he done nothing, he would have had nothing to answer for; but his inquiring glance had been everywhere, his fingers had been meddling everywhere, he had thrown himself whole into the eddying mass of a disordered country's affairs; he had worked himself to death's door, and therefore, in the view of the worthy Pym and his associates, he was now helpless: that endless heap of papers, the charge and burden of four secretaries, proud memorial of the deputy, pain, weariness and perplexity of the prisoner and the arraigned, had done the work, and question after question and charge upon charge must settle him. The mere idea of course of subjecting, bit after bit of a whole course of government, in this way, to a kind of popular inquiry, contains in itself the strongest element of injustice: how can the context, the flow of events, and order of political nature, which makes one act bring on another, and hooks and cements all together,—how can the moment of action upon doubtful evidence, so often forced on a ruler, the subtle conjecture which justifies to self, the only practical mode of effecting an object under circumstances—circumstances, that wide idea, postures of affairs, groupings of facts, the look of things, all that common eyes simply see and no more, but to the artistical eye carry their unlocked intense meaning—how can all this be entered into and appreciated by a set of judges who come *ab extra*, and just see what is before their nose? Truly, any statesman, it signifies not who, has a hard battle before him, who in days of party strife comes to have his administration overhauled before what is called the tribunal of his country.

Strafford was as fully equal to this emergency as he had been to any before it, and played off his host of papers with all the self-possession and dexterity possible. No knowledge of what a thread his life hung

by, ever unsteadied for a moment his thorough coolness and presence of mind; no unfair play, time after time, throughout the trial, put him the least out of temper: he let nothing pass without a struggle, he fought for a point of law or court practice stoutly, determinately,—when decided against him, the fine well-tempered spirit was passive again, took with a *nil admirari* what it could not help, and worked upon the bad ground, as if it were its own choice. A charge was made with every skillful exaggeration and embellishment; he simply asked time to get up his reply—it was refused; without “*sign of repining*,”—it is the unconsciously beautiful expression of Baillie—he turned round and conferred with his counsel. For a few minutes, a little nucleus of heads, amid the general turmoil, were seen in earnest consultation, eyes bent downwards, and hands shuffling and picking out papers: the defence arranged with that concentrated attention which no time and necessity inspire, Strafford was ready again, and faced the court. Great was the contrast of the rest of the scene; these pauses were the immediate signal for a regular noise and hubbub, and it was with laughing, chattering, walking about, eating and drinking, close to him and echoed from all sides, that the tall black figure of Strafford was seen “serious with his secretaries,” and life and death were at work in his small isolated knot. The general behavior in court throughout was gross and vulgar in the extreme, and scandalized Baillie. There was a continual noise, movement, and confusion, of people leaving and returning, doors slamming, and enormous eating and drinking; bread and meat and confections were dispatched greedily; the bottle went round from mouth to mouth, and the assembled company manifested by the freest signs their enjoyment of the occasion. With ladies royal and noble present, the most disgusting and unrepeatable indecencies went on; about which we shall only remark, that whatever rank the scene in Westminster Hall may occupy in the patriot’s eye as the foundation of our liberties, it is to be hoped he will not enforce it as a standard for our manners. The speeches of Strafford’s accusers harmonized. Pym called him the wicked earl; Maynard and St. John went to the extremity of virulent coarseness; and Palmer, the only one who kept within bounds, though as effective as any of them, was cut by his party afterwards, simply because he had been decent. It is a physiological fact, that the yoke of impression once thrown

off, the human animal despises and tramples upon the object of its awe; and the low rude scene of Strafford’s trial reflects invertedly, through dishonor and contempt, the greatness of the fallen.

Viewing the whole affair as a popular exhibition and appeal to persons’ warm, excited, and bitter feelings, the materials for producing an impression against Strafford were large and ample; for a trial in a court of justice, they were meagre, weak, and scanty, below contempt. It is a waste of criticism, in a legal point of view, to discuss charges which, let them have been ever so true, were simply absolutely insufficient for their judicial object, and did not approach to proving the crime which was alleged. The proceeding rested in fact throughout, though nominally on a legal ground, really upon a simple assumption, viz., that the view of the royal prerogative which Pym, Hampden, and a purely modern party took, was the true authoritative one; that Strafford, having acted against that, had violated the constitution; that the king, was the inference, being part of the constitution, suffered from its violation; that therefore Strafford, by maintaining the royal prerogative, had traitorously betrayed the king. Conjointly with this most efficacious and enormous assumption, the ridiculous and contemptible farce was indeed gone into, of attempting to prove that raising the impost on tobacco, and farming the customs on wool, and mixing brass alloy with silver fourpenny and sixpenny pieces, and the like, contributed to make up treason; and that sending four soldiers and a corporal to execute an order of council was constructive treason, and levying war upon the king; but a party view of the prerogative was the real fallacy which pleaded all the while; and that view was not supported by facts which were clear and determinate for the other side. Strafford had exerted more actively and strictly powers that had slept in feeble hands for some years, and that was all: he had done no more, in point of law, than other lord-deputies had done before him. He proved this—and he added, Even if it is not so, this is not treason; these acts may be what you please, misdemeanors, felonies, any thing, they are not treason; giving authority unto Robert Savil, serjeant-at-arms, is not treason; ousting Owen Oberman is not treason; ejecting Sir Cyprian Horsefield is not treason. Be the cases ever so atrocious, a hundred misdemeanors cannot make a felony, a hundred felonies cannot make treason. I have not committed trea-

son, he said, and nobody could contradict him. The House of Lords, weak, miserable, vacillating body as they were, could not condemn a man on principles which would not require developing, to hang up any subject promiscuously for doing any thing or for doing nothing. It was necessary to go beyond his *acts*, his overt acts, and bring into court his *words*—words uttered in the secret service of the state, at the council, in the cabinet—words that were more like thoughts than words, as *legal facts* utterly shadowy and abortive, non-existences, not cognizable by law. The charge against the Earl of Strafford, it was alleged, “was of an extraordinary nature, being to make treason evident out of a complication of several ill acts, that he must be traced through many dark paths, and this precedent seditious discourse compared with that subsequent outrageous action, the circumstances of both which might be equally considerable with the matter itself, and be judged by the advices which he gave and the expressions which he uttered upon emergent occasions, as by his public actions.” They had a better chance of finding something to their purpose here. Strafford had had strong views of the propriety,—in extraordinary emergencies, and to maintain a great principle which must otherwise fall, when matters could no longer go on quietly, and it was merely a question which side should first digress in order to prevent the other’s rise,—of taking extraordinary steps upon the principle of *self-preservation*. He held the doctrine upon a manly theory, which did honor to the heroism of his nature, and which he expressed by the maxim, *Salus populi suprema lex*. A passage in the former part of this article explains the kind of liberty we mean. In that transition state of things there was in fact no precise limit as to what the king could do, and what he could not do; if he did what his predecessors did, he could do any thing; if he did what his successors have done, he could do nothing. Strafford knew something of the predecessors, but nothing at all of the successors.

To gain this all-important point, the Commons broke through all the rules of legal evidence, as they had violated all the positions of the criminal law. The Lords were petitioned, and out of weakness and timidity permitted the hitherto unheard-of license of compelling the witness of privy councillors as to the fact of expressions used at the council board,—a mean, underhand, and dastardly channel of evidence, which violated the solemn oath of

secrecy which introduced the privy councillor to his office, and was replete with practical mischiefs. A variety of speeches were brought up—that he would make the king’s little finger heavier than the loins of the law—that he would drive all the Scotch out of Ireland—that he would have some of the aldermen of London hanged—and others. He addressed himself with great tact to the legal weaknesses and flaws in the evidence, and literally allowed nothing to be fairly proved against him. One case after another was tried, and a determined push made for a legal conviction. At a council held after the last parliament, which had been dissolved for refusing supplies for the Scotch war, it was asserted that Strafford had instigated the king to bring over his Irish army and compel contributions. Whatever Strafford’s opinion was as to the lawfulness of such a step, it was not probable that he should have expressed it so definitely at an English council board, with the composition of which he was sufficiently acquainted. Lord Traquaire retreated in court from his prior deposition before the Commons’ committee, and could only remember that Strafford was for fighting the Scotch instantly, and not attending to their protestation. Lord Morton, the Duke of Northumberland, and the lord treasurer Juxon, asserted the same. Archbishop Usher had heard him *in Ireland* express the *general sentiment*, that a king might take such a step: Sir Robert King had heard Sir George Ratcliffe, Strafford’s *friend*, say, that the king had 30,000 men, and £400,000 in his purse, and a sword at his side—if he should want money who should pity him. Sir Thomas Barrington had heard Sir George Wentworth, Strafford’s *brother*, say, that the commonwealth was sick of peace, and never would be well till it was conquered again. The Earl of Bristol had heard Strafford say, *on some occasion or other*, that he would not have another parliament called, “because the danger admitted not of so slow a remedy.” All this evidence was of course nothing to the point in proving the particular speech then before the court, and could do no more than produce an unfavorable impression; they could not get at Strafford *himself*. However, give up the matter we will not, resolved the indefatigable Commons—“if one council does not supply us with the speech, another shall!”

It had been one of those weak concessions of Charles to the popular party, which answered no purpose but that of confusion, to call Sir Harry Vane, father of the one

above mentioned, to the post of Secretary about a year before. He was a mortal foe of Strafford's; and though so more on private than political grounds, had yet connection through his son with the popular side. Sir Harry Vane gave in evidence that, at a meeting of the Committee of State, the "*Cabinet Council*, as it was called," on "the king asking, since he failed of the assistance and supply he expected by subsidies, what course he should now take," the Earl of Strafford answered, "Sir, you have now done your duty, and your subjects have failed in theirs; and therefore you are absolved from the rules of government, and may supply yourself by extraordinary ways; you must prosecute the war vigorously; you have an army in Ireland with which you may reduce this kingdom." Sir Harry Vane remembered these words; but the Duke of Northumberland did not; he only remembered the expression about being absolved from the rules of government; the Marquis of Hamilton did not, the Lord Treasurer Juxon did not, Lord Cottington did not: Laud and Windebanke were not allowed to give evidence. The words, any how, were not treason; but, moreover, the law with respect to *evidence* for treason was clear and insurmountable; it required two witnesses, and here was but one. This was on the twelfth day of the trial.

Three more days passed in such persevering reiterated strokes on the one side, and parries on the other. On the sixteenth day of session, just as Strafford was about to commence his wind-up speech, up stood the Committee of Management with an ominous request to the Lords to be allowed to call in some fresh witness they had reserved expressly on the 23d Article, that of Vane's testimony. Strafford divined pretty well what they were at, and was even with them; he applied for the like permission himself on some articles. A long debate followed: the Lords adjourned, and returned with the answer, that if one side had the liberty, the other ought to have it as well. It was a plain simple piece of fairness that common decency required; nevertheless it was the first that had been shown, and it perfectly flabbergasted the Commons. A storm ensued; the Court was in an uproar. Upon a self-evident point of honesty and common sense that it ought to have shamed a savage not to see, the Commons wrangled and fought like men in extremity: at last they consented to the decision, if Strafford would *name* his Articles on which he had addi-

tional witnesses to call up. They suspected he had none, and thought they had caught him in his feint; for to have named Articles where no fresh witnesses were in reality forthcoming, was a too hazardous game to play. Nevertheless, Strafford proceeded to name a first, a second, a third, a fourth; there were more coming, when the gathered wrath of the Commons burst like a thunder-cloud: they rose in a fury on both sides, and with the shout of "Withdraw! withdraw! withdraw!" got all to their feet, on with their hats, cocked their beavers in the King's sight. The Court was a scene of wild confusion; and the outbreak of malignant, of diabolical passion was so terrible, that if Strafford had not slipped away to his barge on the first beginning of it, he seemed literally in danger of being torn in pieces on the spot, and leaving the dark stain of his blood upon the pavement of Westminster Hall. Out rushed the Commons with the impetuosity of wild beasts and maniacs, leaving the King and Lords to take themselves off as they pleased, and proceeded to their House. And now "We have gone too far to retire," was the word: Here we are at home, and can do what we please; here we reign the great Commons of England, the new dynasty of force; we must do something if we are to establish ourselves; we must strike a blow; we must show the world what we are.—The bill of Strafford's attainder was resolved on. Strafford had foiled them, driven them out of Court, and that was their retaliation.

It now appeared what the purpose was of the suspicious request to the lords: viz., to bring legally home the words deposed to by Vane, by the addition of a second witness, or what they chose to call such, to the same words. Mr. Pym rose and explained, that being on a visit a few months before with the younger Sir Harry Vane, they two were mourning and sighing together on the sad condition of the kingdom, and the oppression of afflicted patriots; that Sir Harry Vane said he could show him a paper from which it would appear that still worse was in store—a certain note of his father's of what passed at a council meeting. The note seen, they thought a *copy* might some day be of use; but was such a proceeding allowable? Sir Harry Vane was delicate, Pym was patriotic. Sir Harry Vane's delicacy had yielded after a struggle to Pym's patriotism—he (Pym) had taken a copy, which he now laid before the House. The mysterious document ran—"What was now to

be done, since parliament had refused supplies? L. Lt. Ir.—Absolved from rules of government, prosecute the war vigorously—an army in Ireland to subdue this kingdom. A. B. C. G.—some sharp expressions against parliaments, fierce advice to the King." It required no great decyphering to discover that the former was the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the latter the Archbishop of Canterbury's grace. And here, said Pym, is our second witness: it is not easy to see how—if he meant the paper itself, paper is no person, and therefore no witness; if he meant Sir Harry Vane, he was the same witness as before. But this was not a moment for metaphysics.

Up then rose Sir Harry Vane the younger, "in some *seeming* disorder,"—considering the communication he was going to make, one would not have imagined it necessary to *feign* a blush—he would tell the House how he had become possessed of the valuable note. His father had sent him to unlock some chests of family papers; he saw with the rest a *red velvet cabinet*; he felt curious to know what was in that red velvet cabinet; he must have the key of that red velvet cabinet to look for more family papers; the key sent from the unsuspecting father, what should he stumble on but this note—a curious note; he took a copy of it on the spot; very curious indeed—he showed it to Pym afterwards.—Alas, young Sir Harry Vane was afraid his patriotism had got him into difficulties, and lost him the affection of a father for ever.

Old Sir Harry Vane rose up, also "in much pretty confusion," professing to be exceedingly indignant, and wounded to the quick—Young gentleman, you ought not to have done this—you have injured my character irreparably—I am very angry with you, and I shall frown.—And thereupon the father frowned, and looked exceedingly indignant and black. A variety of "passionate gestures" passed between the two actors, killing glances were exchanged; and it would require the pencil of a Hogarth to do justice to the exuding hypocrisy, the shining glutinous knavery of the scene. The House carried on sympathetically the fraud! stroked, and soothed, and patted "the young gentleman," and enjoined, by formal vote, the father to be reconciled to the son.

The Commons once started and set going, rushed upon that wild and unconstitutional career, which, to the eye of impartial history, stamps with unreality all their previous professions, and entirely

abandons the ground of law to their opponents. A bill for the total abolition of Episcopacy was soon the appendage, a proud and honorable one to Strafford, of the act of attainder: another bill, in plain palpable violation of the whole framework of the State followed, for making that parliament indissoluble except by themselves. The mask of constitutionalism was torn off; daring, reckless innovation was proclaimed; and had a royal army forthwith proceeded to action, Charles might justly have pleaded the defence of the established laws of the country for taking the step. It may be interesting to those who regard this parliament as the founders of our civil and religious liberties, to be reminded of another fact or two. The eighteenth charge upon which death was demanded on Strafford was, that he had actually connived at the existence of Roman Catholic Chapels in Ireland, and allowed Roman Catholics to use their own form of worship; that he had reduced the fines imposed on account of their religion, and actually tolerated them in the army. These first discoverers and institutors of the sacred rights of conscience, formally petitioned Charles in their House for the death of an unfortunate Romish priest, purely on account of his religion; the very first instance in history in which such punishment had been put on that exclusive ground. The no popery cry, so loathed by the advocates of freedom now, was carried to the highest pitch, and the House made itself a stage of the lowest farce exhibitions on the subject. While a report on the increase of popery in the country was reading before the House, two large fat county members, happening to be sitting together on a rickety board, it broke with a loud crack. An honorable gentleman, Sir John Wray by name, swore he smelt gunpowder, and rushed out into the lobby followed by a whole crowd of members; the people in the lobby rushed into the streets, shouting that the House was blown up, and every body killed: the alarm was carried by water into the city: trained bands came up with the beat of drum, and were surprised to see the parliament house still standing. Mr. Hollis went up with an address of the Commons to the Lords on the subject of this apprehended increase of popery, in which, with the ordinary puritanical cant, so well taken off by Scott, the House of Commons was compared rather indiscriminately to the fig-tree that had not yet produced fruit, and to Elijah who was carried up by a whirlwind,

and the king's advisers to the locusts and to Ahitophel.

The bill of attainder set going, the Commons returned to Westminster Hall, *professing* themselves no longer accusers, but judges. With an inimitable life and grace, to use the words of a spectator, Strafford made before an audience pledged to his destruction, a farewell defence too well known to be here quoted. Toward the conclusion, alluding to his children, those dear pledges a saint in heaven had left him, the memory of his deceased wife rushed vividly across his mind; for a short time he was unable to speak; the tears fell down, and he had only strength, when he resumed, for another sentence. "You will pardon my infirmity; something I should have added, but am not able; therefore let it pass. Now, my lords, for myself; I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely submit myself to your judgment, and whether that judgment be for life or death, *Te Deum laudamus*." With upraised eyes he added, "*In te, Domine, confido, ne confundar in eternum*."

Pym answered him with the flowing hardened rhetoric of an old spokesman of the House, which failed him however remarkably, when he came to reply to some parts of that morning's defence. He broke down, became confused, looked foolish, and fumbled among his papers; showing, somewhat to the entertainment of Strafford's friends, that however fine might be his premeditated flash, he could not help showing where it ended and the real extempore began.

One word on Mr. Hallam's defence of this bill. It is a questionable attempt to save at once his credit as a lawyer, and indulge his full resentment as a partisan. He is compelled to allow the illegality of judging Strafford by act of attainder, but he thrusts in obliquely a saving clause, that the Lords voted *judicially*. This is mere special pleading. The Lords received the bill from the Commons; they passed the bill, and sent it up for the royal sanction. In what particular form they gave their vote, does not signify the least; they acted as a house of parliament, and not as a court; Westminster Hall was over and done with. It is self-evident that when the omnipotence of the legislature decides a point, it *ipso facto* removes it from the

decision of the court of justice: the latter being only the *medium* through which the legislative authority acts, it necessarily ceases when that authority acts immediately. The reluctant candor that first makes a necessary admission, and then steals it back by such a sophism, is unworthy of a respectable historian. Mr. Hallam, we may add, seems ultimately to repose in the notion of a summary national justice, of which we shall only remark, that, if a nation, when it wants more liberty than it has had in past ages, has a right to destroy the man who opposes the claim, it is not easy to see why an individual who wants to have more money, may not exercise the same right, and cut the first man's throat who refuses to stand and deliver. It was unnecessary that Mr. Hallam should combine weak reasoning with bad morals, and use the arts of a sophist, when he had in reserve the doctrine of a barbarian.

The inevitable downward course only now remained, which rude power could dictate to the semblance of a government and a constitution. The bill of attainder passed the Commons, and went up to the Lords, accompanied with the formidable hint which fifty-six names of Straffordian members who voted against the bill, posted up and cursed by infuriate mobs, would suggest to a poor frightened upper house. A melancholy humble visit of Charles to the Lords, begging only for Strafford's life, offering perpetual banishment, imprisonment, any thing to purchase simple existence—the feeblest tone that monarch ever had assumed before a country, brought a storm about their ears that quite overwhelmed them: boisterous crowds besieged the House, and dogged every peer in the streets with the cry of justice, justice, justice! Strafford's friends stayed away because they could do him no good, the bishops stayed away because they would not vote on a question of blood—the bill passed the Lords, and went up to the king. He received it on the Saturday evening, all Sunday he was in an agonizing suspense. A note from Strafford in the Tower arrived—set your conscience at liberty, it said, remove this unfortunate thing out of the way, my consent shall more acquit you, than all the world can do besides. So generous an offer it was shocking to think of making use of, still it showed that Strafford saw his difficulties. *Could he save him? was it possible?* Would his *reto* be of any use? Charles said not; Strafford himself seemed to say not; would he not forgive him, nay, feel for, pity him, in his

extremity? Still, though a *veto* would do Strafford no good, was he not bound to give it on *his own* account, and to free his own conscience? He summoned the judges—was the bill law? yes, an act of parliament was law, that they *could* say, the *facts* of the case were out of their province. He consulted the bishops present on the point of casuistry, and was told by Williams that he had two consciences, a public and a private one: one man only at the council-board, who did honor to the patronage of Laud, told him plainly what he should do. "Sir," said Juxon, "if your conscience is against it, do not consent." It was the voice of truth, though it spoke alone, and had Charles listened to it, could he have made the venture, faced a raging country, leapt at once down the monstrous jaws wide open to devour him—it would have been far better than what he did certainly, but it was a terrific thing to do. Poor Charles, after struggling through the long, long day, at last breathless and spent, yielded to importunity; at nine o'clock in the evening he called for the warrant for Strafford's execution, and moistened the parchment with his tears as he wrote his signature. Strafford was told to prepare himself for death on the following Wednesday.

All was now over—the statesman's life with its troubles, conflicts, commotions—the magnificent storm was spent, and Strafford had one brief awful pause before the world closed upon him for ever. Year after year, and hour after hour to the last, the intensity and excitement of his career had increased, had within and around him quickened, like tropical nature, into a glowing multiplied life, an overflowing luxuriance, brilliancy and play of mind; and now in a moment every thought had its quietus, and all was midnight stillness within the prison walls. But the same high temper and finish of character, which had ever made him see and bend to his position, whatever it was, bore him through his last short stage, as nobly as it had borne him to it: now that he could work no more, he reposed, and life over addressed himself to death. Do we not mistake indeed the temper of great minds all along, when we imagine that because they devote themselves to the business of life, they are therefore devoted to life? Rather should we not say that they adopt that mode of *getting through it*? Some trial meets all men, adversity the pampered, neglect the proud, occupation the indolent, and life itself the great. The big ardent mind must be doing something, or it pines and dies, must

be filling up the awkward void, storing time with acts, and making life substantial. But take away life, and the worldly principle is over; they are no longer bound to it, than they exist in it, they do not regret the loss of that which they only spent because they had, or love the rude unsightly material which their skill and labor moulded. Life the simple animal or passive they never knew or felt or had; nature gave them not the sense or organ which relishes the mere pleasure of being alive; they never thought of life itself, but only of its opportunities; and death will occupy, absorb, content them, if death is all they have to think of.

From the first moment, resigned and at home with his fate, Strafford experienced in full all that inward strength which had grown up with the unconscious religion of a noble life; a career of high motives and great ends told; essential heroism passed by a natural transition from its active to its passive state, and the mind which had pushed and strained, and schemed and battled while it could, melted into tenderness when the strife was over. He was no man to delude himself into a superficial and unreal frame of mind, or fancy religious feeling which he had not: his old chaplain Dr. Carr said, he was the most rigid self-examiner and scrutinizer of his own motives he ever knew: yet the entire freedom with which he felt himself forgive his enemies, destroyers, and all the world—that power of all others the test of the spiritual, and so defined in gospel law, now comforted him greatly, showing that God had not left him to his own strength when he could solidly do that which was above it. He lifted a natural upward eye heavenwards, and occupied himself during the time, which his family affairs left him, in religious exercises with his chaplain and Archbishop Usher. Usher told Laud that, for a layman, he was the best instructed person in divinity he ever knew.

Earthly trials however had not quite ended; and even this short interval was interrupted by the sad intelligence of Wandesford, who had languished and died broken-hearted in consequence of the recent events;—a mournful testimonial of his affection to send to cheer his patron's prison. Strafford shed tears over his old friend, whom he was just going to follow. He was pre-eminently a fascinating person to those he was intimate with; they were affected almost like lovers over his loss, and grieved and sickened as if some mysterious fibre of their own life were broken. Radcliffe suffered a great change after Strafford's death.

ford's death. He was asked to write his life when he died, and excused himself with great simplicity on this score. He had been a different man ever since that event, was "grown lazy and idle, and his mind much enfeebled."—"When I lost my lord, I lost a friend—such a friend as I do not think any man hath, perhaps never man had the like—a treasure which no earthly thing can countervail, so excellent a friend, and so much mine; he never had any thing in his possession and power which he thought too good for his friends; he was never weary to take pains for his friends."

Some private and family business was settled with his characteristic coolness and despatch, parting instruction sent to his children, and farewells to friends. A beautiful pathetic note from Radcliffe, brought in answer many thanks for the comfort of it—all freely granted (a blessing for Radcliffe's son;) and God deliver you out of this wicked world, according to the innocence that is in you. And to his young boy he wrote:

"My dearest Will,—These are the last lines you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you.

"Sweet Will,—Be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto Him, and have Him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel: for, till the time that you come to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.

"Lose not the time of your youth; but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself and comfort to your friends for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down; but, with cheerfulness and good courage, go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure, with an hallowed care to have respect unto all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest: for the heart of a man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those, which are in God's Church the proper teachers; rather than that you should ever either fancy one to yourself, or be led by men that are singular in their opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out."

One remarkable instruction, which he left behind him, should be mentioned—"that

he foresaw that ruin was like to come upon the revenues of the church; and that, perhaps, they might be shared amongst the nobility and gentry; but I charge you never to meddle with any of it; for the curse of God will follow all those that meddle with such a thing." He had an opportunity of showing his love for the Church more solidly than by words. A mysterious visit from his brother-in-law, Mr. Denzil Hollis, one of the leading men in the Commons, intimated to him authoritatively that he was yet safe, if he would but pledge himself to advise the king to give up episcopacy.—From what parties this offer really came, does not exactly appear. It may have come from the middle party in the House. It may have been only an attempt on Hollis's own part to save a relation by extracting some concession which might be urged to his advantage. It may have been a trick of his enemies to disgrace him, of which Hollis was made the unwitting medium. Whatever it was, Strafford met it with an answer worthy of him, that "he would not buy his life at so dear a rate;" and the incident comes in curiously, as a last mark connecting his fate with the cause of religion and the Church.

The evening of Tuesday suggested thoughts for his passage to the scaffold the following morning. Archbishop Laud had been his fellow-prisoner in the Tower all along, and was now waiting in his cell to receive the same sentence: travellers on the same road, they had come to the same journey's end; the fast friends, the sympathizing statesmen, fellow-champions of the Church, reformers, enthusiasts, master spirits, holy man and hero, ghostly father and obedient son—they had held firm to one another in life, and in death they were not divided. They were come to a poor earthly reward of their labors—a sad end of all those letters so full of life, hope, buoyancy and animation—those halloos that flew across the Channel, those spirit-stirring thoughts which doubled the warmth in each breast by the communication—sad end of a policy which had in view the restoration of a Church and kingdom, sad end indeed of "Thorough." Strafford wanted to see Laud just once more, to take a last farewell, and asked leave of the lieutenant of the Tower for a short interview with his fellow-prisoner. The lieutenant said it was impossible without the leave of parliament. "You shall hear all that passes, said Strafford with playful sarcasm; it is too late for him to plot heresie, or me to plot treason." The lieutenant repeated his refusal, but

wished Strafford to send to Parliament for leave. Strafford would not hear of that—no; parliament had done with him, and he had done with parliament. “I have gotten my despatch from them, and will trouble them no more. But my lord,” he added, turning to Usher who was by, “What I should have spoken to my Lord’s Grace of Canterbury is this: you shall desire the Archbishop to lend me his prayers this night, and to give me his blessing when I go abroad to-morrow, and to be at his window, that by my last farewell I may give him thanks for this and all other his former favors.” The message was delivered to Laud—he replied he would do the first, he could not answer for the second.

All London was out the next morning, and a hundred thousand people lined the avenues to the Tower, eager to witness the behavior of the great, once dreaded minister on the scaffold. Strafford left his room, accompanied by the lieutenant and officers of the Tower, and set out on the funeral march. As he passed under Laud’s window he stopped—no Laud appeared; he turned to the lieutenant,—might he be allowed to make his reverence at any rate to the dead wall which hid the Archbishop from his eyes? Meantime Laud, apprised of his approach, showed himself at the window; Strafford bowed to the earth—*My lord, your prayers and your blessing*: the outstretched arms of the aged prelate bestowed both, but, overcome by grief, his utterance failed, and he fell backward in a swoon.

Strafford, himself, to the last showed the genuine characteristics of his nature; as, leaving the Tower gates, he encountered the mob with wild staring eyes concentrated upon him. The lieutenant of the Tower, instantly portending mischief from their looks and numbers, desired Strafford to enter a coach, “for fear they should rush in upon him and tear him in pieces.” But Strafford had all his life looked people in the face, and he would not shrink from the encounter now—he would not hear of a coach. “No,” he said, “master lieutenant, I dare look death in the face, and I hope the people too; have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the executioner or the madness and fury of the people—if that may give them better content, it is all one to me.”—And so singular and incomprehensible is the power of the mind over the body in great emergencies—that morning dissipated the illnesses of a life, producing one of those sudden lightings up of the animal frame, which are not altogether strange to

medical science in the case of those who have suffered from long infirmity. The hour of death, which has the mysterious power sometimes of restoring even the lost faculty of reason, transformed Strafford all at once into a strong, healthy man: and now, full master of himself, wound up to the highest tone of body and mind, and Strafford all over and complete, he acted on his way to the scaffold the epitome of his life. There was no sullenness or defiance any more than timidity in his behavior, as he marched, a spectator says, like a general at the head of his army, and with open countenance and lofty courtesy bowed to the gazing crowds as he passed along. Was it not a tacit mode of saying, “People, misled, mistaken, I acquit you; I blame not you; you are not responsible for this scene: I have never had any quarrel with you, nor would you have had with me, had not deeper, subtler heads than yours, been at work. All my life I have been your friend; I have had your good in my eye: the poor have been my favorites, and I have stood up for them against the rich oppressor: my arm has been lifted up against the noble and the great, but never against you; and not you, but your betters have now conspired against me.” The mob behaved with respectful silence, and not a word was spoken, or a finger raised against him as he passed along.

Having mounted the scaffold, where Archbishop Usher, the Earl of Cleveland, his brother Sir George Wentworth, and other friends, were present to receive him, he begged the people to listen while he spoke a few words.

“My Lord Primate of Ireland, and all my Lords, and the rest of these noble gentlemen, it is a great comfort to me to have your Lordships by me this day, because I have been known to you a long time, and I now desire to be heard a few words.

“I come here, my Lords, to pay my last debt to sin, which is death, and, through the mercies of God, to rise again to eternal glory.

“My Lords, if I may use a few words, I shall take it as a great courtesy from you. I come here to submit to the judgment that is passed against me; I do it with a very quiet and contented mind: I do freely forgive all the world; a forgiveness not from the teeth outward, but from my heart; I speak it in the presence of Almighty God, before whom I stand, that there is not a displeasing thought that ariseth in me against any man. I thank God, I say truly, my conscience bears me witness, that in all the honor I had to serve his Majesty, I had not

any intention in my heart but what did aim at the joint and individual prosperity of the king and his people, although it be my ill lot to be misconstrued. I am not the first man that hath suffered in this kind ; it is a common portion that befalls men in this life. Righteous judgment shall be hereafter: here we are subject to error and misjudging one another."

And after answering the charges of despotism and popery, he concluded—"I desire heartily to be forgiven if any rude or unadvised words or deeds have passed from me, and desire all your prayers ; and so, my Lord, farewell, and farewell all things in this world. The Lord strengthen my faith and give me confidence and assurance in the merits of Jesus Christ. I trust in God we shall all meet to live eternally in heaven, and receive the accomplishment of all happiness ; where every tear shall be wiped from our eyes and sad thoughts from our hearts. And so God bless this kingdom, and Jesus have mercy on my soul."

"Then turning himself about, he saluted all the noblemen, and took a solemn leave of all considerable persons on the scaffold, giving them his hand.

"And after that he said—"Gentlemen, I would say my prayers, and I entreat you all to pray with me and for me." Then his chaplain, Dr. Carr, laid the Book of Common Prayer upon the chair before him, as he kneeled down ; on which he prayed almost a quarter of an hour, and repeated the twenty-fifth psalm ; then he prayed as long or longer without a book, and ended with the Lord's Prayer. Then standing up, he spied his brother, Sir George Wentworth, and called him to him, and said, "Brother, we must part : remember me to my sister and to my wife, and carry my blessing to my eldest son, and charge him from me that he fear God, and continue an obedient son of the Church of England, and that he approve himself a faithful subject to the king ; and tell him that he should not have any private grudge or revenge towards any concerning me ; and bid him beware not to meddle with Church livings, for that will prove a moth and canker to him in his estate ; and wish him to content himself to be a servant to his country, as a justice of peace in his county, not aiming at higher preferments. Convey my blessing also to my daughters Anne and Arabella : charge them to fear and serve God, and He will bless them ; not forgetting my little infant that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself ; God speak for it, and bless it." Then said he, "I have done ; one stroke will make

my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, and my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brother and all my friends ; but let God be to you and them all in all."

"After that, going to take off his doublet, and make himself ready, he said, 'I thank God I am no more afraid of death, nor daunted with any discouragements arising from my fears, but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed.' Then he put off his doublet, and wound up his hair with his hands, and put on a white cap.

"Then he called, 'Where is the man that should do this last office ?' meaning the executioner : 'call him to me.' When he came, and asked him forgiveness, he told him he forgave him and all the world.—Then kneeling down by the block, he went to prayer again himself, the Archbishop of Armagh kneeling on one side, the minister on the other. After prayer, he turned himself to the minister, and spoke some few words softly with his hands lifted up. The minister closed his hands in his. Then bowing himself to the earth, to lay down his head on the block, he told the executioner that he should first lay down his head to try the fitness of the block, and take it up again before he laid it down for good and all ; and this he did. And before he laid it down again, he told the executioner that he would give him warning when to strike by stretching forth his hands : and then he laid his neck on the block stretching forth his hands. The executioner struck off his head at one blow ; then took the head up in his hands and showed it to all the people and said, 'God save the king !'"

Thus perished a victim to political and religious violence, the malevolence of an oligarchy, and, we must add, the weakness of a king ;—as great a statesman and as noble a man as ever England produced. We have nothing to say more with respect to those who effected his destruction ; thanks to them for having developed, even by such acts as theirs—and formed, though they were but the blind and brute instruments of the work—a character which is an honor to history. Thanks to them, and honor to him. Honor to the lofty, the disinterested, the energetic, the large of mind, and pure of aim,—the statesman who had a head and a heart. Honor to him who had the courage in evil days to defend the Church against her titled spoilers, and make a swelling aristocracy feel the arm of justice ; who could despise men's affections, good opinions, flatteries, all the ease and

satisfactions of a few short days, and pass through this world like a field of battle.—Honor to him, and honor to all who, in whatever garb, in whatever shape it may please the inscrutable providence of God, in different ages, in peculiar atmospheres of Church and State, to clothe and embody the one eternal, immutable, essential Good, will nobly, generously recognize *that*, and trample upon all else,—will maintain the inherent royalty, supremacy, greatness, the height ineffable and power divine, the universal empire and the adamant base of that great scheme for which under varying aspects the Church militates on earth, but which will only be seen in purity and fulness above. Honor to all such, if they effect their high objects; and honor also, if through human wilfulness they fail. Their fall is their victory, and their death triumph. Their memory supports the cause which their lives failed to do, and survives—as may Strafford's still—to inspire some statesman of a future age, who, with a country like his to save from moral barrenness and declension, will know how to accommodate an example to an altered state of things, and embody its glorious spirit in a living form.

Strafford is a true Shaksperian character, containing all the elements of high perfection, only colored by a secular and political atmosphere: belonging to the world although above it. The human mind appears but in its commencement here, gives large promise and shows mighty powers, spreads its roots, and lays its foundations; but looking up for the rich foliage and minareted tower, a cloud intercepts our view, and throws us back musing and melancholy upon an imperfect unfinished state of being. And yet why may not the hopeful and loving eye surmount in some sort the mist, and anticipate the finish and completion. The dark elemental gas, the occult fire, the fluid trickling from its mournful cell, blue clayey lair, and sooty mineral, and cold granite bed, produce this world in which we live and breathe. Earth's lower empire issues in her upper, and as the unsightly riches of her labyrinthal womb encounter the magic touch of day, they spring into new being, a living glorious scene; tree, herb and flower, and balmy breeze and summer skies, the painter's landscape and the poet's dream; Sabæan odors, and Hesperian fruits, blest Araby and all fairy-land appear. Even so in the progress of moral life, of human character. Mighty spirits appear and rush across the field; they follow their mysterious and providential call, they take their side; and when the immor-

tal principle has burst forth in zeal for some heroic sacred cause, and manifested to men and angels what they are, they die, and lofty virtue calls aloud to heaven for its spiritual and native development. We wander here amid the shadowy beginnings of moral life, the rough essences, the aboriginal shapes, the ghostlike forerunnings of the immortal; we see the giant masses that sustain the higher world, but that is all; we witness but the strife of subterranean elements, and hear the hollow gust, and hidden torrents' roar. But patience, and a brighter day will come, which shall mould chaotic humanity into form—a day of refining, purifying metamorphose, when virtue shall hardly recognize her former self. The statesman's, warrior's, poet's, student's ardent course, his longings, impulses, emotions, flights, extravagances, all the generous stirrings of heart and rustling rushing movements upon this earthly stage, are prophecies of a life, and point straight heavenwards. The heroic is but the foundation of the spiritual; and the antagonism and mortal strife over, freed nature shall enjoy her holiday and calm, goodness claim her paradisaical being, and the wild scene of greatness and power melt into fragrance, melody and love.

THE WATERLOO BANQUET.—On Monday last, the "hero of a hundred fights" was once more surrounded by his companions in arms, to celebrate the anniversary of the glorious victory gained on the plains of Waterloo. Eighty-one noble and gallant veterans sat at the board of their illustrious leader, where they were received with a soldier's welcome and the hospitality of a prince. A vast number of persons, among whom we observed several peers and members of Parliament, congregated at the entrance of Apsley House, and saluted the several veteran officers on their arrival with every manifestation of respect. Shortly before eight o'clock Prince Albert arrived, and his presence, it is needless to observe, was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering. His Royal Highness, on alighting from his carriage, was received by the Duke of Wellington; and the moment the crowd caught sight of the venerable Duke, the cheering burst out with renewed might. The Prince was conducted by his grace to the grand saloon, and at eight o'clock the Duke and his guests entered the gallery and took their seats at the table. The Duke of Wellington, of course, presided, supported on the right by Prince Albert—next to whom sat the Marquess of Anglesey, and on the left by General Washington. The banquet-table was adorned with the various costly testimonials presented to the illustrious hero by the City of London, the Emperor of Russia, &c. The service of plate used was alternately gold and silver, and the dessert service was that given to the gallant Duke by the King of Prussia. The Duke of Wellington wore his uniform as Colonel of the Grenadier-Guards; and Prince Albert, although a field-marshal in the army, adopted his uniform as Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards.—*Court Journal*.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Napoléon et Marie Louise, Souvenirs Historiques de M. le Baron Meneval, ancien Secrétaire du portefeuille de Napoléon, &c. (Historical Recollections of Napoleon and Maria Louisa). 2 vols. Paris. 1843.

THIS is an addition to the number of memoirs of the Emperor of France, by individuals in his service and attached to his person, from which the future biographer and historian will draw materials: for the life of that extraordinary man is yet to be written. The work of Sir Walter Scott, admirable in parts, is, as a whole, a crude compilation, swelled hastily to its enormous bulk to meet financial difficulties. He gave himself no time to weigh conflicting authorities, with the load of which his own biographer describes him oppressed and overwhelmed; and the result was a production of the most unequal kind, in which we find clear and animated narrative, graphic description, depth of thought, and eloquence of language, blended with loose and prolix composition, trivial details treated at disproportioned length, and apocryphal stories told as if they were ascertained facts. It may be remarked that among all the memoirs and other books, towards a life of Napoleon, which have appeared in France, that country has not yet produced the life itself, while England has produced several. Apparently the French are better aware than the English, of the difficulties of the task.

From the Baron Meneval's opportunities, his memoirs ought to have been more instructive as well as more interesting than they are. From the year 1802 to the catastrophe of Waterloo, he was attached to the person of Napoleon, whose favor and confidence he enjoyed without interruption: a circumstance which says much for the usefulness no less than the fidelity of his services. His name is never mentioned by his contemporaries as involved in the *tracasseries* and intrigues of the imperial court; he seems to have conducted himself with straightforwardness and singleness of purpose. His book also gives that idea of his character. It is written with simplicity, and is as free from the tinsel of French fine writing as from the easy style of French fine morals. There is nothing of "la jeune France" in the pages of M. Meneval; a rare merit in a French literary production of the present day. But the quietness of temper, which made him a correct and plodding functionary; which

kept him aloof from the crowd around him, elbowing, pushing, and scrambling for profit and place; and which offered a passive resistance to the contagion of fashionable manners; detracted from his qualities as a chronicler. His observation does not appear to have been keen, nor his memory retentive. Of the thousand noticeable traits of character in Napoleon, and remarkable occurrences of his private life, which Meneval must have had peculiar opportunities of witnessing, his book contains but few; and they are for the most part trivial in themselves, and poorly told. The style of the whole book indeed is meager, and destitute of that vivacity, lightness, and happy art of story-telling, for which French memoir-writers have ever been pre-eminent.

The author tells us that he wrote these memoirs in compliance with the wish of the emperor himself. Napoleon, he says, in his last moments at St. Helena, among other recommendations in the instructions left to his executors, expressed his desire that certain persons, of whom M. Meneval was one, should undertake to give his son just ideas on facts and circumstances of great interest to him. M. Meneval adds, that so long as the emperor's son lived, reserve was imposed on him; but that, since the young prince's death it was no longer necessary to remain silent. There is something here which we do not understand; an inconsistency arising probably from want of clearness in the author's language. The circumstances most interesting to the young prince must naturally have been the union between his parents and their ultimate separation; and these (as is shown by its title) properly form the subject of M. Meneval's book.

"To conform as much as possible to the emperor's desire, which I look upon as a command, I have thought it proper to choose the times which followed his second marriage. The narrative which I publish is intended to recall some scattered traits of his private history during that period; not to paint the conqueror and the legislator, but Napoleon in his privacy, as a husband and a father."

An interesting subject: which in M. Meneval's hands might have been more interesting than he has made it, had he better known how to gather and to use the materials within his reach. "*Napoléon et Marie-Louise*" is prefaced by an "introduction" containing some of the least known circumstances, anterior to the year 1810, of which M. Meneval was himself an eye-witness. This part of the work is exceed-

ingly barren: almost every thing worth telling which it contains having been told over and over again. Throughout the whole book, Napoleon is painted *en beau*; there is not a shade in the picture; a fault which is not less wearisome because there is no wilful dishonesty in it, but simply the natural feeling of affection which lingers in the heart of an old and faithful servant, towards the memory of a master who had loved and trusted him, and in whose fall the sunshine of his own life had passed away for ever. The same amiable feeling heightened the author's prejudice, no doubt, against his master's great and fatal enemy, England; but it is not the less absurd and tiresome to have him to talk continually, after the ordinary French fashion, of our perfidy, ambitious rapacity, and so forth; and to observe the gravity with which he seems to have swallowed any absurd story that could by possibility make Englishmen appear odious or ridiculous. One of his important anecdotes is, that during the negotiation of the treaty of Amiens, our plenipotentiary Lord Cornwallis every day after dinner retired to his room, along with his natural son Captain Nightingale, and passed the evening over the bottle till both were regularly carried dead-drunk to bed. He tells, however, another story, more to the honor of that excellent nobleman; though to us it possesses as much novelty, and may possibly have as much authority, as the other.

"The following trait of *loyauté* was a worthy termination to the mission of this respectable minister. The protocol of the last diplomatic meeting had been settled, the definitive treaty agreed on, and an appointment made for its signature next day at the Hôtel de Ville. On the night before the day of signature, a courier from London brought Lord Cornwallis an order to modify some articles of the treaty, relative to the balance in favor of England of the sum due for the subsistence of the prisoners of war. The article of the protocol on this subject had been settled between the two ministers. Lord Cornwallis had declared to Joseph Bonaparte, that, happen what might, it should not prevent the signature of the treaty: at the moment when it was about to be signed, he received from his government this order to insist on an additional payment to England. Holding however that his word was pledged, he declared that he could not retract; and the treaty was signed with solemnity, while the hall resounded with the acclamations of the spectators."

Passing the introductory chapters, we proceed to the book itself, in which, as its title indicates, Maria Louisa holds a principal place. It contains a good deal of new information respecting this princess,

who, even in her imperial days, came little before the public, and, since her separation from Napoleon, has been almost wholly lost sight of by the world, except as the occasional subject of vague rumors and calumnies, from which M. Meneval vindicates her.

The Archduchess Maria Louisa was the eldest daughter of the late Emperor Francis the Second, and Maria Theresa of Naples. She was educated in the usual manner of the royal family of Austria. Brought up under the eye of their parents till their marriage, the Archduchesses live in complete retirement, at a distance from court, and with no society but that of their ladies and attendants, whom they are accustomed to treat with great kindness and familiarity. Maria Louisa's education was carefully attended to. She spoke several languages, and had even learned Latin, a living language in Hungary. She was an excellent musician, and was accomplished in drawing and painting. One circumstance in this mode of education is worth noticing:

"The most minute precautions were taken to preserve the young Archduchesses from impressions which might affect their purity of mind. The intention, doubtless, was laudable; but the means employed were not very judicious. Instead of keeping improper books altogether out of the way of the princesses, the plan had been adopted of cutting out with scissors, not only pages of these books, but lines, and even single words, the sense of which was deemed improper or equivocal. Such a blundering censorship was calculated to produce the opposite effect to what was intended: the expunged passages, which might have remained unnoticed had they been let alone, were interpreted in a thousand ways by young imaginations, the more active that they were stimulated by curiosity. The evil meant to be prevented was thus increased. On the other hand, their books became, to the royal pupils, objects of indifference—bodies without souls, deprived of all interest after the mutilations they had undergone. The Archduchess Maria Louisa, after she became empress, confessed that her curiosity had been excited by the absence of these passages, and that, when she had obtained the control of her own reading, her first idea was to seek, in complete copies of the works, the expunged passages, in order to discover what it was that had been concealed from her."

When the youthful Archduchess first heard of her projected marriage with the French Emperor, she looked upon herself (says M. Meneval) as a victim devoted to the Minotaur. She had grown up with feelings of dread and aversion towards the man who had been so terrible an enemy to her family and country. It was an ordinary amusement with her and her brother and

sisters, to draw up in line a troop of little wooden or waxen figures to represent the French army, placing at their head the ugliest and most forbidding figure they could find; and then to make an attack on this formidable enemy, running him through with pins, and beating and abusing him till they had taken full vengeance for the injuries he had done their house. As soon, however, as she found the matter determined on, her quiet disposition and Austrian habits of obedience, made her willing to resign herself to her destiny. She endeavored to learn the character of her future husband, and was entirely occupied by the wish to please before she had ever seen him.

M. Meneval gives full details of the marriage, and all its ceremonies and festivities, dull as such things always are. He describes, after the following fashion, the person of the bride :

"Maria Louisa was in all the brilliancy of youth; her figure was of perfect symmetry; her complexion was heightened by the exercise of her journey and by timidity; a profusion of beautiful chestnut hair surrounded a round, fresh countenance, over which her mild eyes diffused a charming expression; her lips, somewhat thick, belonged to the features of the Austrian royal family, as a slight convexity of nose distinguishes the Bourbons; her whole person had an air of ingenuousness and innocence, and a plumpness, which she did not preserve after her accouchment, indicated the goodness of her health."

Among the emperor's rich presents, and attentions to his young consort, nothing is said about the oft-repeated circumstance of his having, in anticipation of her arrival, had her chamber at St. Cloud made so complete a fac-simile of that which she had quitted at Schœnbrunn, that she started on entering it, thinking she had been transported by magic back to her paternal home. At all events the story, if not true, was *ben trovato*.

The description given by M. Meneval of the domestic life of the imperial pair, after the birth of their ill-fated son, is so pleasing a family picture that we shall extract a few of its features.

"The emperor appeared happy. He was affable in his family, and affectionate to the empress. If he found her looking serious he amused her with lively talk, and disconcerted her gravity by a hearty embrace; but in public he treated her with great respect, and a dignity not inconsistent with polished familiarity.

"The emperor wished her to learn to ride on horseback. Her first lessons were taken in the riding-school at St. Cloud. He walked by her

side holding her by the hand, while the groom held the bridle of her horse; he thus calmed her fears and encouraged her. When her skill did honor to her teacher, the lessons were continued in a private alley of the park. The emperor, when he had a moment's leisure after breakfast, ordered the horses, mounted himself, in his silk stockings and shoes, and cantered by the empress's side. He urged her horse and made him gallop, laughing heartily at her cries, but taking care that there should be no danger, by having servants stationed all along the path, ready to stop the horse and prevent a fall.

"Meanwhile the king of Rome grew in strength and beauty under the watchful eye of Madame de Montesquiou, who loved him as her own child. He was carried every morning to his mother, who kept him till it was time to dress. During the day, in the intervals between her lessons in music and drawing, she went to see him in his apartment and sat by him at her needlework. Sometimes, followed by the nurse who carried the child, she took him to his father while he was busy. The entry to his cabinet was interdicted to every body, and the nurse could not go in. The emperor used to ask Maria Louisa to bring in the child herself, but she seemed so much afraid of her own awkwardness in taking him from the nurse, that the emperor hastened to take him from her, and carried him off covering him with kisses. That cabinet, which saw the origin of so many mighty plans, so many vast and generous schemes of administration, was also witness to the effusions of a father's tenderness. How often have I seen the emperor keeping his son by him, as if he were impatient to teach him the art of governing! Whether, seated by the chimney on his favorite sofa, he was engaged in reading an important document, or whether he went to his bureau to sign a despatch, every word of which required to be weighed, his son, seated on his knees, or pressed to his breast, was never a moment away from him. Sometimes, throwing aside the thoughts which occupied his mind, he would lie down on the floor beside this beloved son, playing with him like another child, attentive to every thing that could please or amuse him.

"The emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manœuvres: it consisted of pieces of wood fashioned to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops, or some new evolution, he used to arrange these pieces on the carpet. While he was seriously occupied with the disposition of these pieces, working out some skilful manœuvre which might ensure the success of a battle, the child, lying at his side, would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his order of battle, perhaps at the most critical moment. But the emperor would recommence arranging his men with the utmost good humor.

"The emperor breakfasted alone. Madame de Montesquiou every morning took the boy to his father's breakfast-table. He took him on his knee, and amused himself with giving him morsels to eat, and putting the glass to his lips. One day he offered him a bit of something he had on his plate, and, when the child put for-

ward his mouth to take it, drew it back. He wished to continue this game, but, at the second trial, the child turned away his head; his father then offered him the morsel in earnest, but the boy obstinately refused it. As the emperor looked surprised, Madame de Montesquiou said, that the child did not like to be deceived; he had pride, she said, and feeling. 'Pride and feeling!' Napoleon repeated, 'that is well—that is what I like.' And, delighted to find these qualities in his son, he fondly kissed him."

M. Meneval's subsequent narrative contains other traits of Napoleon's domestic life. The empress, it appears, was mild and good-natured, placid and yielding in her temper, with little strength either of intellect or of passions. Her mind seems at all times to have taken the tone of surrounding circumstances with the utmost ease and quickness. We have seen how readily her fear and hatred of Napoleon were changed into a predisposition, at least, to affection, before she had ever seen him. Settled in France, she almost instantly acquired French feelings and habits. To such an extent had she, in two or three years, been transformed into a French-woman, that in her German correspondence with her family she was often obliged to have recourse to French expressions, because she had forgotten the equivalent words in her mother-tongue. At a later period, when, finally separated from her husband and from France, she found herself once more an Austrian Archduchess in the midst of her own relatives, we observe in the quickness with which she forgot both him and it, and in the ease with which her mind took the hue of her altered fortunes, but another illustration of this chameleon-like quality, which she possessed in so remarkable a degree.

When Napoleon, after his disasters in Russia, commenced the terrible struggle which ended in his ruin in 1814, he invested the Empress with the character of regent. During this period her affection for her husband and zeal in the cause of her adopted country suffered no abatement, even though her own father was now among the number of their enemies. At last, when the Allies had forced their way almost to the gates of Paris, Napoleon sent instructions that his wife and child should leave the capital. His letter to his brother Joseph, written from Rheims, on the 16th of March, 1814, is striking:

"Conformably to the verbal instructions which I have given you, and to the spirit of all my letters, you are not to permit that in any case the Empress and the King of Rome shall fall into

the hands of the enemy. I am going to manoeuvre in such a way that you may possibly be several days without hearing from me. Should the enemy advance on Paris in such force as to render assistance impossible, take measures for the departure, in the direction of the Loire, of the Empress-regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, the great officers of the crown, and the treasure. Do not quit my son, and remember that I would rather know that he was in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The lot of Astyanax, prisoner among the Greeks, has always appeared to me the saddest in history."

Joseph and the archchancellor laid this letter before the empress, making at the same time some remarks on the bad effects which might ensue from this abandonment of Paris, but leaving the decision to her, and refusing to incur the responsibility of counselling her to act in opposition to the emperor's order. On this she declared, that though, as the emperor had said, she as well as her son should fall into the Seine, she would not hesitate a moment to depart: the desire he had so distinctly expressed being a sacred order for her. The order was obeyed, and on the 29th of March, Maria Louisa and her son left Paris for ever.

"When it was time to set out, the young King of Rome refused to leave his apartment. It seemed as if a fatal presentiment had gifted him with the second sight. 'Don't go to Rambouillet,' he cried to his mother, 'it is an ugly house—let us stay here.' He struggled in the arms of M. de Canisy, the gentleman-usher who carried him, repeating again and again, 'I will not leave my house; I will not go; since papa is away, it is I who am master!' and he clung to the doors and the banisters of the staircase. This obstinacy excited a painful surprise, and produced melancholy forebodings in those who witnessed it. The carriages defiled slowly, and as if in expectation of a countermand, by the wicket of the Pont Royal. Sixty or eighty people gazed in silence on this cortege, as if it were a funeral procession passing by: it was, indeed, the funeral of the empire. Their feelings did not betray themselves by any manifestation: not a voice was raised to express sorrow for this cruel separation. Had any one been inspired to cut the traces of the horses, the empress would have remained. She passed the gate of the Tuileries, with tears in her eyes and despair in her soul. When she reached the Champs Elysées, she saluted for the last time the imperial city which she left behind her, and which she was never more to behold."

When Napoleon, fallen from his high estate, and no longer emperor of France, had become emperor of Elba, and had gone to take possession of that second Barataria, his consort, with their son, was sent to

Vienna; and it henceforward became her father's policy to detach her thoughts and feelings from her husband, and to break the ties which united her to France. He knew her character, doubtless, and succeeded as easily as he could have expected. She was separated as much as possible from her French friends and attendants, induced to adopt her old habits and occupations, and amused with journeys and parties of pleasure. But, whatever she did, and wherever she went, she was carefully watched, and every precaution was taken to obliterate French reminiscences and associations. In a visit to the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, an Austrian general introduced himself into her society, and a division of troops under his command was stationed in the neighborhood. This officer, General Neipperg, was an emissary of Metternich, and, according to M. Meneval, a perfect serpent in matters of seduction. When Austrian minister at Stockholm, in 1812, he was no stranger to the concoction of the treaty of Örebro, whereby Bernadotte took up arms against the sovereign to whom he owed his rise in the world, and agreed to deliver him up to his enemies. If this be true, it argues consummate duplicity on the part of the Austrian cabinet, at a moment when Austria was still in alliance with Napoleon, and when Austrian troops were actually co-operating with his own. From Stockholm, Neipperg was sent to Naples, where his arts and persuasions seduced the unfortunate Murat into that coalition with the allies against his relative and ancient comrade, remorse for which led him into the desperate enterprise which cost him his life. The successful tempter was then directed to turn his battery against Prince Eugene, but that chivalrous soldier was proof against his wiles.

This personage, according to our author, was employed by Metternich to work the desired change in the thoughts and feelings of Maria Louisa.

"He was then a little turned of forty, of middle stature, but of a distinguished air. His hussar uniform, and his fair, curled hair, gave him a youthful appearance. A broad black bandeau concealed the loss of an eye; his look was keen and animated; his polished and elegant manners, insinuating language, and pleasing accomplishments, created a prepossession in his favor. He speedily got into the confidence and good graces of a good and easy-tempered young woman, driven from her adopted country, withdrawn from the devotion of the few French who had adhered to her evil fortunes, and trembling at the further calamities which might still be in store for her."

Neipperg accompanied her in the remainder of her tour, and returned with her to Vienna, where he still further gained her favor by his zeal and activity in her affairs, particularly in removing difficulties attending her obtaining the sovereignty of Parma and Placentia.

At this time arrived the news of Napoleon's return from Elba, and his being once more at the head of a formidable army. In such an alarming crisis, it was judged necessary to keep stricter watch over his son. The child had hitherto lived with his mother, at Schœnbrunn, under the care of his governess, Madame de Montesquiou. From this lady he was now separated and brought to Vienna, where he was lodged in the palace under the care of another governess, the widow of an Austrian general.

Soon after this, M. Meneval, finding his situation in Vienna become every day more and more disagreeable, in consequence of the jealousy and suspicions shown towards the French members of Maria Louisa's suite, returned to Paris. Before his departure, he went to take leave of the young prince, whom he never saw again. There is something touching in his account of this final parting. The boy was then about four years old.

"I observed, with pain, his serious and even melancholy air. He had lost his gaiety and childish prattle. He did not run to meet me as he was wont, and did not even seem to know me. Though he had been already more than six weeks with the persons to whom he had been entrusted, he had not become accustomed to them, and still looked as if he were surrounded by new faces. I asked him in their presence if he had any message for his father, whom I was going to see again. He looked at me sadly and significantly without saying any thing; and then, gently withdrawing his hand from mine, walked silently to the embrasure of a distant window. After having exchanged a few words with the persons in the room, I approached the place where he was standing, apparently watching my motions. As I leaned towards him, to say farewell, he drew me towards the window and said softly, looking earnestly in my face, '*Monsieur Meneval*, you will tell him that I always love him dearly.' The poor orphan felt already that he was no longer free, or with his father's friends. He had difficulty in forgetting his '*Mama Quiou*,' as he called her, and constantly asked for her of Madame Marchand, his nurse, an excellent woman, who had been allowed to remain with him, and of whom he was very fond. She, too, returned to France the following year; another source of grief for the young prince."

The history of this ill-fated youth is brief, like his life. In 1818, he received

the title of Duke of Reichstadt, with rank immediately after the princes of the Austrian imperial family. He was much beloved by the old emperor his grandfather; and his mother, who had been put in possession of the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, provided liberally for his maintenance and education, though she treated him in other respects with heartless neglect: her affections, by this time, being engrossed by a new object. His talents, which were above the common, were highly cultivated by an excellent education. But he was kept in a kind of splendid captivity. It was the Austrian policy to render him politically insignificant; to withdraw, as much as possible, the son of their great emperor from the thoughts and recollections of the people of France; and, on the other hand, to efface from his mind the memory of what he had been, and what he had been born to. Neither object was accomplished: the attempt was fatal. The sense of his condition preyed on a naturally ardent mind; and the source of his habitual melancholy showed itself in the warmth with which he received such Frenchmen as visited the imperial court, and the interest he took in their conversation. His health gradually declined, and he died, we think in 1833, at the age of about two-and-twenty.

As to Maria Louisa, she took possession of her new sovereignties, and was attended by Count Neipperg in the capacity of her minister. There are circumstances in her connection with this personage, on which M. Meneval either cannot throw light, or is not disposed to do so. He talks of calumny and scandal respecting her private life; but he leaves it unrefuted. Indeed from what he himself says, we cannot think the lady's reputation unquestionable. She was united, he says, to Count Neipperg, by a left-handed marriage, and has had three children by him. The eldest married the son of Count San-Vitale, the grand chamberlain of Malta, and resides at his mother's court. The second, Count de Montenuovo, is an officer in an Austrian regiment: and the third, a girl, died in her childhood.

"The fact of this union," says M. Meneval, "being established, I shall not examine whether a regular act had intervened to legitimize the birth of the children, or whether the union of Maria Louisa with Count Neipperg preceded the death of Napoleon. In Italy, where sins are so easily compounded for, the sanctification of an union is the simplest thing in the world. Two persons who wish to marry declare their intention before a priest; he confesses them,

gives them absolution, says mass, and marries them; and the whole passes without the intervention of witnesses. There is every reason to believe, however, that the Emperor was dead, when Maria Louisa contracted this second marriage. At Vienna, as well as Parma, she always declared her firm determination never to seek a divorce, or to listen to any such proposition. . . . Malignity has gratified itself in spreading injurious reports as to the pretended irregularities of Maria Louisa's private life. I believe that they have no foundation. The moderation of her character, and her unimpassioned nature, must have preserved her from excess of any kind."

The argument from presumption is but a feeble one, when weighed against opposite presumptions to which her advocate himself, gives countenance. Why has he not told us the date of the marriage between Maria Louisa and Count Neipperg, and the ages of the children? Even the *left-handed* marriage of a sovereign is solemnized in such a manner as to be matter of evidence and record: but M. Meneval leaves it doubtful whether there was *any* marriage. Napoleon died in April 1821, two-and-twenty years ago; so that if his widow's children are the legitimate issue of a marriage contracted after his death, it is hardly credible that the two elder should be now, the one a married woman, and the other an officer in the army. M. Meneval ought to have made the inquiries necessary to enable him to clear up these points. If he did so ineffectually, then the obscurity which hangs over the marriage of a personage of sovereign rank, and over the birth of her children, leads, we think, to only one conclusion. Indeed M. Meneval, in the passage just quoted, seems to admit that the children were born before the death of Napoleon. He says he will not examine whether a regular act had intervened to legitimize the children, or whether the union of Maria Louisa with Neipperg, preceded Napoleon's death. The alternative here stated, is *either* that the children, at first illegitimate, had been legitimized by a subsequent marriage;* *or*, that there had been a mock-marriage between them before Napoleon's death: a way of compounding with conscience which M. Meneval describes to be so easy in Italy. So much mystery, in such a case, is not easily reconcilable with the idea of innocence.

Count Neipperg died in December last, and Maria Louisa is inconsolable for his

* *Legitimatio per subsequens matrimonium* is admitted in those countries whose jurisprudence is chiefly founded on the Roman law; among others, in Scotland.

loss. "To fill the void," says M. Meneval, "which this bereavement has made in her heart, she is surrounding herself with souvenirs of him whom she never ceases to lament; and has even ordered the erection of a magnificent mausoleum to his memory, in token of the bitterness of her regret."

THE WISDOM OF AGE, A BALLAD;

Showing the value, quality, and effects thereof, in a few plain stanzas. By one who has little skill in the mystery of rhyme. (The Rev. William Harness, M. A.)

THE April morn was bright and mild,
And the sunbeam danc'd on the dewy moor,
As an aged man and little child
Thus talked beside their cottage-door:

"Look, grandfather! what joy! what joy!
'Twill be a fine sunshiny day;
In the cowslip-fields," exclaimed the boy,
"I'll pass the happy hours away."

"'Twill rain ere noon," the old man replied:
"When you have lived as long as I,
You will know better than confide
In this soft air and glowing sky."

"Oh!" cried the boy, "if this is all
We gain by growing gray like you—
To learn what show'rs at noon will fall,
While yet the morning heavens are blue,—

"I'd rather know, as I do now,
Nothing about the coming hours,
And, while it's fair, with careless brow
Enjoy the sun and gather flowers."

"Ay, but, my boy, as we grow old,"
Sigh'd that aged man, "we learn much more;
Truths which, in youth, we're often told,
But never feel as truths before;—

"That love is but a feverish dream;
That friendships die as soon as born;
That pleasures which the young esteem
Are only worthy of our scorn;

"That what the world desires as good,
Riches and power, rank and praise,
When sought, and won, and understood,
But disappoint the hopes they raise;

"That life is like this April day,
A scene of fitful light and gloom;
And that our only hope and stay
Centre in realms beyond the tomb."

Thus wisely spoke that gray-haired man:
But little fruit such wisdom yields;
Off, while he talked, the urchin ran
To gather cowslips in the fields.

And sure in nature's instinct sage
The child those with'ring lessons fled,
Conn'd from the worn and blotted page
Of the world's book perversely read:

For soon he reached those fields so fair,
Murmur'd his songs, and wreath'd his flowers;
While, laughing, 'neath the hawthorns there,
He crouched for shelter from the showers.

A MAGISTRATE'S COURT IN INDIA.—The following picture of a magistrate's court in India, by the young baboo, Dukhinarungun Mookerjee, contains some satire, but much truth.

Now conceive yourselves, gentlemen, in a large hall, entirely filled with our countrymen of every rank and denomination, in a conspicuous part of which a chair has been placed on a wooden platform, about one cubit high and three cubits square, over which you perceive a small writing-desk, near which is seated a fashionably-dressed civilian, apparently between twenty and twenty-six years of age, who, as is very often the case, is either picking his teeth, or reading a letter, or scanning a newspaper, or it may be, is indulging in a nap. But to make the best of it, suppose him to be otherwise in the attitude of listening, with profound attention, to the perusal of the huge file of Bengalee or Oordoo papers which a turbaned countryman of ours, standing immediately below the bench, is reading to him, surrounded by other individuals of a busy and cunning look, forming a distinct group aloof and apart from the audience, and who are heard occasionally to address by turn a few words in the way of explanation to the loftily-seated gentleman, always interlarding their speeches with some sub base and slavish terms as *khodabund*, *huzoor*, *khoda-heganee*, *zillallah*, *gureebpurwun*, or in English, "God-like Sir!" "Presence!" (a word implying one too sacred to be named) "Friend of God!" "Shadow of the Almighty!" "Protector of the Poor!" Their language is, if possible, even more disgusting, when, alluding to themselves, they lift up their voices with joined hands to the living idol: *gholam*, *khanezad*, *fidereck*, *bundah*, or, "your slave," "the boon slave of your house," "your inferior," "your creature," and the like. Such are the individuals who boast of the responsible character of amlahs or ministerial officers. Next, fancy the same high-seated personage to be in the act of hearing the deposition of a witness in our language: you would be likely to imagine, on a superficial view, that the magistrate was actually engaged in the solemn act of administering justice to the thousands who come to claim it at his tribunal. But I must tell you, that the knowledge possessed by this administrator of justice, of the language in which the proceedings of his court are conducted, is so limited, that he is incompetent perfectly to understand, unassisted by his amlahs, one single sentence of the voluminous *nuthees* that are daily read to him. He is often wholly incapable of comprehending the plainest answer of the many witnesses who are examined before him. He is incompetent to apprehend the purport, sense, or tendency of the decrees to which he daily affixes his seal and signature, although they frequently affect the rights, the honor, and the lives of our fellow-subjects and countrymen.—*Asiatic Journal*.

PRINTING.—Amongst the fanciful novelties of the day is a patent, which has been taken out for a mode of printing called *mi-type*, by means of which the expenses of printing, paper, and binding would, according to the patentee, be diminished by half. The *mi-type* may be thus shown. Take a flat rule, and place it on a line of print, so as to cover the lower half of the letters, and the line may be read with ease. The reason is, says the inventor, that we never look at the lower part of printed letters, but always the upper part. This, however, is not the case, if we cover the upper half. The patentee, therefore, proposes to have a type composed of the upper half of the letters.—*Galvani*.

ENGLISH NOTIONS OF IRISH AFFAIRS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

DEAR MAC SHANE.—You are somewhat surprised at the proceedings of the British government in regard to Irish affairs, and you desire to know what the people in England really think of the state of Ireland. I shall tell you all about this as well as I can, but you must not expect to hear any thing reasonable when I am telling you of general impressions. No man who has lived thirty years in the world and looked about him, will hope to find truth in public opinion about occurrences of the day. It may be that public opinion comes right in the end, but if it does, it blunders along through a vast quantity of preposterous notions before it arrives at that end. Men of passion or of subtlety are generally the guides of public opinion, and such men are generally wrong. Either they are the dupes of their own desires, or they wish to dupe others into becoming the instruments of these desires. Show me a man with large gifts for forming and swaying public opinion, and I will show you a man whom it is dangerous to trust in regard to public matters. I say this without any imputation upon their sincerity—

“For he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all,”

as the poet sings; and as Edmund Burke has said, even the lamp of prudence may blind a man if it shine with unnatural lustre; how much more those lights of genius which more generally attract the public admiration, and give a man influence in guiding the opinion of the multitude!

But to quit moralizing and come to facts:—five-sixths of all the people in England who are worth five hundred pounds and upwards, think the Irish a very dangerous sort of people at all times, and more particularly at present; and they think that at all times it is very meet, right, and prudent, but more particularly at present, to have a strong force in Ireland to overawe the rebellious in spirit, or to crush rebellion if it break out. This feeling however is not connected, as many of you in Ireland might think, with any especial fear or hatred of the Irish people, or with a desire of domination. In short, it is connected with no strong feeling whatever, but simply a sentiment arising from some sense of dignity, and some habit of precaution in regard to all that is strange and not well understood. Of this tolerably general feeling of the middle and upper classes in England re-

garding Ireland, you will of course find nothing in the newspapers, because it is their business to deal not so much with the actual as with the prominent. Of all the sentiments and actions—the thoughts, words, and works of men—but a very small part indeed thrust themselves forward into public observation, and it is with this small part alone that the public journals have, or ought to have, any thing to do. Yet it is this unexpressed feeling of society which mainly influences the votes of the great mass of members of parliament. It is only the more prominent few who are mainly guided by such reasonings and impressions as are publicly stated and maintained in parliament, or at popular meetings, or in the press. These few are, whether consciously, or unconsciously, public performers, and must study their parts accordingly. They lead in one sense, but in another sense they follow. Their course is under the control of public events as they happen to arise and to arrange themselves, and the deep, effectual under-current often runs in a different direction to that which is at the top, and under direct public observation.

If the feeling of the *British nation* were consulted, there is no measure however strong which government might think fit to propose for the security of the friends of British connection in Ireland, that would not be eagerly welcomed. But the feeling of the British nation is one thing, and the affectation of the British House of Commons quite another. The distinction between the reality of British sentiment and that which men venture to profess in the House of Commons is growing broader every year. It is the vice of the time to eschew genuineness, and it is impossible to hinder this vice from having its practical effect; but it is well to mark the difference between events which have their foundation in the national conviction or the national prejudice, and those which flow from a spurious parliamentary affectation. It was this affectation which carried the Roman Catholic emancipation bill. Whether that measure was theoretically right or wrong, it was a measure from which most assuredly the national sentiment of Great Britain revolted; but as by far the greater part of the eloquence and ingenuity of public speaking and public writing had been on its side, it became the affectation of the House of Commons to regard opposition to it as a mark of prejudice or thick-headedness, and so it was carried.

It belongs to the character, the position, the history, and the temper of the present

prime minister to refer every thing to the House of Commons' standard. I do not find fault with this—I merely state the fact. The minister will never correct any error of the house, if it commit an error, by throwing upon the subject the light and heat of the national sentiment. From any thing that has yet occurred in the House of Commons it might be supposed that the ministers in that house were scarcely cognizant that there was any such thing as a particular agitation in Ireland at the present time. If the government have shown an astounding activity in the transmission of military force to Ireland, the government has shown an apathy no less astonishing upon the subject in the House of Commons. Perhaps I should not say apathy, but speak rather of a cold, guarded caution. The reason of all this, if there be any reason, is yet to appear. Many attribute it to a kind of fastidious fear, of which they disapprove. Government is anxious to distinguish itself as a government of pure reasonableness. It would apparently wish to solve the problem of the management of Ireland as if it were a problem of mathematics. It is resolved to have no likings or dislikings. It is willing to suppose Mr. O'Connell and his men to mean as well as any other set of men in the kingdom, and to judge of all exactly as if government were but a higher department of police, only excluded from taking cognizance of past character and conduct, as the inferior police courts do. If this be a true account of the present government, it may be decided at once that such government will not do for Ireland. Yet that this is a true account may be concluded from the course which government has taken. The only serious notice of the agitation for the repeal of the union which the prime minister has taken in the House of Commons, has been a recapitulation of the declaration ventured upon by the Whig government in 1834, and expressed in the speech from the throne at the opening of the parliamentary session in that year. Sir Robert Peel, after reading those strong expressions, stated that he was authorized by her majesty to say that such were also her sentiments upon the same subject; and there the minister left the matter, and has left it. He has directed none of his eloquence to the excitement of a feeling of indignation against the conduct of Mr. O'Connell. It was not so during the former repeal agitation, when Sir Robert Peel was leader of the opposition. Not very long after the speech from the throne which denounced the O'Connell

agitation in Ireland, the honorable and learned gentleman thought fit to hint at the propriety of reducing the interest upon the national debt, and talked with bitter derision of "the cant of national faith." This roused Sir Robert Peel. He said that "he rejoiced to hear the honorable and learned member for Dublin avow his political creed, because when they came in a few days to the consideration of the repeal of the union, they would bear in mind under what auspices and with what views the measure was proposed;" and he then proceeded in the following more than usually emphatic strain:—

"Oh, all ye who have interest in the funds in Ireland—oh, all you Protestants who hold lands in Ireland, learn by this timely declaration what your fate will be when you shall have been delivered up to the tender mercies of a popular assembly, returned by the influence and adopting the principles of this man, who makes a jest of national honor, and talks of the *cant* of public faith.

'I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'

"The question of the repeal of the union has been decided by that preliminary declaration. Who that had any thing to lose would not draw the inference, that if such slender pretences could be brought forward to justify the violation of national faith, there could be no security for any property of any description!"

In this way did Sir Robert Peel, when leader of the opposition, animate the public sentiment against the repeal agitation. His silence as minister, combined with the evidence afforded, or supposed to be afforded, by the military preparations in Ireland, has led many to conclude that he has something so serious to disclose, that until every thing is ripe for its announcement, he is unwilling to be drawn into remarks which might tend to reveal his secret too soon.

It is needless to repeat for the hundredth time that the English do not understand the Irish. It is not probable they ever will. When the English hear of prodigious meetings renewed from time to time, they cannot help believing that the people who thus assemble must have some definite purpose of good for themselves, to be attained at the expense of England. They cannot understand that all this trouble could be taken for the mere sake of display, or the glorification of a popular leader. "What do the people want?" say they; "what do they expect to gain by these multitudinous assemblages? We knew what our people wanted when they assembled in riotous disarray last autumn. They wanted a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; but

when they found that going about in a riotous matter did not bring them any nearer to the point at which they aimed, they abandoned their tumultuous proceedings." Thus do the English talk; and it is in vain that one hints to them that such meetings may take place without any distinct object on the part of the people thus assembling. It is in vain that one tries to explain that the very love of mystery—the *not* knowing exactly why they are wanted to make such formidable demonstrations, and therefore fancying something much more important in the matter than there really is—may be the very reason that such multitudes assemble. The mass of the Londoners eagerly caught at the bold assertion of "*The Times*"—"Ireland is on the verge of rebellion." It was the very thing which had been occurring in an indistinct manner to their minds for some time previously, and they rejoiced to find it proclaimed in plain terms by their favorite journal. For some days after this you could not hint to any London citizen of credit and renown that you did not apprehend rebellion in Ireland, without exciting his contempt, and some degree of indignation. He deemed it an affront to his own sagacity to doubt that there was the most imminent danger. Loud as the applause generally is at city dinners when the Duke of Wellington's health is given, it never was so tremendous as when his present activity was called to mind in making such effectual preparations for the outbreak in Ireland—and all this when your good Protestant folks in Ireland were wondering what all this mighty warlike preparation could mean, and almost laughing at what seemed to you a ludicrously unnecessary display of force!

I know if I were writing this to any of the multitudinous victims of the O'Connell machinations, they would forthwith be persuaded that Saxon hatred of the Irish led to this feeling of exultation at the prompt and effectual preparation which has been made for putting down revolt in Ireland, if any such thing should be manifested. But you will not be thus misled. It is very true that the general feeling of the English in regard to the Irish is the reverse of respectful. The general notion of them is tinctured by a foregone conclusion about a tendency to absurdity and wrong-headedness. The defects of the English character lead the English into exaggerated conceptions of the defects of the Irish. The coldness of the English temperament, and their dull, dogged laboriousness in the pursuit of riches and distinction, which, when ob-

tained, they cannot enjoy, make them regard as quite absurd those errors which, although in an opposite direction, are scarcely more unreasonable than their own, and are frequently less unamiable. It is not, then, because the English hate the Irish, or wish to see them coerced by military force, that they have rejoiced to see a commanding force in Ireland, but it is because they dislike and fear public disorder, especially when it has no clear practical matter for its object, and therefore they are glad to see put under check that which they consider a direct tendency to public unsettlement and disturbance.

Sir Edward Sugden had, as you know, a prodigious reputation here as a lawyer, and such is the effect of that reputation, that many persons will scarcely suffer themselves to believe that his proceedings with regard to the Irish magistracy have not been just what they ought to have been. But the majority of thinking people, even here, are not of that opinion. They believe that his letter to Lord French said a great deal too much. There was no need of mooted the question of legality, or of stating that the government did not want to govern opinion. It is a great fault of lawyers, and especially of chancery lawyers, that they are apt to say a great deal more than there is any necessity for saying. If there had been a circular sent from the office of the secretary of state to all Irish magistrates declaring that the government deemed the agitation of the repeal of the union dangerous to the public peace, and requesting them to use all their magisterial power and influence towards the discouragement of that agitation, it would have made the will and purpose of the government evident to all. If after that notification, any magistrate gave encouragement to the agitation, no more explanation would have been required for superseding him than simply, that as he did not take the same views of what was needful for preserving the public peace as were taken by her majesty's ministers, it was better that he should not continue to hold her majesty's commission. If this course had been taken it does not seem likely that the chancellor, or any other officer of the crown, would have had to encounter the variety of epistolary treatises which have been written upon the points of law and government which are thrown out (as it were for criticism) in the Irish lord chancellor's letter.

As to party disquisition upon Irish affairs, it is to be remarked that no organ even of the most Radical part of the Whigs

ventures to advocate repeal. Still Mr. O'Connell is excused. The Whigs are placed in rather an awkward predicament in this matter. No hardihood of prevarication, or ingenuity of wriggling, can get them out of their distinct and oft-reiterated pledges to uphold the union. On the other hand they have been too deeply implicated with Mr. O'Connell—too much bound to him in times past, and with too much hope of his assistance in time to come, to make it politic for them to cast any blame upon him. They therefore excuse him, after their manner, by assuming that he does not in the least mean what he says, and that, while he agitates nominally for a repeal of the union, the mode by which that agitation may be subdued is to repeal the Protestant Church in Ireland! This is a curious sort of explanation, and no doubt very creditable to Mr. O'Connell's honesty and candor; no less so than the assurance of the same high journalizing authority that though Mr. O'Connell boasts that he will effect repeal by peaceful agitation and by strictly legal means, it is absurd to suppose that he really contemplates the possibility of repealing the union by any other method than that of physical force. It strikes me that nothing can be more disgusting, after the experience which the Protestants of Ireland and of Great Britain have had, than the suggestion that it would be wise to surrender the Established Church in Ireland in order to satisfy the longings of Mr. O'Connell and his party. The baseness of such a surrender, if it could be exceeded by any thing, would be exceeded by the folly of supposing that such a concession to rabble intimidation, would put an end to that intimidation, and the demands which are attempted to be enforced by it. Do the Whigs suppose that the Protestants of the empire are such miserable dolts and drivellers—so totally bereft of all sense and memory as to be betrayed and cheated over and over again, by the same coarse arts, and the same false protestations of the same men? Are we to forget that all manner of men, Irish orators, and English Whig wits, lawyers, and legislators, writers of pamphlets, and writers of newspapers, and writers of songs, all joined in the chorus, which for years was dinned into our ears, that the Romanists wanted nothing but relief from civil disabilities, and that being emancipated all jealousy of the Established Church would cease? Did it not come to pass at last, that a man dared scarcely utter his apprehension that if the Romanists gained political power they would direct it

against the church establishment, so ready were all the smartest talkers and writers in the kingdom, to be down upon the hapless utterer of such an apprehension—to abuse him as a bigot, to ridicule him as a fool—to hold him up to scorn and derision as a person incapable of reasoning forward from cause to effect, or backward from effect to cause? And yet it turns out that the apprehension was perfectly well-founded, and that the concession to the Romanists, far from satisfying them, has made them ten times more vehement in their complaints than they were before. It has turned out that the political power granted to the Irish Romanists has been incessantly directed against the Established Church, and at length we are told that to prevent Ireland from being wrested altogether from the British empire, the Established Church in Ireland must be surrendered as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of the Irish Romanist monster, or, as the Whigs have it, "the church grievance" must be abolished!

But this new Whig plan of propitiating Mr. O'Connell and restoring peace to Ireland, is but of a piece with the whole dastardly course of their conduct since 1834—a course of conduct than which nothing could possibly be more disgraceful, unless it be the extraordinary impudence with which they now pretend that by the wisdom of *their* government Ireland was kept tranquil. Why, their whole secret consisted in an absolute surrender to the great mob-master, Mr. O'Connell—a surrender which was begun, continued, and consummated, not from any regard to Irish tranquillity, but from considerations affecting the *political state of parties in England*. That it began with this object, Earl Grey has himself distinctly affirmed, in giving an account of the base intrigue which led to his abandonment of the government. He stated in his place in parliament that he had received a private letter from the lord lieutenant containing matters which appeared to have been suggested not so much by any original view taken of the state of Ireland, as by certain considerations which were suggested to the lord lieutenant from England, without his (Lord Grey's) knowledge or concurrence—considerations affecting rather the political state of parties in England, than of Ireland. This was the first fruit of the intrigue with O'Connell, which, being undertaken by Mr. Littleton, shortly after Mr. O'Connell had posted Mr. Littleton's party through Europe as "the base, brutal, and bloody Whigs," soon made the

able agitator their fast and most influential friend, while it lost them Lord Grey.

To judge of the gross and shameless conduct of the Whigs, who now boast to have had the welfare of Ireland so much at heart, and to have governed it so well, it will be useful to take a rapid glance at the history of affairs in 1834. At the commencement of the session of that year, King William the Fourth from his throne in the House of Lords—I heard him *hisce auribus*, and well I remember the emphasis with which he spoke—stated the *just indignation* which he felt at the continuance of attempts to excite the people of Ireland to demand a repeal of the legislative union. In the summer of that year, Earl Grey proposed a renewal of the Irish coercion act, and, alluding to the speeches of political agitators, said it was impossible for any one to suppose that these political harangues, as they were called, could be addressed to the people without stirring up among them a general spirit of resistance to the constituted authorities, and of disobedience to the laws, which broke out in excesses such as had been witnessed in Ireland, and which it was the object of the coercion bill to prevent.

The further summary of parliamentary history connected with this matter I shall copy from Dr. O'Sullivan's "Case of the Protestants of Ireland." They who would form a proper estimate of the honesty of the Whigs in Irish matters, should never forget this little history.

"On July 3d, Mr. O'Connell demanded of the chief secretary for Ireland, whether the statement in the newspapers, that the renewal of the coercion bill in its present form had been advised and called for by the Irish government, was correct? He asked also whether it was the secretary's intention to bring the bill into the House of Commons, and on learning that whoever brought it in, Mr. Littleton would vote for it, observed in words not to be forgotten, 'then, I have been exceedingly deceived by the right honorable gentleman.' It was upon this occasion that memorable altercation between these honorable members amazed the reformed House of Commons, and gave rise to discussions, in which the secret proceedings by which Earl Grey was circumvented became to some extent exposed. Mr. Littleton, after consultation with Lord Althorp, had confided to Mr. O'Connell his belief that the forthcoming coercion bill was not to contain a clause enabling government to put down political agitation. Mr. O'Connell, relying on the right honorable secretary's communication, suffered the government to proceed on its way unmolested. Mr. Littleton had communicated in confidence also with the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and endeavored to procure from him a recantation of the opinion he had officially an-

nounced, that without the disputed power he could not carry on the government; Lord Wellesley, in compliance with this clandestine suggestion, declared that he would endeavor to content himself with the mutilated bill—that he would, in short, halt on as well as he could by the aid of the broken reed that was prepared for him. This, also, without the knowledge of Lord Grey, or even of Lord Althorp, Mr. Littleton confided to the Liberator. The consequence was, the retirement of the head of the government—the abandonment of the obnoxious clause in the coercion bill—the adoption of a policy of which Mr. O'Connell approved—and finally it is said, to that gentleman a large increase of 'rent'—and to Mr. Littleton, a peerage. Mr. O'Connell, as soon as Earl Grey had been actually displaced, was willing to condole with Mr. Littleton, whom he had previously accused of falsehood, and wished that a double share of blame should fall upon him, rather than that the secretary should be censured. There is little more to be said. The combined indiscretion of these two gentlemen prevailed, like a successful stratagem, against Earl Grey. They have each had their reward—*ille crucem, hic diadema*. The one has the coins—and the other, a title."

Such was the commencement of that O'Connell alliance, to which the Melbourne government was indebted for six years of place—as base an intrigue as ever disgraced a party: and this is what is now alluded to, within parliament, and without, as the kind and careful policy of the Whigs for the benefit of Ireland! From that time to the overthrow of the Whigs in 1841, (with the short interval of Sir Robert Peel's first administration,) the Whig government of Ireland was O'Connell's government; and the mobs were comparatively quiet, because the masters of the mobs had their "consideration." Is this a system that Irishmen of honor and patriotism, should wish to see revived? Never.

The English public have no definite notions on the subject of the causes of Irish discontent. Whether they will be more enlightened on the point after the discussion of Mr. Smith O'Brien's motion on the 27th instant, I shall not now anticipate. That gentleman has given notice that he will move on the 27th for a committee of the whole house to consider those causes. A feasible project truly, at the end of June! Such a committee would afford the House of Commons three months' work at the least, though it did nothing else during the time. But Mr. Smith O'Brien knows very well he will get no committee. He will only have a night's, or perhaps two nights', debate upon Irish grievances, and his motion will be negatived, leaving the subject in the same confused maze of contradiction which envelopes it at present. When the subject

of Irish grievances is started in any mixed company of the English middle classes, the first inquiry is, "What taxes do they pay?" And when it is answered that they pay no income tax, no assessed taxes, no taxes on horses, carriages, servants, or windows, that it is only lately they have heard of poor rates, and that church rates are not paid by the public, but out of the ecclesiastical funds, they find it hard to swallow the tale of Irish grievances. They may be very dull in this respect, but this is their way. They do not understand what pressure there can be in grievances which they call imaginary. If you mention "the grievance of the Irish church" to any but hot partizans who have gathered their views from the Radical newspapers, they ask, "who pays?" "Has the church funds of its own, as in England?" Yes. "Are the dissenters from the Established Church called upon for rates to keep churches in repair?" No. "Well, then, you have no right to talk of grievance, as regards the church." Such is their conclusion. How far it is a reasonable one, I leave you to judge.

There are people here, however, (with whom I agree,) who think that Ireland suffers under the grievance of a well-meaning, but an erroneous and uncongenial government. They say that the civil government of the country has the faults of weakness and ambiguity, and that it acts in such a manner that no considerable portion of the Irish public reposes in it that warmth of confidence, which is necessary to the satisfaction of the Irish people. They say (and I think justly,) that the Irish are constitutionally disposed to look upon all persons connected with them either as friends or as foes, and that they can as little comprehend a cold, neutral government, as the English can comprehend the quick, imaginative, humorous, passionate character of the Irish, which appears even in the conduct of grave affairs. They say that such a government is a mistake, and that Ireland requires a strong, fervent, intelligible government. Many to whom one states this think that what one really means is a violent, harsh, tyrannical government of the favored few over the unfavored many. I am sure that I, for one, mean no such thing. I abhor tyranny and truculence, let who will attempt to indulge in either the one or the other: but I think there might be a government at once resolute and kind—at once decided in principle and forbearing in practice—at once a terror to evil-doers, and an encourager and benefactor of those

who do well—a government that would despise conciliation with knaves and bullies, and that would show kindness and fostering care to honest industry and faithful obedience, though it were ever so humble. I think that such a government as this might even now put down repeal of the union agitation, and do so without bloodshed or military force.

Believe me, dear Mac Shane,

Yours very truly,

TERENCE O'ROURK.

St. Giles's, London, June 15, 1843.

BRITISH POSSESSION OF THE ISLANDS OF HAWAII.

—The publication of the official correspondence relative to the British possession of the Hawaii Islands throws a totally new light upon the case: the islands have not really been ceded to Great Britain, but only given up to the possession of a British officer as a kind of pledge, with the expectation that they will be returned to the rightful sovereign. It would have been quite as easy at first to describe the transaction as it really occurred, instead of raising false alarms and expectations. It appears that certain British subjects have claims for compensation and the like on the Hawaiian Government. Captain Lord GEORGE PAULET, backed by a war-ship, demanded the satisfaction of those claims; and the King, though protesting that the nature of the law prevented his compliance, did comply; at the same time referring the case, with much appearance of ingenuous reliance on British justice and generosity, to the decision of our Government: subsequently, he declared compliance impossible; yet he did not retract, but instead surrendered the island into the possession of Lord GEORGE, until the settlement of the reference to this Government. Here are obviously two questions anterior to that of ratifying the treaty of cession,—the justice of the British claims; and the justice of Lord GEORGE PAULET's method of enforcing those claims, a method alleged to be incompatible with the law of the land. If either of the questions be settled against Lord GEORGE, the cession is *ipso facto* void: if they are settled against King KAMEHAMEHA the Third, still it does not follow that we ought to take his land, instead of helping to some other method of satisfaction more practicable under Hawaiian law. There is therefore as yet no question of "ratifying" a cession; it may never arise; and it would not be becoming in this Government unduly or ungenerously to urge it. Justice should first be fully and freely extended to the Polynesian King—more than justice, both because he is weak and because he confides in the magnanimity of the strong. Nevertheless, principles which we have frequently urged should not be lost sight of: all parts of Polynesia will one day belong to European races; and it is not incumbent in us to waive fair opportunities of securing our share, by direct cession or reversion.—*Spectator*.

MESMERISM.

From the Spectator.

NEXT after Nonintrusionism and Repeal, Mesmerism numbers the most servid votaries.

In Paris, we learn from a correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, there are professional "sommambules," who make a livelihood by exhibiting themselves under the influence of the mesmeric manipulations, at private parties. They are of all ranks, in order that the bienséances may not be violated by having a grisette magnetized on the sofa of a dutchess. Though not to the same extent, something of the same kind is practised in London. The mesmerizer is generally attended on public occasions by one unchanging mesmerizee; and some of these cataleptic pin-cushions are suspected to have been "rather hard up" before they took to this line of business. From a provincial paper we learn that Dr. Elliotson has had, or is to have, the honor of exhibiting before a party of the Queen Dowager's Maids of Honor, who have "openly and unhesitatingly" avowed themselves converts to mesmerism—her Majesty's Maids of Honor being, of course, high authorities on a physiological question.

But if fashionable mesmerism has not attained the éclat in this capital which marks its progress in Paris, popular mesmerism in the provinces has reached a degree of intense excitement unparalleled in France. Mesmeric "classes for the million" are being organized à la Hullah. In Glasgow, seven-and-thirty mesmeric patients "all in a row" have been exhibited at once, in the largest hall of the city, to a crowded audience. Young ladies have been kept sitting in the cataleptic trance "an hour by Shrewsbury clock," with their legs stuck straight out before them, and in other comical attitudes; young gentlemen in a state of somnambulism have been attracted by a flower, backwards and forwards, across a stage, as a swan of white wax with a needle in its belly is drawn by a magnet across a basin of water; and the wondering spectators have applauded all the while, with an earnestness and sincerity equal to that with which the "galleries" in the General Assembly cheered the evacuation of the hall by the seceding ministers and elders.

The follies of fashion and popular excitement cannot convert a truth they may run after for a time into a falsehood; but they are absurd and mischievous in themselves, and they never promoted a discovery. The exclusive mesmerizers of the salons and the gaping crowds of public exhibitions are alike in search of excitement, and nothing more. These reunions are something like the melodramatic displays of poor Edward Irving, before daylight of a cold frosty morning, by one glimmering taper placed on the pavement of the chapel—for that too, and the gift of the unknown tongues, were phases of mesmerism; and their consequences can at best be but the same—the unsettling the reason of some of the more excitable among those who take part in them. The mesmeric phenomena (admitting their reality) are the result of disease—the result of a derangement of the normal state of the human constitution. To hope to

derive insight into the deeper mysteries of nature from the disjointed talk of sleepwalkers, is about as reasonable as to anticipate revelations from the jabbering of maniacs. The exhibition of their antics to crowds of incompetent and excited spectators, is only calculated to spread the contagion. The habit of taking part in such displays inevitably tends to reduce the experimenters to the level of itinerant lecturers on intoxicating gases, the "great Wizard of the North," and others whose sole aim is to produce startling effects. This is not the kind of publicity that affords security against deception. All jugglers, from the high-priest of a false religion down to the manipulator with the pea and thimble, can tell that crowds are more easily deluded than single persons.

As far as the mere physical symptoms go, enough has been confidently affirmed to entitle them to the serious investigation of physiologists. As to what is told of patients in the stage of "clairvoyance," and their intuitive powers of knowledge, Dr. Elliotson is, it seems, of opinion, that in this condition such an irresistible taste for lying is developed in the patient, as renders it necessary to receive all his (or her) statements with considerable skepticism. With regard to the mesmeric phenomena, as with regard to every subject of observation, it is advisable to learn the elements of a science before venturing upon its most abstruse and complicated problems. It may also be advisable to keep in view a weighty observation of the late Sir Charles Bell—that in studying the living subject, *observation* is far more to be relied upon than *experiment*. Mesmerism is merely an artificial method of producing the phenomena of somnambulism, which are in some developed by a natural process. The physiologist who patiently and attentively watches the phases of the spontaneous disease, may be certain that he sees *Nature* working: he who by artificial means creates it, knows not what allowance he ought to make for forcible derangement of function.

The mesmeric phenomena, it is said with some plausibility, threw light upon much that was inexplicable in old authenticated stories of priestly oracles, demoniacal possession, witchcraft, &c. If the remark is correct, it only shows that mesmerism has been long enough an engine of quacks: not much will be gained by taking it out of the hands of the jugglers of the idolatrous altar and sorcerer's cave, to place it in the hands of the jugglers of the theatre and conjuror's booth. It is too sharp an edge-tool to be made a plaything of. That the magnetic sleep has been made the means of alleviating the pain of disease and facilitating the transition from sickness to health, may be conceded; and yet, even in the case of the regular physician,

"Scarce we praise his venturesous part
Who tampers with such dangerous art."

But when this inversion or perversion of the physical functions is practised for the mere gratification of idle curiosity, we ought to apprise the unwary, that this is culpable trifling with an agent which has often irremediably shattered the constitution of individuals and distressed the peace of families.

SMITH'S PRODUCTIVE FARMING.*

From Tait's Magazine.

THIS well-digested Treatise comes out exactly as a work of the sort is urgently required for the instruction, and also for the comfort and encouragement of the farmer. With the vague undefined terror of the utter ruin which Corn-law abolition is to produce hanging over him, and while suffering under the Tariff panic, together with the real evils of exorbitant rents and fluctuating markets, the British Farmer now more than ever requires to be told how he may retrieve his affairs and improve his future condition. This is to be done simply by rendering his acres more productive, by means of improved principles of husbandry, originating in the discoveries of science and philosophically applied to the cultivation of the soil. In the Introductory Observations to this Treatise, Mr. Smith contrasts the rapid, the indeed marvellous progress of all sorts of manufactures within the last half century, from the discoveries of chemical and mechanical science, with the stagnant condition of agriculture,—with, in other words, the *manufacture* of corn and of the other kinds of food. Within that period, the steam-engine and the jenny have, in manufactures, taken the place of manual and animal labor, of the primitive hand-loom and the spinning-wheel, and with an increased power of production which it is not easy to calculate; while the sons of the soil, who ought to have made some effort to keep pace with the march of improvement, still plod on through winter's cold and summer's heat, reaping not much more than the same quantity of produce which their forefathers did five hundred years ago. And yet this writer contends that the limits of the earth's fertility are no more to be permanently fixed than the powers of manufacturing productiveness. Both are alike under the dominion of mind. Nor will any one deny that the ultimate limits of the earth's fertility are only, from the still imperfect lights of science, but beginning to be guessed at. Mr. Smith remarks,—

Half a century sufficed to Europeans, not only to equal, but to surpass the Chinese in the arts and manufactures; and this was owing

* Productive Farming; or a Familiar Digest of the Recent Discoveries of Liebig, Davy, and other celebrated writers on Vegetable Chemistry; showing how the results of English Tillage might be greatly Augmented. By Joseph A. Smith. Edinburgh: Tait. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

merely to the application of correct principles deduced from the study of chemistry. But how infinitely inferior is the agriculture of Europe, even of boasted England, to that of China! The Chinese are the most admirable gardeners and trainers of plants, for each of which they understand how to prepare and apply the best adapted manure. . . . Patient observation of results, and a ready adoption of really useful plans; steady persistence, not in antiquated methods and notions, but in all that has been found by experience to be beneficial,—have raised the agriculture of that country, long ago, to a position which would rapidly, nay, instantly, be ours, if science were permitted to achieve for us that which, with them, has been the slow growth of centuries of experiment. The soil of England offers inexhaustible resources, which, when properly appreciated and employed, must increase our wealth, our population, and our physical strength. The same energy of character, the same extent of resources, which have always distinguished Englishmen, and made them excel in arms, commerce, and learning, only require to be strongly directed to agriculture, to insure the happiest effects. We possess advantages, in the use of machinery and the division of labor, peculiar to ourselves; and these having been mainly instrumental in aiding one great division of human industry, we are justified in the assertion, that the steam-engine and machinery has not done more for trade, than science and skill, in various ways, may do for land.

There is, at the present distressing crisis, cheering and consolation for all classes of society in the spirit of these remarks. The treatise which they introduce is, strictly speaking, a judicious compilation. It is, perhaps, its distinguishing merit that it is so, and that from its pages the practical farmer may obtain such a degree of insight into those general principles upon which all successful cultivation rests, as will awaken his mind to the necessity of farther inquiry, besides informing it. The Lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy on the Chemistry of Agriculture, and those of Dr. Mason Good, the writings of Johnston the agriculturist, and, above all, the important views more recently unfolded by Professor Liebig, are presented to the farmer in a condensed form, and stripped of those technicalities in which men of science sometimes invest their discoveries, as if to veil them from the uninitiated, or the men of plain sense and plain education. A more useful work could not therefore be given to the practical farmer, than this brief and lucid exposition of the first principles of his art, and of their results in increased production. The treatise is divided into thirteen chapters, the earlier ones being more purely scientific, while the

latter chapters are strictly practical. To give an idea of the nature and objects of the work, we shall, at random, cite a few detached sentences from its practical department:—

FALLOWING.

Let us premise that Mr. Smith patronizes no systematic fallows. He shows how the necessity for them may, in all cases, be obviated.

The *exhaustion of alkalies* in a soil by successive crops is the true reason why practical farmers *suppose* themselves *compelled* to suffer land to lie fallow. It is the greatest possible mistake to think that the temporary diminution of fertility in a field is chiefly owing to the loss of the decaying vegetable matter it previously contained: it is principally the consequence of the exhaustion of potash and soda, which are restored by the slow process of the more complete disintegration of the materials of the soil. It is evident that the careful tilling of fallow land must accelerate and increase this further breaking up of its mineral ingredients. Nor is this repose of the soil always necessary. A field, which has become unfitted for a certain kind of produce, may not, *on that account*, be unsuitable for another; and upon this observation a system of agriculture has been gradually formed, the principal object of which is to obtain the greatest possible produce in a succession of years, with the least outlay for manure. Because plants require for their growth different constituents of soil, changing the crop from year to year will maintain the fertility of that soil (provided it be done with judgment) quite as well as leaving it at rest or fallow. In this we but imitate nature. The oak, after thriving for long generations on a particular spot, gradually sickens; its entire race dies out; other trees and shrubs succeed it, till, at length, the surface becomes so charged with an excess of dead vegetable matter, that the forest becomes a peat moss, or a surface upon which no large tree will grow. Generally long before this can occur, the operation of natural causes has gradually removed from the soil substances essential to the growth of oak, leaving others favorable and necessary to the growth of beech or pine. So, in practical farming, one crop in artificial rotation with others, extracts from the soil a certain quantity of necessary inorganic matters; a second carries off, in preference, those which the former had left, and neither could nor would take up.

Experience proves that *wheat* should not be attempted to be raised *after wheat* on the same soil; for, like tobacco, it *exhausts* the soil. But, if "humus," decaying vegetable matter, gives it the power of producing corn, how happens it that, in soils formed in large proportion of mouldered wood, the corn-stalk attains no strength, and droops permanently? The cause is this: the strength of the stalk is due to *silicate of potash*, and the corn requires *phosphate of magnesia*; neither of which substances a soil of decaying vegetable matter can afford, since

it does not contain them: the plant may, indeed, under such circumstances, become an herb, but will bear no seeds. We say phosphate of magnesia is necessary;—the small quantities of the phosphates found in peas and beans is the cause of their *comparatively* small value as articles of nourishment, since they surpass all other vegetable food in the quantity of *nitrogen* they contain. But as the component parts of bone, namely, phosphate of lime and magnesia, are absent in beans and peas, they satisfy appetite without increasing the strength.

Again, how does it happen that wheat does not flourish on a sandy soil, and that a limestone soil is also unsuitable, unless mixed with a considerable quantity of clay? Evidently because these soils do not contain potash and soda, (always found in clay;) the growth of wheat being arrested by this circumstance, even should all other requisite substances be presented in abundance. It is because they are mutually prejudicial by appropriating the alkalies of the soil, that wormwood will not thrive where wheat has grown, nor wheat where wormwood has been.

One hundred parts of wheat straw yield $15\frac{1}{2}$ of ashes; the same quantity of barley straw, $8\frac{1}{2}$; of oat straw, only 4: the ashes of the three are, chemically, of the same composition. Upon the same field which will yield only one harvest of wheat, two successive crops of barley may be raised, and three of oats. We have, in these facts, a clear proof of what is abstracted from the soil, and, consequently, what plants require for their growth,—a key to the *rational* mode of supplying the deficiency.

Potash is not the *only* substance requisite for the existence of most plants; indeed it may be replaced, in some cases, by soda, magnesia, or lime; but other substances are required also.

We cannot go farther on this topic. Let us take another and more limited case of agricultural economy, guided by science.

The offensive carbonate of ammonia in close stables is very injurious to the eyes and lungs of horses, as the army veterinary surgeons are well able to testify. They adapt measures to carry it off by ventilation and cleanliness. If the floors of stables or cow-sheds were strewed with common gypsum, they would lose all their offensive and injurious smell, and none of the ammonia which forms could be lost, but would be retained in a condition serviceable as manure. This composition, swept from the stable floor, nearly constitutes what is sold under the denomination of *urate*. Manufacturers of this material state, that three or four hundred-weight of urate form sufficient manure for an acre: a far more promising adventure for a practical farmer will be to go to some expense in saving his own liquid manure, and, after mixing it with burnt gypsum, to lay it abundantly upon his corn-lands. For, in this way, he may use as much gypsum as will absorb the whole of the urine. . . .

We have already alluded to the loss sustained by the fermentation of dung-heaps. As we observed, in an earlier section, when it is con-

sidered that, with *every pound of ammonia* which evaporates, a loss of *sixty pounds* of corn is sustained, and that, with every pound of urine, a pound of wheat might be produced, the indifference with which liquid refuse is allowed to run to waste is quite incomprehensible. That it should be allowed to expend its ammonia by fermentation in the dung-heap, and evaporation into the atmosphere, is ascribable solely to *ignorance* of the elementary outline of that science which hitherto the practical farmer has thought it no disgrace, but rather an honor to publish, glorying in his utter disregard of all bookish knowledge, and substituting his own notions of wasteful and vague experience, for the calm deductions of sound and rational investigation. . . . It is by no means difficult to prevent the destructive fermentation and heating of farm-yard compost. The surface should be defended from the oxygen of the atmosphere. A compact marl, or a tenacious clay, offers the best protection against the air; and before the dung is covered over, or, as it were, sealed up, it should be dried as much as possible. If the dung be found at any time to heat strongly, it should be turned over, and cooled by exposure to air. Watering dung-hills is sometimes recommended for checking the process of putrefaction, and the consequent escape of ammonia; but this practice is not consistent with correct chemistry. It may cool the dung for a short time; but moisture is a principal agent in all processes of decomposition. Water, or moisture, is as necessary to the change as air; and to supply it to reeking dung, is to supply an agent which will hasten its decay.

If a thermometer, plunged into the dung, does not rise much above blood-heat, there is little danger of the escape of ammonia. When a piece of paper, moistened with spirit of salt, or muriatic acid, held over the steams arising from a dung-hill, gives dense fumes, it is a certain test that decomposition is going too far; for this indicates that ammonia is not only formed, but is escaping to unite with the acid in the shape of sal-ammoniac.

When dung is to be preserved for any time, the situation in which it is kept is of importance. It should, if possible, be defended from the sun. To preserve it under sheds would be of great use, or to make the site of a dung-hill on the north side of a wall. The floor on which the dung is heaped, should, if possible, be paved with flat stones; and there should be a little inclination from each side towards the centre, in which there should be drains, connected with a small well, furnished with a pump, by which any fluid matter may be collected for the use of the land. It too often happens, that a heavy, thick, extractive fluid is suffered to drain away from the dung-hill, so as to be entirely lost to the farm.

EXAMINATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF SOILS.

In ascertaining the composition of barren soils with a view to their productiveness, or of partially unproductive land in order to its amendment, they should be compared with fertile soils in the same neighborhood, and in similar situ-

ations; as the difference of composition will, in most cases, indicate the proper methods of improvement. For instance, if, on washing a portion of sterile soil, it be found to contain largely any salt of iron, or any acid matter, it may be ameliorated with quicklime, which removes the sourness, or, in other words, combines with and neutralizes the acid. For though pure fresh burnt caustic lime is injurious to vegetation, yet, in combination with acids, (as in chalk,) it proves eminently serviceable. A soil, apparently of good texture, was put into the hands of Sir Humphrey Davy for examination, said to be remarkable for its unfitness for agricultural purposes; he found it contained sulphate of iron, or green copperas, and offered the obvious remedy of top-dressing with lime, which decomposes the sulphate. So, if there be an excess of lime, in any form, in the soil, it may be removed by the application of sand or clay. Soils too abundant in sand are benefited by the use of clay or marl, or vegetable matter. To a field of light sand that had been much burnt up by a hot summer, the application of peat was recommended as a top-dressing; it was attended not only with immediate advantage, but the good effects were permanent. A deficiency of vegetable or animal matter is easily discoverable, and may as easily be supplied by manure. On the other hand, an excess of *vegetable* matter may be removed by paring and burning, or by the application of *earthy* materials, &c., &c. . . . From what has been already said, it will be easily evident, that the beneficial effect of the burnt ash is chiefly owing to the ready supply of *inorganic* and saline material it yields to the seeds which may afterwards be scattered there; besides which, the roots of weeds and poorer grasses, if not exterminated by the paring, are so far injured as to lead to their death and subsequent decomposition.

DRAINING.

The improvement of *peats* or *bogs*, or marsh lands, must be preceded by DRAINING; stagnant water being injurious to all the nutritive classes of plants. Soft black peats, when drained, are often made productive by the mere application of sand or clay as a top-dressing. *The first step to be taken, in order to increase the fertility of nearly all the improvable lands in Great Britain, is to DRAIN them.* So long as they remain wet, they will continue to be cold. Where too much water is present in the soil, that food of the plant which the soil supplies is so much diluted and weakened that the plant is of necessity scantily nourished. By the removal of the superfluous water, the soil crumbles, becomes less stiff and tenacious, air and warmth gain ready access to the roots of the growing plant; the access of air (and consequently of the carbonic acid which the atmosphere freely supplies) being an essential element in the healthy growth of the most important vegetable productions. Every one knows, that when water is applied to the bottom of a flower-pot full of soil, it will gradually find its way to the surface, however light that soil may be: so, in sandy soils or subsoils in the open field. If water abound at the depth of a few feet, or if it so

abound at certain seasons of the year, such water will rise to the surface; and as the sun's heat causes it to dry off, more water will rise to supply its place. This attraction from beneath will always go on most strongly when the air is dry and warm, and so a double mischief will ensue: the soil will be kept cold and wet; and instead of a free passage of air downwards about the growing roots, there will be established a constant current of water upwards. Of course, the remedy for all this is an *efficient system of drainage*.

The following judicious observations are found in a very brief chapter on Advertised "Mineral Fertilizers" for the soil; which, in their vaunted universality of useful application, Mr. Smith seems to hold in about the same relative value as fashionable quack pills for all manner of diseases. He lays down, that "fertilizers" which do not either add to the soil what it originally wanted, or what has been abstracted from it by previous cropping, must do more harm than good. Yet he sees many advantages that may result from the skilful use of these "fertilizers." There must, however, in the first place, be a close examination of the soil, to ascertain the kind of medicament or sustenance that it requires,—and then

Let us suppose that this is done, and that an artificial saline or mineral compost is judiciously and accurately put together, either to meet the deficiency, or added to a tolerably good soil to increase its fertility. The advantages of its use are not overstated in a recent pamphlet.

1st. It is cheap, compared with its value: a twenty shilling cask will supply an acre.

2d. It is light and easily carried, when compared with carting manure.

3d. It is suitable for small holders who cannot afford soiling, or keeping of cattle for making dung-heaps.

4th. It enables a tenant-at-will to take a good crop out of done-out land, if his landlord refuse to renew.

5th. It furnishes to barren land such food for plants as had been deficient; such defects of one or more substances being, *in general*, the cause of sterility.

6th. It enables the cultivator to extract ten times as much vegetable aliment for his plants from the soil, and from other manure, as they could otherwise, in most cases, yield.

But yet all these advantages remain to be tested in every case by individual experience.

The *constitution* of a soil, like the *constitution* of a horse, or a human being, requires to be known and understood, if we would prescribe otherwise than at random, expensively, unprofitably, or injuriously, either for the diseases of the one, or for the deficiencies of the other.

Many conditions are necessary for the life and growth of plants. Each kind requires special conditions; and should but one of these

be wanting, although all the rest be supplied, the plants will not be brought to maturity. It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root; it becomes fat, it is true; but alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks that her offspring cannot make bone, or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone, out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meat and soup, it would have no bones and no teeth at all. Farmers keep *poultry*; and what is true of fowls, is true of a cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of egg-shells, or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs; but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil, nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matter of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they justly may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to evil or judicious treatment as their own horses.

GUANO.

The barren soil on the coast of Peru is rendered fertile by means of a manure called Guano, which is collected from several islands in the South Sea. It forms a layer several feet in thickness upon the surface of these islands, and consists of the putrid excrements of innumerable sea-fowl that remain on them during the breeding season. This substance has recently been imported in large quantities into England; and its fertilizing powers are very extraordinary. Its price, about £18 per ton, is a serious objection; and since the nitrogen it contains forms its principal recommendation, doubtless other matters nearer home will not be wasted, or their value remain unknown and disregarded, as to a great extent they have been. As to the practical results of the application of Guano, an intelligent agriculturist in the neighborhood of Hamburg has forwarded the annexed remarks to the Editor of the *Gardener's Chronicle*. He observes that "Most of the experiments with guano in the vicinity of this city have been made on meadows and lawns. On these it has produced the best possible effects; so that, for instance, at Flottbeck, the patches manured with guano presented not only a finer and darker green, but the grass was closer and more rich; so that, comparing it with patches not guanoized, the produce of the former may, without exaggeration, be stated to be double. To give an idea of the extraordinary forcing qualities of guano, we may mention, that at Flottbeck, on a spot of grass managed after the English fashion, the second cutting of the grass was necessarily five days after the first; while the grass growing close by, (which had not been

guanized,) although healthy and vigorous, required double the time to arrive at the same state of progress. It deserves to be stated as something remarkable, that on the guanized spot, the dew appeared in the morning much stronger on the tops of the leaves, than on the part unguanized. In an experiment made by M. Staudinger on a barren hill, composed of granite or quartz, the guanized spot exhibited a dark bluish green sward, while round about nothing but barrenness was to be seen. If, therefore, a land owner wishes to cover bleak hungry pasture in a short time with nutritious grass for cattle or sheep, the guano certainly is the thing to do it. It would not only produce a plentiful fodder in the autumn, where cattle can be well nourished and prepared for the winter, but such guanized pasture will bring a heavy crop early in the spring. Guano has also been used advantageously on a sour meadow, overgrown with horsetails; and it produced, instead of reeds and bulrushes, a dense turf of sweet grass, and the horsetail almost disappeared. Thus, in the first place, more grass is obtained, which may be put down as double the former crops; and then the grass is very much improved in quality. Of course good drainage must be attended to on each meadow, if the result is expected to be complete. In using guano we must be careful to pulverize it well; because, on account of its tenacity, it will form into lumps, and on places where it lies too thick, it will burn the grass, although subsequently, even on such places a luxuriant herbage will spring up. Experiments with guano on spring crops have been as successful at Flottbeck, with both wheat and rye, as on the above meadow. The wheat manured in the spring with guano is much superior to that manured in the ordinary way, both in grain and straw. The following experiment was tried on a spot of almost blowing sand: 'On the 18th March, several square rods in the above locality, planted with winter rye, were strewed with guano. The spot thus manured was in a short time not only conspicuous for its dark green color, but the tiller became so luxuriant as to cover the whole surface. Notwithstanding a drought of two months, the guanized crops remained in the same flourishing condition; whilst the other rye standing close by had a weak and sickly appearance. Subsequently the former attained the height of five or six feet, with ears five inches long, with strong plump grain; whilst the latter were scarcely half that height in straw, and their ears were barren and empty.' This experiment speaks in favor of guano in preference to other manure in another respect. If a light sandy soil like the above is manured too much with common dung, and if there follows a luxuriant vegetation, with dark green foliage, we may be sure that, if there be subsequently any long drought, or sudden change of temperature from great heat to intense cold, rust will follow as a matter of course; whilst, in the above experiment, notwithstanding a nine-weeks' drought, and some intervening nights' frost, the growth of the guanized rye was uniformly good up to the ripening of grain—a sufficient proof that the guano must possess the property of attracting

and retaining the fine vapor contained in the air. Hence the fact is to be explained why dew was more apparent on the guanized turf than on that not subjected to that process. As we know that, in general, during the long drought, the action of dung—in fact of every manure—ceases; and as it is light sandy soil which first suffers from drought, it must be evident what valuable manure guano is, not only on pastures, but for winter rye, our chief crop on light land. If an acre of land is dressed with 125 lbs. of guano, an abundant crop of grain and straw will fully repay the expenses incurred. If such a rye-field is laid down in spring with meadow cat-tail grass (*Phleum pratense*) and white clover, a heavy grass crop in the autumn would still increase the advantages already mentioned. As rape can by no means be too luxuriant, guano would produce an extraordinary result on it."

If a soil consists only of sand and clay, and be deficient of organic matter, or the decaying remnants of animal or vegetable life, it is sufficient, and chemically correct, to add to it guano, in order to insure a plentiful crop. Guano consists of ammonia in separate combination with uric, phosphoric, oxalic, and carbonic acids, together with a few earthy salts and some impurities. If guano be the fertilizer employed, it is valuable, chiefly from the ammonia it contains; and ammonia is valuable because one of its elements is nitrogen, which is yielded to the plants.

Mr. Smith goes on to exhort the farmer to preserve and economize all the substances containing nitrogen, and he tells how to prevent the waste of this important constituent of manures.

These random gleanings will enable the reader to judge of the nature and merits of the work—this true "Farmer's Friend." If the book were not brief, and so low-priced as to be accessible to even the humblest individual engaged in agricultural studies or operations, we should deem it a duty to refer to it at greater length. As it is, we earnestly recommend it.

THE COMET AT BURMAH.—March 15. The comet has caused much sensation here. The Mughls consider it to be the harbinger of Divine vengeance; and they declare that the war with the Burmese, or a rebellion in the country, is soon to happen. This comet, they say, is one which they never before have seen—the tail being longer than that of any others which have preceded it, as far as the oldest inhabitants can recollect. The science of astrology is held in high repute by the Arracanese. The astrologers have divided the comets into certain orders, each presaging a different calamity; but the poor fellows are scratching their heads to find out to which of the classes this one belongs.—*Indian Journal*.

HABITS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
BRETONS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Essai sur l'Histoire, la Langue et les Institutions de la Bretagne Armoricaïne.* (Essay on the History, Language, and Institutions of Armorican Brittany.) Par Aurélien de Courson. Nantes. 1841.
2. *Notes d'un Voyage dans l'Ouest de la France.* (A Voyage in the West of France.) Par Prosper Mérimée, inspecteur-Général des Monumens Historiques de France. Paris. 1836.
3. *Essai sur les Antiquités du Département du Morbihan.* (Essay on the Antiquities of the Department of Morbihan.) Par J. Mahé, Chanoine de la Cathédrale de Vannes, et Membre Correspondant de la Société Académique d'Agriculture, Belles-Lettres, Sciences et Arts de Poitiers. Vannes. 1825.
4. *Les Derniers Bretons.* (The Last Bretons.) Par Emile Souvestre. 4 tom. Paris. 1836.
5. *Antiquités de la Bretagne.* (Antiquities of Brittany.) Par M. le Chevalier de Fremenville, ancien Capitaine des Frégates du Roi, &c. &c., Membre de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France. Brest. 1837.

WE take it for granted, O Genial Reader, that you have basked in the sunshine of Froissart; that you are familiar with the deeds of such men as De Foix and Du Guesclin; and that you could re-word upon occasion many Saintly legends of the Cross, garnered up reverently in your old reading. We even assume that you have a proper respect for the Genii and the Fairies, and for all the other articles of faith out of which the Imagination of the world, from time immemorial, has formed its own poetical creed. Confiding then in your lore, but above all in your sympathies, we invite you to make an excursion with us into a country where this Antique Belief still colors the practical business of life, moulding, as it did of old, the hearts and habits of the people; a country strewn over with monuments of the past, and haunted with historical memories and fantastic traditions to the last stone of its rocky solitudes. Put on your mountain shoes, and grasp your staff firmly, for we have rugged hill sides to clamber, and shall leave the carriage roads far behind us; striking into the interior amidst the smoke of the dun *chaumières*, and sweeping round by the seashore once pressed by the feet of Druid priest-

esses, but now abandoned to the funereal surge of the dismal waters, where, according to the respectable testimony of the fishermen, thousands upon thousands of unhappy ghosts may be heard at midnight shrieking for Christian burial.

Let us commence our pilgrimage at once with this cluster of tumble-down houses, half stone, half wood and mud, jammed up among hillocks of clay, orchard trees, and the *debris* of Roman walls and Gothic towers. A street runs, or meanders, through the midst; unpaved, irregular and surfy; invaded here and there by a scrap of a courtyard shouldering the causeway; and indented at intervals with clumps of stunted firs, and broken flags, set cornerwise to bind the fluctuating path, through which, in the summer time, tall, melancholy grass mopes upward into the humid air. This is the public way, or high-road; but, with the exception of the narrow strip in the centre, with the sky overhead, it is wholly absorbed by the people on each side. All the houses have workshop sheds or crazy porches projecting far into the street; and here, in the open air, the greater part of the life of the inhabitants is spent. Here the poor beat the corn of their little fields; here they wash, prepare their simple cookery, and spread out their linen to dry. A busy, chattering, squalling place it is. As you pass through you see children seated at the open thresholds eating black bread, and lucky are they, if you can detect a streak of honey on their fingers or lips. In front of the doors are knots of women spinning, and accompanying their monotonous labor with songs or gossip in high treble voices. The old men are all stretched out at full length basking in the sun; and, as evening approaches, the workshop benches are given up to the young girls who crowd round them in eager, picturesque groups, while one of the travelling mendicants, the *trouveurs* of the country, recites a favorite ballad, or trolls out some plaintive airs. The work of the day is over; the bustle and mirthful clamor increases; and as the twilight begins to set in, the young people gather into the *Place*, and, full of riotous animal spirits, are speedily lost in the whirls of their mountain *ronde*: the gayest and noisiest of all national dances. The strange "auld-world" style of the dresses, the dark back-ground of mixed and crumbling architecture, and the freedom and simplicity by which the whole scene is so strongly marked, might almost tempt the spectator to imagine that he was standing

in a city of the middle ages. Nor would the speculation be very wide of the reality; for this is an old Breton town, where the habits and manners, costume and peculiarities of the middle ages, are to this hour carefully preserved.

We have no intention at present of trespassing upon the domain of history, or of discussing any of the moot questions involved in the language or complex antiquities of the ancient Armorica; but, confining ourselves strictly to the living characteristics of the people, we propose to touch upon some points of greater novelty, and of a more popular and interesting nature. The history of Brittany, and the philological researches into her dialects, the battleground of so many Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish antiquaries, have already largely occupied the attention of the learned; but we are not aware that the in-door life and superstitions of the Breton peasantry have, as yet, received the consideration they deserve. To these aspects of the subject, not less attractive from their simplicity than their freshness, it is our intention to restrict our observations.

The traveller who keeps to the beaten track, can scarcely hope to learn any thing about Brittany. He must diverge from the main routes, if he would see the people in their primitive and national habits. The high roads are now pretty well macadamized; the principal towns are tolerably well supplied with hotels; the *cuisine* is certainly not quite equal to Verrey's, but you can dine satisfactorily nevertheless; and you can get newspapers and books, and other *agrémens* much as you get them elsewhere. The tourist, therefore, may post easily enough from Brest to Rennes, or sail up the Rance from St. Malo to Dinan, and make a detour to Nantes on his way to Paris, traversing no inconsiderable portion of Brittany: but he will not be a whit the wiser concerning the Bretons. The leisurely Englishman who risks the springs of his carriage on any of these lines, dropping at an hotel, looking about him, and then going home again, will have nothing to report about the country beyond that monotonous buckwheat which, even in its most cultivated sections, distinguishes it from all the rest of France. If he would really see the Brittany of a former age in its yet undisturbed integrity, a people sombre and heavy, with boorish manners and antique costumes, steeped in their old superstitions, speaking their old language, and living in the midst of Celtic monuments and the reliques of feudal and

religious pomp, he must penetrate districts remote from the highways, traverse roads impracticable for locomotives, cross marshes, plains, and mountains, and bury himself in scenes that have not yet been swept into the circle of Parisian centralization. Here, and here only, he will find the traditions of the country still subsisting in the faith and usages of the people.

The first thing that strikes the traveller, after his eye has become a little accustomed to the physiognomy of the country, is the vast number of ruins that are scattered over the surface. There is no part of the world, where, within the same compass, such extensive and magnificent reliques of Druidism are to be found. The stones of Carnac, stretching in eleven parallel lines for a distance of upwards of seven miles, have long excited the wonder and admiration of Europe; and there is not a single form of Druidical remains, of which there are not innumerable specimens in various states of preservation. Barrows, *galgals*, *tombeaux*, and *sacrés*, to use the French phrases, Dolmens, Menhirs, Roches-aux-Fées, Cromlechs, Lichavens, appear to have been showered upon the soil with a profusion for which history assigns neither origin nor use. But while the curiosity of the stranger is intent upon the examination of these stupendous and inexplicable structures, he is still more amazed by the discovery that these Celtic temples, or altars, or graves, or whatever else they may have been, are generally either mixed up with fragments of the feudal ages, or close in the neighborhood of early Christian monuments. This strange association throws open a large and perplexing field of inquiry. Christianity seems to have pursued her triumphs, with bold and rapid steps, into the very recesses and last strongholds of that gigantic idolatry which once exercised so marvellous an influence over the human mind; and in some instances to have wrestled with its sorceries on the very spot where they were enacted. Many of the Druidical localities are connected by exulting tradition with the victories of the Cross; and in not a few cases they are blended together and rendered identical. Thus there is an old legend, still repeated and currently received amongst the peasantry, that the stones of Carnac owe their origin to a heathen army which chased St. Cornelius into the valley, because he had renounced paganism; when, being close pressed and surrounded on all sides, he had recourse to prayer, whereupon the whole host were petrified in their lines as

they stood. And near the city of Lannion, there is an enormous Menhir, between twenty and thirty feet in height, crowned with a stone cross, and exhibiting upon the front the passion of Christ carved amongst the usual gross images of the Celtic worship. This intermixture of symbols is carried out still farther in some of the popular superstitions, to which we shall presently refer, in which the sites of the Druidical faith are selected as the special theatres for the performance of Christian miracles.

Of all the provinces of France, Brittany is the richest in the evidences of religious sentiment. The fields, the causeways, the streets, the mountains, are starred with churches, chapels, crosses, images, expiatory monuments, and consecrated chaplets. A notion was entertained on the return of the Bourbons, of restoring the road-side crosses that had been demolished during the revolution; but it was found that the reconstruction of the crosses at the cross-roads in Finisterre alone would cost no less than 1,500,000 francs, and the intention was of course abandoned. The nation could not afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury; but the piety of the Bretons, fortunately did not stand in need of such suggestive helps. It had successfully resisted too many shocks, and survived too much persecution, to require the admonitions of tinsel Virgins, and Saints twice crucified in the agonies of village art.

The sanguinary agents of the revolution had tough work to do in this sturdy province. The struggle in Brittany between the guillotine and the unlettered faith of the people was long and obstinate. The Bretons clung to their religion with unexampled fidelity, until they wearied the guillotine with victims. There was no employment of physical force, no resistance: the population were calm and resolute. Every man's mind was made up to martyrdom, and, with a few insignificant exceptions, the inhabitants of Basse-Bretagne were inaccessible to the terrors or the seductions of power. Throughout the whole of that memorable season of carnage they remained, as one of their graphic historians describes them, on their knees with clasped hands: an attitude which they kept to the end, till the clotted knife fell from the hands of their executioners. The priests and the people were true to each other to the last extremity. In vain the republican committees pronounced the penalty of death against the minister who should celebrate any of the functions of the

church. In vain they destroyed the edifices of public worship: "I will pull down your belfries," exclaimed the famous Jean-Bon-Saint-André to the maire of a village, "in order that you may have no more objects to recall to you the superstitions of past times." "You must leave us the stars, and we can see them farther off," was the memorable reply of the enlightened peasant.

A single instance, recorded by Souvestre, will sufficiently illustrate the intrepid devotion of priests and people. At Crozon all the churches were demolished; the priests, tracked day and night, could not find a solitary spot to offer up the mass in security; the villages were filled with soldiers. In this extremity, how did they contrive to perform the offices of religion, to baptize the new-born, to marry the affianced? Listen!

"Midnight sounds: a flickering light rises at a distance on the sea: the tinkle of a bell is heard half lost in the murmur of the waves. Instantly from every creek, rock, and sinuosity of the beach, long black shadows are seen gliding across the waters. These are the boats of the fishermen freighted with men, women, children, and the aged of both sexes, who direct their course towards the open sea, all steering to the same point. The bell now grows louder, the light becomes more distinct, and at last the object that has drawn this multitude together appears in the midst of the ocean! It is a bark, on the deck of which stands a priest ready to celebrate mass. Assured of having God only for a witness, he has convoked the neighboring parishes to this solemnity, and the faithful people have responded to his call. They are all upon their knees, between the sea rolling heavily beneath, and the heavens above darkened with clouds!"

Can any one imagine a more striking spectacle! Night, the billows, two thousand heads bent lowly round the man standing over this abyss, the chants of the holy office, and, between each response, the awful menaces of the sea murmuring like the voice of God!

It is a natural sequence that a strong attachment, amounting almost to infatuation, should exist between pastors and their flocks who have suffered so much in common; and this attachment, as might be expected, is not unfrequently heightened into fanaticism on the part of the people. The Breton priests occupy the most conspicuous place in the foreground of the picture. They wield an unlimited ascendancy over the confiding and sensitive population. Taken direct from the plough, clothed in the coarsest cassocks, with heavy brogues to

protect his feet, and a stout stick in his hand, the devoted minister traverses the muddy roads and the most difficult mountain paths, at all seasons of the year, with unflagging zeal, to carry the viaticum to the dying, or offer up prayers for the dead. He is followed everywhere with love and awe. His aid is sought at all times of calamity, and his counsel brings strength and comfort. His sermons possess almost divine authority, and exercise a supernatural power upon his audience. The crowd palpitate under his appeals, like the sea under a storm. They cry aloud, weep, shriek, and fling themselves upon the earth, in that delirium of religious enthusiasm which supervenes upon the undue excitement of the passions to the exclusion of the reason. In all states of society, such exhibitions are deplorable; but in the Breton they are at least natural and sincere, and contribute, in the absence of healthier influences, to regulate and control the simple morality of his life. Sometimes they react upon the priest himself, and convert the apostle of the frenzy into its victim. On one occasion a poor zealot, who had probably become insane through the excitement of his arduous ministry, and who used to sleep at the foot of a stone cross by the roadside through summer and winter, informed the assembled crowd that Christ had appeared to him, and asked him for his left hand. "It is yours, Lord," he answered. "I have kept my promise," he cried to the affrighted congregation, raising his left arm over his head—a stump bandaged with bloody linen: then, in a fit of horrible inspiration, he tore the linen from the reeking wound, and, making a semicircle in the air, flung the streaming blood for ten feet round him on the heads of the people.

Notwithstanding such revolting incidents, however, the relations between the pastor and his flock are productive of important advantages in the existing condition of the population. The Breton has few ideas beyond those revealed to him by religion. He is a man living within the echoes of civilization, yet far enough off not to be able to distinguish its voice. Villemarqué tells us that when he was making his collection of ballads, travelling through all parts of the country, visiting the popular festivals, *pardons*, *veillées*, *fleries*, and fairs, and mixing familiarly with the people, he found to his great astonishment, that they were all well acquainted with their national ballads, but that not one of them could read. In this vast want of mental resources, they are thrown upon

their superstitions. Living apart from the rest of the world, and buried in their grim solitudes, they have no reunion except the church. It is their spectacle. The processions and religious ceremonies, the fêtes, and saints' days, and anniversaries, fill up the void of their desires; and to these ends, as the pleasures and graces of their lives, the whole poetical capacity of their nature is directed. Hence, all their customs are tinged, more or less, with religious feeling. Until very recently they had no physicians amongst them; and priests, prayers, and offerings were resorted to in lieu of medicine. At the first indication of disease, at the solemn hour of death, and even long after the grave has received its tenant, the offices of religion are invoked for help and consolation. The dying are soothed with candles and devotions, the dead celebrated in annual fêtes. The morrow of All Saints sees the bereaved family gathered in the common apartment, and, in accordance with a curious and pathetic superstition, they leave some meat upon a table as they retire from the room, under the certain belief that the dead will return to the scene of their household affections to partake of the anniversary repast.

Like all other countries, Brittany has undergone changes, and received the vaccination of knowledge. But there are large districts, upon the confines of which civilization, in our active and accumulated sense of the term, is still arrested by the feudal immobility of the population. These districts are principally comprehended in the departments of Finisterre, Morbihan, and the Côtes-du-Nord; and it is here we must look for these surviving characteristics of the middle ages which confer such peculiar interest upon the people. There are certain minor points of contrast amongst the departments themselves; but in the essential attributes of nationality there is a common agreement. They all have their Druidical remains, and old castles, and traditions connected with them; they all have ballads and balladmongers, lays and superstitions; and wherever you move amongst them, you are sure to fall in with an historical recollection already familiar in some shape to most of the literatures of Europe.

It is in this enchanted ground you hear from the lips of the peasantry a thousand legends about the Round Table; until at last you get so accustomed to the famous names, hitherto revealed to you only in the antiquated diction of the unpronounceable old poetry, that you would not be very much surprised if some of the stalwart

champions were to come prancing by you in full armor on the highway. It was in the chateau of Kerduel that King Arthur held a magnificent court, surrounded by the flower of his chivalry, Lancelot, Tristan, Ywain, and the rest; with his fair Queen Gwenarc'han and the beautiful Brangwain. The old chateau is gone, but a modern one stands in its place, and the name and all the memories associated with it are still reverently preserved. By the way, the Breton antiquaries are very angry with us for changing the name of Gwenarc'han, which means white as silver, to Guenever, in which its etymology is lost; and for altering Brangwain into Brangier. The reproach is probably just enough; but in their zeal to appropriate Arthur and his court all to themselves, they insist upon burying his majesty in the aisle of Agalon or Avalon, near this chateau, instead of allowing him to repose in the island of that name in Somersetshire, where our minstrels interred him long ago. We will give up the etymology of the incontinent queen, if they will only leave us the bones of the king. This Breton island, we may add, was the favorite resort of Morgain, celebrated in the chronicles as a fairy and sister of Merlin the enchanter, but who was in reality a renowned priestess of the Druids.

It is here also, in this storied Brittany, that we tread upon the sites of many fearful tragedies and strange deeds narrated by Froissart and Monstrelet, and others: Beaumanoir, where Fontenelle de Ligueur used to disembowel young girls to warm his feet in their blood;—Carrec, where they show the mysterious pits in which a Duke of Bretagne hid the golden cradle of his son;—Guillac, where the Combat of the Thirty took place, that extraordinary fight towards the close of which Geoffrey de Blois replied to Robert de Beaumanoir when, exhausted by wounds and faint with thirst, he asked for a respite to obtain a drink, "Boy de ton sang, ta soif se passera;"—the old Château of Kertaouarn, with its porteullis yet gaping, and its dripping dungeons still exhibiting the enormous beam loaded with rings to which the seigneur used to chain his prisoners, where the whistling of the winds in the subterranean passages is believed to be the moaning of the souls of unshrived coiners who return to their desperate work at sunset;—the Château de la Roche, where the lord of Rhe found the Constable du Guesclin carving a boar into portions for his neighbors;—and the Square in Dinan, where the same

Constable fought Thomas of Canterbury for entrapping his brother during a temporary truce;—and the Church of St. Sauveur, where his proud heart is preserved, after having run more hazards, dead and alive, than any other heart ever outlasted.

Amongst such recollections as these, the Breton peasant draws his first breath. His earliest experiences are linked with the reliques of the feudal ages. His boyhood is passed amongst ruins, dignified with awful names and shadowy histories. His life is elevated and saddened by them. He steps in the daylight mournfully amongst them, and he shudders and cowers as he passes them at night. He has no books, no social intercourse except amongst people like himself, and then only upon occasions that admit of no play of the social feelings. This is exactly the man to be affected by the vague terrors of solitude; to see weird faces in the woods; to track the demons of the storm in the clouds on the mountain tops; to hear the shrieks of wandering spirits; to believe implicitly in omens and presages, and supernatural visitations. The church seizes him up in his dreamy fears, and completes his subjugation. His whole existence is one long superstition.

Let us look at the actual life of these people for a moment, before we approach the imaginative aspect of their character.

The peasantry of Basse-Bretagne are generally short in stature, with ungainly bodies, thick black hair, bushy beards, large lumpish shoulders, and a fixed expression of seriousness in their eyes. There is as marked a difference in the special characteristics of particular districts, as there is in their costume; although the general description of frankness and fidelity, coldness and indolence, credulity and ignorance, will apply with equal correctness to them all. The obstinacy of the Bretons has passed into a proverb in France. They make capital soldiers or sailors, but, left to themselves, fall into phantasies and idleness. Love of country showing itself in the most passionate excess, is a permanent attribute of the national character. Bretons have never been known to seek the favor of the Court. They have always abhorred the contagion of offices and public employment: and this feeling exists so strongly even amongst the lowest classes, that a Breton peasant, after a service of twelve or fifteen years in the army or navy, always returns to the scenes of his boyhood, and lapses back again at once into his original habits—as if the interval had passed in a trance!

The inhabitants of Cornouaille, embracing the districts lying between Morlaix and Corhaix, in the department of Finisterre, are distinguished by some striking peculiarities. Their costume is composed of the liveliest colors, bordered with brilliant loops. They frequently embroider the fronts of their coats with the date when it was made, or the name of the tailor, wrought in various colored wools. In the mountains, the breeches are worn short and tight, and equally fit for the dance or the combat; but towards Quimper they expand into huge cumbrous trousers, that fall about their legs and embarrass all their movements. An old author says, that the nobility imposed this inconvenient dress upon them, that they might not stride too fast in the march of revolution! Their hats, not very large, and surrounded by a raised border, are ornamented with ribbons of a thousand gay colors, producing a very picturesque effect as they flutter in the wind. The mountaineers wear a girdle of leather, fastened by a copper buckle, over their working-dresses of quilted linen. The costume of the women is composed of a similar variety of vivid colors, at once sprightly and graceful, and not unlike the dresses of the peasantry in the neighborhood of Berne. The life of these people is in keeping with their gaudy apparel, and forms a remarkable contrast to the sombre aspect of the population elsewhere.

The people of Léon, in the same department, are of grave and solemn manners: even their festivities are under the control of this natural severity, and their dance itself is stiff, severe, and monotonous. Their cold and rigorous exterior, however, conceals a volcano. Their life, like that indeed of the Bretons generally, is folded up within themselves, and is expressed with singular propriety in their dismal costume. A Léon peasant sails along in a floating black dress, large and loose, and confined at the waist by a red or blue girdle, which only makes its melancholy the more palpable; the border of his great hat rolling back over his sun-burnt features, and his profuse hair falling thickly down his shoulders. The women are not less lugubrious in their appearance, and might easily be mistaken for the *religieuses* who attend the hospitals. Their dress, plain black and white, is equally ample and modest. It is only when they go into mourning that they affect any thing like gaiety. On such occasions they dress in sky-blue from head to foot. They wear mourning for the living, not for the dead. In Léon, you move

through a succession of funerals: in Cornouaille through bridal feasts.

Morbihan and the Côtes-du-Nord recall still more emphatically the aspect and temperament of the middle ages. The peasantry in the neighborhood of Vannes are of the unmistakeable lineage of the old feudal races. Turbulent and choleric, they are always either fighting or drinking, frequently both. On the least excitement, they will grind their teeth and shake with violent emotions. All their evil passions are called into fierce activity by their hatred of the bourgeois. The Breton peasant has an invincible horror of modern notions, of the airs of fine breeding, the etiquette, taste, and manners of the towns. He glories in his rough candor, his vigorous arm, and his blouse. Even the richest farmer rarely aspires to the grandeur of cloth, and considers himself well off if he can wear shoes four months in the year; while the poor never ascend above coarse linen and sabots, and are often compelled to dispense with the latter. Their jealousy of the bourgeois is a natural corollary from their circumstances; but they have other and profounder reasons for disliking them—the instinctive sense of the superiority of their education, and the knowledge of the contempt with which they regard the old usages and traditions of the country. A Breton never forgives a slight offered to the objects of his habitual reverence. It is a part of the superstitions of our universal nature to defend with the greatest pertinacity those canons which we have ourselves taken for granted, and for which we can assign no better grounds than the prejudices of custom. This smouldering feud between the large towns and the rural population, marks very distinctly the boundary between the Breton masses, and the rest of the people. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the modes of thinking of individuals disengaged from the primitive habits of the soil, and congregated together in the stirring occupations of commerce, and the native population still haunting the pastures of their ancestors, and inheriting their manners.

The intercourse with the towns is too slight to produce any sensible modifications of the popular characteristics. In the Côtes-du-Nord you meet country gentlemen speaking nothing but Breton, and attending the session of the States at Rennes in the dress of peasants; in sabots, with swords by their sides. The Bretons know nothing of governments or parties. They are never mixed up in the fugitive politics of the

country. They live and die, and there an end. Their lives are passed in a tranquil routine, without change or trouble; presenting no varieties of pleasure or employment beyond the little assemblages of their *arrondissements*, the jousts of holidays, and the gossip of the fireside. A match of bowls under the yew trees in summer, or penny picquet in winter, gives them more pause for thought than wars or regicides. They believe, with Pope, that "whatever is, is best;" and they hunt the doctrine to the extremity of fatalism. They yield a passive obedience to the principles of Good and Evil. Whatever happens, either way, they ascribe to God or the Devil. Upon questions of public policy, they neither express an opinion, nor feel any interest. It would be impossible to inflame them into a revolution about such matters. But assail their traditional rights, and the whole population is in the field. The only instance in which the Bretons were ever known to combine for a common purpose, was when an attempt was made, while the cholera was raging, to inter those who died of that disease in detached cemeteries, for the preservation of the public health. The peasantry repudiated the doctrine of infection. The dead cannot kill the living, was their exclamation: death comes only by the will of God. Piety towards the dead is a sentiment common to all primitive communities; but the Bretons carry it out to an excess of romantic tenderness. They believe that the dead are conscious of their locality, and that they lie in their graves like sentient creatures listening to high mass and the supplications of their friends! "The souls of our fathers dwell here," they cried, "far away in the cemetery they will no longer hear the chants of the service, nor the intercession of relatives. This is their place: we can see their tombs from our windows, we can send our children to pray beside them in the twilight. This ground is the property of the dead: no power can take it from them, or change it for another." It was with great difficulty the priests could persuade them that the dead were insensible to their cares; an innovation upon their established creed, which caused them no small astonishment, and sent them home troubled and perplexed with profound wonder.

The isolation of the Bretons is peculiarly favorable to the nurture of such fantastic ideas. Their way of life seems to keep them perpetually hovering between physical and spiritual existences. They live in a sort of mental gloamin', in which real ob-

jects become converted by the imagination into mysterious phantoms, exaggerated and fearfully embellished by the terrors they inspire. Unlike the peasantry of other countries, the Bretons are dispersed over the soil in solitary farms, never forming themselves into villages or societies. The want of constant inter-communication, which elsewhere preserves the faculties from that rust which eats in upon them in loneliness—that self-consuming moodiness which the ancients described under the image of a man feeding upon his own heart—leaves them an incessant prey to their heated and unregulated fancy. As in certain styles of art, where the fertile invention of the painter is unrestrained either by the limits of nature or the laws of taste, (such as the arabesque, for example,) we see all manner of complex monsters, centaurs, griffins, and chimeras, dimly revealed through an indescribable confusion of tracery; so, in the phantasmagoria conjured up by the poor Breton, uninformed by knowledge and uncontrolled by judgment, we discover all sorts of extravagant illusions mingled in a bewildering chaos of types and images.

The lonely farm-houses of the Bretons betray at once their extreme poverty, and that negligence of personal comforts which always marks the condition of a people given up to the oppressive doctrine of necessity, and the reveries of superstition. The farm-house, built on the naked earth, without cellerage, but sometimes with a scanty granary overhead, is the residence of the family and the cattle. The stable is generally at the end of the habitation, divided from the principal apartment by a partition wall, with a door communicating from the one to the other. In many instances this partition is only breast high: amongst the poorest class, men and beasts herd together. The furniture is *en suite*—beds, formed out of a sort of narrow chest, in which the sleeper is nearly stifled; a table, opposite the only entrance, along the sides of which run rude benches, brightened with lard; a dresser, on which are ranged wooden or earthen bowls, delf plates, large spoons, and scoured basins; a wooden clock; a trough near the fire;—a box for keeping eggs, milk, and butter; a recess, with an image of the Virgin in delf, dressed gaily on fête days, and at the sides, or hung between the beds, two or three images of Saint Anne, or Saint Genevieve of Brabant. Upon the table lies a knife, shaped like a sythe, and a black loaf, covered with a cloth, over which is

placed a mat for the purpose of protecting the bread from the smoke, and from the clouds of flies which the close neighborhood of the stables brings through the open door in the warm season. The fireside is the grand centre of attraction, with benches at each side of the hearth, and the inside of the chimney garnished with an enormous pot-hook, trevets, gridiron, and pans. Around this fireside, by the light of a resin torch, fastened in a block of wood, the laborer and his children sit throughout the long winter evenings, relating legends, or talking under their breath about apparitions, or the voices of the dead that come wailing to them on the night-winds.

In front of these farm-houses there are, invariably, accumulating heaps that urgently remind the traveller of similar loathsome mounds he has observed at the doors of hovels in Ireland. Nor is this the only point of resemblance. When a stranger enters the humble dwelling, he exclaims, *Que Dieu bénisse ceux qui sont ici!* This is, word for word, the Irish greeting of "God bless all here!"

Hospitality—the virtue, as it has been somewhat sneeringly designated, of savage life—prevails in its fullest development amongst the Bretons. The traveller may approach the wide-spread door with confidence, assured of a hearty welcome. The sight indeed of a stranger is always an event of interest to these insulated rustics, and he is instantly seated in the place of honor to dine with the family. The moment he enters they offer him a pitcher of cider, and if he refuses to drink they regard it as an insult, which they never forgive. Rank, or money, has no influence over this free and cordial reception. The poorest man is as bounteously treated as the richest; and, of all classes, none are so joyously hailed as the wandering mendicants. The moment one of these gossips appears in sight, the whole household crowd round him eagerly to hear his budget of news.

The mendicant is, in fact, a very important character in Brittany. He is the carrier-general of all sorts of intelligence, the *Gazette des Tribunaux* of the department: conveys letters and love messages, helps in negotiating proposals, sings popular songs, which he frequently composes himself, for he is the bard of Lower Brittany, and adds to the rest of his functions the still higher character of a nomade novelist. His voluminous gossip, when he gets ensconced by the chimney-corner, refers to all the tittle-tattle of the country side; the

miraculous cures, and ominous appearances; how stay-pins may be dropped into certain fountains, to ascertain whether their anxious owners will be married in the next year; how a bevy of young girls gathered, for a like purpose, on a certain bridge on St. Michael's day; what crowds of young men came to that beauty fair, full of hope and curiosity; and how many marriages ensued thereupon. To such prattle as this, the peasants listen with delight; but it is when the mendicant relates a complete story, in all the artful pomp of circumstantial details, that they crouch round him in the winter nights, palpitating with mixed terror and expectation, while the howling storm without, to which they assign so many significant meanings, imparts a savage wildness to the scene.

Souvestre gives us a specimen of these narratives, which it may not be uninteresting to transcribe. It loses, unavoidably, much of its original energy by being diluted from the wild imagerial Breton language into the French; and must suffer still more in our English version. But we have endeavored to preserve as close a verbal resemblance as the genius of our phraseology would admit. The mendicant begins by crossing himself, and invoking a solemn blessing, hoping that the young women will profit by his narrative, and then breaks at once into the history.

THE WINDING-SHEET.

There was formerly at Plouescat a young girl, called *Rose-le-Fur*, beautiful as the dawn of day, and full of spirit as a young girl should be who has just left her convent.

But bad counsels had ruined her. Rose had become as unstable as a straw, blown about at the pleasure of the wind, dreaming only of *pardons*, flattery, and fine dresses. She was no longer seen at the church, nor at the confessional: at the hour of vespers she walked with her lovers, and, even at La Toissant, she neglected to pray over the grave of her mother.

God punishes the wicked, my children. Listen to the story of *Rose-le-Fur*, of Plouescat.

One evening, very late, she had been at a wake far from her own home, listening to the melancholy dirges round the fireside. She was alone, humming to herself a song which she had just learned from a young Roscovite. She reached the cemetery, and flew up the steps as gaily as a bird in May.

At that instant, THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE! But the young girl thought only of the handsome Roscovite, who had taught her the song. She made no sign of the cross; she murmured no prayer for those who slept beneath her feet; she traversed the holy place with the hardihood of an infidel.

She was already opposite the door of the church, when, throwing her eyes around her,

she saw that over every tomb was spread a white sheet, held at the four corners by four black stones. She stopped. At this moment she was beside the grave of her mother. But instead of feeling a holy fear, possessed by a demon Rose stooped, seized the winding-sheet which covered the grave, and carried it with her to her own house.

She went to bed, and her eyes were soon closed; but a horrible dream convulsed her slumbers.

She thought she was lying in a cemetery. A tomb was open before her, from which a skeleton hand was thrust out, and a voice cried, *Give me back my winding-sheet! give me back my winding-sheet!* and at the same time she felt herself drawn towards the tomb by an invisible power.

She awoke with a shriek. Three times she slept, and three times she had the same dream.

When morning came, Rose-le-Fur, with terror in her heart and eyes, ran to the rector,* and related to him all that had happened.

She made her confession, and wept over her faults, for she felt then that she had sinned. The rector was a true apostle, good to the poor, and mild of speech. He said to her, "Daughter, you have profaned the tomb; this evening, at midnight, go to the cemetery, and restore the winding-sheet to the place from whence you took it."

Poor Rose began to weep. All her boldness was gone; but the rector said, "Be of good courage; I shall be in the church praying for you; you will hear my voice near you."

The young girl promised to do as the priest desired her. When night came, at the appointed hour, she repaired to the cemetery. Her limbs trembled beneath her, and every thing seemed to be in a whirl before her eyes. As she entered, the moon was suddenly obscured, and the clock struck twelve!

For some moments all was silent. Then the rector said, with a loud voice, "Daughter, where are you? Take courage, I am praying for you!"

"I am beside the tomb of my mother," answered a feeble voice in the darkness; "father, abandon me not!"

All was again silent. "Take courage, I am praying for you!" repeated the priest, with a loud voice.

"Father, I see the tombs opening, and the dead rising!" This time the voice was so weak, that you might have believed it came from a great distance.

"Take courage!" repeated the good priest.

"Father! father!" murmured the voice, more and more faintly, "they are spreading their winding-sheets over the tombs. Father, abandon me not!"

"Daughter, I am praying for you. What do you see?"

"I see the tomb of my mother, who is rising. She comes! she comes! Father!"—

The priest bent forward to listen; but he could only catch a remote and inexplicable murmur. All of a sudden a cry was heard; a

great noise, like that of a hundred grave-stones falling together; then all was silent.

The rector threw himself on his knees, and prayed with all his soul, for his heart was filled with terror.

The next day they sought in vain for Rose-le-Fur. Rose-le-Fur never appeared again.

MORAL.

Thus, young men and maidens, may this history serve you as a warning. Be pious towards God, and love your parents; for punishment always overtakes light heads and bad hearts.

The general character of these recitations may be gathered from this example; but, to make the illusion perfect, we want the agitated group of frightened women and children, clinging to each other round the flickering fire, and the earnest pantomime and solemnly inflected voice of the tattered man, whose attitudes and accents fill them with such speechless fear.

But the mendicant, prominent as the part is which he plays on these occasions, is eclipsed in importance and popularity by an individual indigenous to Brittany, whose multiplex labors and versatile capacity entitle him to a separate and distinguished niche in the portrait-gallery of her historical characters. This individual is no other than the tailor: but such a tailor as was never dreamt of in May-fair, or realized in Bond-street.

The Breton tailor is a complicated man in mind and person. Generally cross-made, lame, and humpbacked, red hair and a violent squint would complete the *beau idéal* of the class. The reason assigned for these peculiarities is, that the profession is embraced only by persons of weakly growth, although it is very difficult to conceive how such persons could perform the varied and toilsome offices monopolized by the craft. The tailor rarely marries, scarcely ever has a house of his own, and lives abroad like the birds or the wild goats. The men hold him in contempt on account of his effeminacy; but he finds an ample compensation in the ardor of the women. He seldom dines at the same table with the men; but when they are gone, a dozen glittering fair hands lay out a cozy repast for him. The source of his influence lies in his wheedling tongue. He is an eternal chatterbox, a consummate master of the art of flattery, is *au fait* at the whole *finesse* of flirtation, and can coquet and coax with unfailing success for others, although never for himself. His individual exemption on this score gives him a sort of license with the fair sex; for a pretty girl may listen with impunity to

* The Breton name for the *curé* of a parish.

a man so completely out of the pale of wedlock. He retails all the small talk and scandal of the parish; knows all the new songs, occasionally contributing one of his own; and is as full of stories, and tells them as well as the mendicant: with this difference, that the latter confines himself to stories as melancholy as his own life, while those of the tailor, better suited to his peculiar functions, are all glee and sunshine. In a word, the tailor is the scandalous chronicle, and high minister of the love affairs of his district.

He is at the height of his inspiration when he is charged with a negotiation of marriage: an undertaking which is usually managed through his agency. If he meets a magpie on his way, he quickens his steps, for it is considered an ill omen. His first object is to see the young lady alone. He opens with some indifferent topic—the weather—the crops—the state of the sky; perhaps he hits upon the stars; then, naturally enough, compares them to her eyes; and so contrives to bring about the delicate question with the address of an accomplished diplomatist. When he succeeds in obtaining her consent, he applies to her parents, and a day is settled, when he brings the lover to the house, accompanied by his nearest relative. This is called asking leave. The young people retire to one end of the house, while the old ones are settling the preliminaries at the other, the tailor vibrating like a pendulum between them. At last the lovers are summoned to the table, where they eat with the same knife, drink out of the same glass, and indulge in white bread, wine, and brandy. A day is then appointed for the assembling of the two families at the house of the young lady; this is called *velladen*, or the view. At this preliminary meeting they are all dressed in their holiday suits. Great preparations are made in the house. The tables and benches are highly polished; the drawers left half open with premeditated carelessness, to display a large stock of household linen; pieces of bacon are hung up profusely in the chimney; the horses, if there be any, are paraded; all the plate that can be mustered up is ostentatiously exhibited; and every thing is done to give the bride an appearance of wealth, although, in most cases, the majority of these luxurious equipments are borrowed for the occasion. At last the young man arrives; he steps over the farm with an air of business; examines every thing with his own eye; and then enters upon the question of property. The parents drive as hard a bargain as they can.

If the result of the negotiation, however, should happen not to fall in with his expectations—that is to say, if they do not come up to his price—all he has to do is to enter the house, draw a brand from the fire, and place it across the hearth. By this action he indicates his intention of relinquishing the alliance.

On the other hand, if the terms be agreed upon, the ceremonial is proceeded with at the end of a stipulated period with extraordinary pomp and circumstance. Eight days before the wedding, the bride and bridegroom invite their friends to the feast. The mode of invitation is curious. The young couple, forming separate processions, with white wands, accompanied by their bridesmen and bridesmaids, proceed to the houses of the persons they intend to invite, and stopping opposite to the doors, pronounce a regular speech, in which they engage them to the merry-making, announcing at the same time the name of the innkeeper who is to furnish the dinner. This speech, which seems to be an affair of inflexible tradition, is frequently interrupted by prayers and signs of the cross. At last the wedding-day arrives; and now the little tailor, elevated to the summit of his multifarious functions, assumes the office of a *rimeur*. He approaches the house of the lady, followed by the friends of the bridegroom, and is met on the threshold by the *rimeur* of the opposite side. Here a long inflated dialogue takes place between the bards, which ends by the admission of the expectant lover into the house. After this they go to the Mairie, and then to the church. The bridal repast is often attended by five or six hundred persons. The bridegroom sings a tristful song, which is succeeded by a similar wail from the lady. These songs are called *complaintes*, and the burthen of them is the leave-taking of their single lives. These wild rhapsodies throw a shade of melancholy over the company, and even draw tears from their eyes: the effect of them is described as being singularly touching. But the sensation does not last long. The effect of the wine and the cider begins to be felt, flushing the cheeks and unloosening the tongues of the party. Dinner is over, the patriarch of the assembly rises, and the guests all stand uncovered and respond to his solemn grace. This is followed by a dance, riotous, furious, like a whirlwind of leaves in a storm, like a frantic dance of Indians under the maddening spell of a recent victory. The bride and bridegroom are then conducted to their chamber; and, by an ancient and

strange custom of the country, two watchers are appointed to sit up with them all night.

The majority of these regular contracts are matters of calculation, into which love never enters. And it is perhaps for this very reason, that the Bretons are famous for improvident marriages. In a country where wedlock is thus openly ratified by prudential considerations, it is not to be wondered at that the poor, who cannot reach the desiderated test, should often be found plunging recklessly into the opposite extreme. Besides, there is no surveillance in the way of social opinion to warn them against the consequences; no *status* to be maintained; no Mrs. Grundy to propitiate or outvie. The Breton is luckily exempt from all the ordinary responsibilities of domestic indiscretion. He never stops to think about the danger of increasing the population. Political economy is as great an enigma to him as the balance of Europe. He never thinks of a provision for a family: to do him justice, he never thinks about a provision for himself. He often marries without a bed; sometimes without a house to put one in; and it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for him to borrow the nuptial couch from some compassionate friend. But what of that? He is safe in the eternal justice, the clemency, the protection of Heaven. What is the use of human foresight, he argues, when he has the providence of God?

These marriages of the very poor are altogether unique. No country in the world furnishes a parallel to them. The most extraordinary feature in them is, that the peasant not only marries without a penny in his pocket, but the happy-miserable couple invite all the surrounding families to the marriage festival; and, what is more wonderful still, the greater the number of visitors the better enabled is the host to provide them with a becoming banquet. The solution of the difficulty is obvious enough. Every guest is a contributor to the feast. Some bring wine, some linen, others honey, corn, and even money. Thus a liberal supply is scrambled together, and the utmost hilarity prevails. The company are always dressed in their gayest attire, attracted by the dance and the revel. There are frequently no less than three hundred people assembled at these joint-stock bridals; and it often happens that the contributions they furnish constitute the sum total of the worldly goods with which the new-married pair begin house-keeping!

Nor does this general sympathy end

here. When a young woman of this class is about to become a mother, presents pour in upon her from all sides; especially from others similarly circumstanced. It is a sort of festival amongst the mothers-expectant of the neighborhood. The birth itself is a solemn religious event, surrounded by many touching details. The infant is looked upon as an angel from heaven, and all the mothers present offer their breasts in succession, regarding the sanctifying contact of the new-born lips as a happy portent. If the mother dies, the child is adopted by all the other mothers. The priest selects one to whom he confides it, and she receives the sacred charge as a boon from the Almighty. If they are too poor for any one of them to take the sole charge of the child, it is received amongst them in common. One lodges it, and the rest watch over it, and tend it, hour by hour, alternately. It is the invariable usage of the nurse, when she takes her turn, to make the sign of the cross, and sprinkle the linen with holy water. Every thing connected with infancy is associated with pious feelings, and fenced round by gracious safeguards. Nobody passes a woman carrying a child without exclaiming, "God bless you!" If this salutation be omitted, the mother thinks you have thrown an evil eye upon her offspring. Even inveterate hatreds are disarmed by this tender custom, and a man's most implacable enemy will never strike him while he has a child in his arms.

Almost all the popular usages of the Bretons have their spring either in religious notions, or in superstitions that claim a sort of poetical kindred with religion. The ceremonies of the church are here preserved with more gravity and strictness than in any other part of Europe. The fête days of saints are solemnized with a degree of pomp which could hardly be expected from a population so poor and scattered. Nor are they less remarkable for their picturesque effects. In some cases the people gather into such crowds, that the interior of the church, from the altar through the nave, and in every nook and cranny of the private chapels, becomes illuminated with a forest of candles. Their pilgrimages,—especially that of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours,—many of which take place at night, consisting of vast processions through the least frequented parts of the country, resemble long trains of phantoms holding wax-lights in their hands. Every fête is marked by distinct features peculiar to itself. That of St. John is, per-

haps, on the whole, the most striking. Throughout the day, the poor children go about begging contributions for lighting the fires of Monsieur St. Jean; and, towards evening, one fire is gradually followed by two, three, four; then a thousand gleam out from the hill tops, till the whole country glows under the conflagration. Sometimes the priests light the first fire in the market-place; and sometimes it is lighted by an angel who is made to descend, by a mechanical device, from the top of the church with a flambeau in her hand, setting the pile in a blaze, and flying back again. The young people dance with bewildering activity round these fires, for there is a superstition amongst them that if they dance round nine fires before midnight, they will be married in the ensuing year. Seats are placed round the flaming piles for the dead, whose spirits are supposed to come there for the melancholy pleasure of listening once more to their native songs, and contemplating the lively measures of their youth. Fragments of the torches on those occasions are preserved as spells against thunder and nervous diseases, and the crown of flowers which surmounted the principal fire is in such request as to produce tumultuous jealousy for its possession. At Brest, where the crowd, swelled by sailors, is considerably more riotous than elsewhere, there is a wild torch dance which winds up the night with savage uproar. There can be no doubt that this festival is a relique of Druidism, and that the fires had their origin in the worship of the sun. They are, in every respect, identical with the *Beal teinidh* of the Phœnicians. The custom of kindling fires about midnight at the moment of the summer solstice, considered by the ancients a season of divinations, was a custom of remote antiquity, and seems to have been grafted upon Christianity by a common movement of all modern nations. When the year began in June, there was a direct significance in this *feu de joie*, which was intended to celebrate the commencement of vegetation, and to propitiate the fruits of the year by vows and sacrifices: but the usage still continued, by the force of habit, after its symbolical meaning had long ceased. That St. John should have inherited the fires of the sun is not half so curious as that the Christian festival should have retained some of the rites which were potent only in the Pagan interpretation. Thus the ancients used to carry away the burning flambeaux, in the belief that as they shook off showers of

sparks from them they expelled every evil, a practice which is still followed in Cornwall and other places: the dance itself, for which there is always, to be sure, a sufficient excuse in the animal spirits of the revellers, had reference to the produce of the vine: and in some parts of Ireland the people still exhibit an implicit reverence for the old faith, by making their cattle pass through the fire for the purpose of charming them against disorders.

The Pardons are the favorite points of meeting for the youth of both sexes. Here they freely indulge in their national games, and above all in the dance. The excitement of these scenes can hardly be understood by the civilized reader whose taste is subdued by the refinements of the modern ball-room; nor, without having actually witnessed a Breton festival is it possible to conceive the frenzy of delight with which it is enjoyed by the people. Their principal dances are composed of popular *chansons*, played upon an ancient national instrument, the *bombarde*, accompanied by the *binion*, a species of bag-pipe, which serves to mark the time with rude but emphatic precision. The form of the dance may be best described as consisting of a succession of gyrations, the dancers whirling themselves round in a circle, with linked hands, at a rate of perilous rapidity. This is called the *ronde*, and is probably the most ancient of all known figures. Sometimes they perform this dizzy evolution with their arms interlaced, when it takes a somewhat more complicated and dazzling aspect. In this shape it changes its name to the *bal*. Something of the excess with which these pleasures are entered into may be accounted for by the fact, that it is only in their youth and girlhood the Breton females have any chance of relaxation or enjoyment. It is the first joyous bound of the courser into the circus, when he is led round to be familiarized with the glittering scene: all the rest is severe exertion and hard work. The Breton women, the themes of all their poets, the subjects of innumerable elegies, songs, and romances, before marriage, are placed after marriage as low down in the social scale as the women of the Asiatics. In the country they hold an inferior rank; wait upon their husbands at table; and never speak to them but in terms of humility and respect. Amongst the lowest classes of all, they toil in the open fields and surrender up their lives to the most laborious drudgery. And so ends that dream of life, which begins in *chansons* and dances, and sets in squalid slavery!

But in the midst of their drudgery they are cheered by the voices of the young, in whom the games and romps and innocent sports of their childhood are renewed. Few countries have a greater variety of amusements, and it is not a little suggestive of the identity of the sources of pleasure—perhaps of their limitation—to find amongst these primitive people precisely the same class of plays and diversions which entertained the Greeks and Romans, and which entertain the English and most other nations to the present day. The children trundle hoops, embellished with rattles for bells, the *trochus* of the ancients; build card-houses; play at blindman's buff, odd or even, and head or tail; gallop upon sticks; and draw miniature chariots with miniature horses: every one of which are derived direct from classical examples. Then the grown-up people play at bowls, cards, chess, nine-pins, dice, and twenty other games of hazard that have come down to them in the same way.

A game formerly existed called *la Soule*, not unlike the English game of foot-ball, but it led to such violent disorders that it has been gradually abolished in most parts of the country. It now lingers chiefly in the environs of Vannes, where the people still retain much of their original barbaric taste for raids and bloodshed. It is occasionally revived, also in the distant commune of Calvados, in the province of Normandy.* A healthier exercise and more inspiring pastime survives to the Bretons in their great wrestling matches, which are celebrated with all the popular ardor and ceremonial detail of one of the Olympic games.

In their preparations for their manly pastimes, they do not always rely upon natural means, but have recourse, not only to the miraculous waters of certain fountains, but to particular herbs, which they gather on the first Saturday of the month, and which they believe have the power of rendering them invincible in the *lutte*. The employment of a secret advantage, or what they suppose to be one, would imply a spirit of jockeyship wholly inconsistent with the general integrity of the Breton character; but the proceeding carries so heavy a penalty with it that it is very rarely acted upon. The wrestler who fortifies himself

with these enchanted herbs risks the perdition of his soul; a sufficient guarantee against the frequent use of so perilous a spell. It is the only instance in which the superstitions of the Bretons recognize the possibility of entering into a contract with the powers of darkness. Nor does it even appear that any thing approaching to a specific admission of such a contract takes place; although the hazard avowedly annexed to the charm leaves the tacit understanding of some such responsibility clear enough.

The credulity of the Bretons is certainly not chargeable with melodramatic absurdities of this kind. They do not believe that a man can lease out his soul for a consideration. They have no witch-glen bazaars for the sale of inexhaustible riches, or parchment deeds scrawled in blood for reversionary interests in eternity. They are simply the passive recipients of that large class of influences which, from time immemorial, have been associated in the popular mind with the Elements and the Seasons, Night and the Grave, Life and Death. Their creed in this respect, embracing a variety of singular items peculiar to themselves, includes most of the superstitions common to other countries. To the peasant of Lower Brittany, the cries of crows and screech-owls convey a sinister presage. He believes in the fairies who come to warm themselves at his fireside, who dance in the light of the moon, or sit meditating on the sea-shore. He shudders at apparitions and at sounds in the air charged with messages from the world of spirits; and he yields implicit credence to the functions attached to hobgoblins, werewolves, and the demons that combat with guardian angels for the souls of men. Many of these superstitions are intimately interwoven with religion itself.

It is a generally received belief that two crows attend upon every house. When the head of a family is dying the ominous birds perch on the roof, and commence their dismal screaming, which never ceases till the body is carried out; whereon the birds vanish and are never seen again. The approach of death, heralded by numerous signs, is connected in one locality with a remarkable superstition. Between Quimper and Chateaulin, strange-looking men are occasionally encountered on the highways, habited in white linen, with long straggling hair and coal-black beards, armed with heavy sticks, and carrying dingy wallets slung over their shoulders. Their aspect is in the last degree dark and sinis-

* At a recent sitting of the Société d'Archéologie of Avranches, a paper was read by M. Mangot-Delalande upon the game of *Soule*, in which he referred to it as an ancient Norman custom. Any of the Breton antiquaries could have set him right upon the point.

ter. In the night time they take the least frequented routes. They never sing while they are walking, nor speak to any body they meet, nor put their hands to their slouched hats with that politeness which is so general in Brittany. Sometimes they are accompanied by large fawn-colored dogs. The custom-house officers tell you that these fellows are smugglers, who go about the country with salt and tobacco; but the peasantry, who know better, assert that they are demons, whose dreadful business it is to conduct doomed souls into the next world. Wherever there is a person at the point of death, they may be seen prowling about the house like hungry wolves. If the guardian angel of the dying man, summoned by repeated prayers, do not arrive in time, the white man pounces on the deathbed at the last gasp, seizes the departing soul, crams it into his wallet, and carries it off to the marshes of St. Michel, into which he flings it, and where it must remain until it is delivered by vows and masses.

The belief, common to all catholic countries, that the souls of men who died without the benefits of absolution, are wandering about in excruciating misery supplicating for intercession, is varied in different localities according to circumstances.—There is a desolate plain between Auray and Pluvigner, a mournful stretch of uncultivated ground, formerly the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the houses of Blois and Montfort. Many hundred soldiers fell in the battle, and remains of armor and mouldering bones have been frequently turned up there. The tradition runs that the souls of these poor fellows, still compelled to haunt the dust they once inhabited, rise from the ground at a certain hour every night, and run the whole length of the funereal field. The moaning of the winds over this exposed surface is regarded as the expression of the anguish of the unshriven spirits, entreating for masses. The worst of it is, they are condemned to this hopeless nightly exercise until doomsday, and to gallop on in a straight line, no matter what obstacles they may encounter. Woe to the traveller who falls in with one of these unhappy ghosts. The touch is death. The remains of Celtic superstitions may be distinctly traced in some of the legendary usages, thinly disguised under Christian forms. Thus in some places they carry the statue of a saint in procession to the charmed fountains, and plunge it into the water, by way of purifying themselves of the sins of the past year: an ob-

vious relic of the pagan custom of washing idols. The *arbres à niches*, trees converted into arcades by drawing the branches over into an arch, in which crosses or images are set up, are also derived from the Celts, who worshipped all natural objects, and trees amongst the rest, believing them to be animated by supernatural intelligences. Then the stones and monuments of the Druids have particular virtues ascribed to them. Some conceal buried treasures; some, like the forge of Wayland Smith in Berkshire, possess magical powers: and an immense stone, poised on its inverted apex, called by the French the *pierre vacillante*, which the finger of a child would easily shake, will not move if attempted by the whole strength of a man whose wife has deceived him. At Carnac, if you pass the cemetery at midnight, you find all the tombs open, the church illuminated, and two thousand spectres on their knees listening to Death delivering a sermon from the top of the choir, in the dress of a priest. Some of the peasants will confidently affirm that they have beheld from a distance the light of the numerous wax-tapers, and have even heard the confused voice of the preacher.

The fairy lore of Brittany is literally located among these monuments. The Roches aux Fées (for there are many besides the celebrated one near Rennes) must not be approached after nightfall. It is here the fairies hold their court, and dance their elfish hays in the moonlight. The barrows are called the *châteaux* of the *poulpicans*. The *poulpicans* are no other than the husbands of the fairies, and make a very prominent figure in the mischievous gambols of "Fairy-Londe." The fairies are fair, handsome women, conceived in the most perfect French taste, but their husbands are little squat ugly black men, who take the utmost delight in all sorts of whimsical and malicious jokes; playing Will-o'-the-Whisp to the poor herdsmen in the woods when they are looking after their strayed cattle, and seizing young girls by the neck as they are wending home at night, when the offended damsels, horribly vexed at having such a freedom taken with them, turn round in a furious passion to scold the supposed clown, but get nothing for their pains but the far off laughter of the frolicksome *poulpicans*. A thousand legends are related about these humorous sprites. Often in the winter nights, cries of apparent agony are heard outside as the family sit listening to the crackling of the fire in the chimney nook. The children

think it is the wind straining the pulleys in the neighboring pits, or the wings of a windmill creaking on their axis, or the twirling post placed on the great apple-tree to frighten off the birds; but the old people shake their heads, and declare that these shrieking noises are the cries of the poulpicans calling to each other to run round the cromlechs on the hill side. Those who are wise will never stir out on such occasions, but place a vase full of millet at the foot of their beds. The object of this precaution is to catch the poulpicans in a trap should they venture to come into the house; for they are sure to overturn the vase in their tricky fashion, and they are then compelled, by a strange necessity of their nature, to pick it all up again, grain by grain, an occupation which will fully occupy them till daylight, when they are obliged to abscond.

The Evil-Eye, familiar to us in Scotch and Irish traditions, is universal in Brittany, where its influence is supposed to extend to the communication of infectious diseases. They give to this malevolent fascination the name of the Evil-Wind, under the impression that the pestilential effluvia, which streams from the eyes of such persons, is carried by the air to the individuals who are struck by the contagion.

In the enumeration of these fanciful terrors, the hobgoblin, a venerable sprite, must not be overlooked. The Breton hobgoblin is a sort of harlequin among the fiends. He takes the shape of different animals, and also answers for the demoniacal pranks of the night-mare. The loup-garou is another formidable monster, whose business consists in all sorts of depredations in the vicinity of towns and villages. The word *garou* belongs to the dialect of Morbihan, and signifies a cruel or savage wolf. The loup-garou is the *lycanthrope* of the French, a lineal descendant of the prowling ware-wolf of the Greeks and Romans.

A people who indulge so largely in supernatural luxuries, may fairly be allowed to pamper their imaginations with charms and exorcisms; although it must be frankly conceded to the Bretons, that, except where their religion seems to suggest or foster such operations, they do not often resort to them. Every body who knows Brittany, knows that the buckwheat which is cultivated in such vast quantities over the surface, and which gives such a sickly uniformity to the aspect of the country, is regarded by the natives with feelings of enthusiasm. Buckwheat is much the same

to a Breton as the leek to a Welshman, or the music of the *Ranz des Vaches* to a Swiss. It is the key to the whole system of national mnemonics. We remember a young Breton lady, who, after an absence of two or three years, ran out into the fields immediately upon her return to her native province, and flinging herself down amongst the wheat, burst into a flood of tears at seeing it once more. A stranger can thoroughly comprehend the nature of this feeling, although, stepping for the first time into the wheat-ground, steaming with that peculiar odor by which it is distinguished, it is quite impossible to comprehend how even the most patriotic ardor can overcome the disagreeable olfactory sensation it provokes. This wheat, however, is converted into the main article of consumption by the peasantry; the most substantial reason that can be assigned for their inordinate admiration of it; and the black bread thus produced becomes an active minister in a variety of conjurations. Whether the virtue is supposed to reside originally in the wheat, or is only reflected back upon it by the influence attributed to the bread itself, we have no means of determining; but it is certain that on many occasions of difficulty the bread is resorted to, not merely as a sort of sanctified agent, but as a vehicle of divination. When a first-born child is taken to the church to be baptized, the mother hangs a piece of black bread round its neck to indicate the poverty of her circumstances; seeing which, the evil spirits do not consider it worth their while to shower misfortunes on the infant, and so they are cheated of their victim with their eyes open. When a person is drowned, the family assemble in mourning, and throw a piece of black bread, with a wax-light on it, into the water; it is sure to float to the spot where the body lies. When any thing is stolen, they have a certain method of detecting the thief by flinging pieces of black bread, of equal size, into the water, pronouncing at each cast the name of a suspected person; when the real robber is named, the piece representing him is sure to sink. It might be supposed that the certainty of failure in a multitude of instances, would at last have the inevitable effect of exposing the fallaciousness of the test; but the experience of all human nature proves, that the frustration of such experiments is attended by no other result than that of fixing the delusion still more deeply. Such articles of belief do not depend upon the efficacy of trial, but upon the strength of

faith; and failure, instead of endangering their credit, deepens the halo of superstition by which they are invested. A believer will believe any thing rather than that "his faith is in the wrong;" and it is so easy to shift the responsibility of disappointment upon the blunders of manipulation, that he always has a convenient excuse at hand which will cover any imaginable dilemma, and even transform the most palpable defeat into a victory.

In the districts that lie upon the sea-shore, many of the popular superstitions are full of poetical beauty, and appeal forcibly to the imagination by the elegiac pathos with which they color the actual circumstances of the people. Here the population consists chiefly of poor fishermen and their families, engaged incessantly in the most precarious of livelihoods, and living upon an iron-bound coast, where their perilous craft is constantly prosecuted at the risk of life itself. The solitude of these scenes is intense; and the tempests which brood over the waters, strewing the shore with wrecks through all seasons of the year, help to increase the gloom that acts so strongly even upon those who are accustomed to contemplate the sea under all its aspects. The frequent loss of husbands and sons, the roar of the waves, and the atmospheric effects which in such situations present so many strange illusions to the eye, are well calculated to work upon the terrors of the people, and supply them with melancholy fancies when they sit watching at midnight to catch the voices of their friends through the intervals of the storm. Their superstitions are generally shaped to this end; and phantoms and death-warnings are familiar to them all.

In the long winter nights when the fishermen's wives, whose husbands are out at sea, are scared from their uneasy sleep by the rising of the tempest, they listen breathlessly for certain sounds to which they attach a fatal meaning. If they hear a low and monotonous noise of waters, falling drop by drop at the foot of their bed, and find that it has not been caused by natural means, and that the floor is dry, it is the unerring token of shipwreck. The sea has made them widows! This fearful superstition, we believe, is confined to the isle of Artz, where a still more striking phenomenon is said to take place. Sometimes in the twilight, they say, large white women may be seen moving slowly from the neighboring islands, or the continent, over the sea, and seating themselves upon its borders. There they remain through-

out the night, digging the sands with their naked feet, and stripping off between their fingers the leaves of rosemary flowers culled upon the beach. These women, according to the tradition, are natives of the island who, marrying strangers, and dying in their sins, have returned home to their beloved birth-place to beg the prayers of their friends. A great number of their superstitions turn upon this clinging love for the scenes of their youth.

It is a general opinion amongst them that a hurricane can never be appeased until the waves have rejected and flung upon the shore the dead bodies of heretics who perished by shipwreck, and all other unclean bodies. This is a fragment of the old Druidical worship: a dim recollection of that association of ideas held by the Celts as existing between the purity of the waters and the soul of man. The idea was originally derived, probably, from observation of the natural purifying process of the Alpine glaciers, which have a constant tendency to throw up to the sides the heaps of stones and mud they accumulate in their course.

There is a special day set apart for the anniversary of the shipwrecked dead, called the *Jour des Morts*. On this occasion the winds and waters are brought into active requisition to supply materials for the spectral drama. When the wind ripples the sea into wreaths of foam, the fishermen fancy they hear melancholy murmurs stealing over the waves, and behold the souls of the poor creatures who were wrecked rise upon the summits of the billows, and then in ghostly grief, pale and fugitive, melt away like froth. If one of these sad spirits happens to encounter the soul of some well-beloved friend, the air is filled with cries of despair at the first glance of recognition. Sometimes the fishermen, sitting in their huts at night, hear a strange and mysterious melange of sounds over the bay, now low and sweet, now loud and turbulent, now trembling, groaning, and whistling with the rising of the surge. These mixed clamors of cries and voices indicate the general meeting of the poor ghosts, at which it appears they hold a sort of marine *conversazione*, and diligently relate their histories to each other.

At the seaside village of St. Gildas, the fishermen who lead evil lives are often disturbed at midnight by three knocks at their door from an invisible hand. They immediately get up, and impelled by some supernatural power, which they cannot resist and dare not question, go down to the

beach, where they find long black boats, apparently empty, yet sunk so deeply in the water as to be nearly level with it. The moment they enter, a large white sail streams out from the top of the mast, and the barque is carried out to sea with irresistible rapidity, never to be seen by mortal eyes again. The belief is that these boats are freighted with condemned souls, and that the fishermen are doomed to pilot them over the waste of waters until the day of judgment. This legend, like many others, is of Celtic origin, and is related by Procopius.

Such are a few of the salient superstitions of a people not yet embraced in the girdle of modern civilization, who have derived none of their notions from books, and who realize in their living faith all those characteristics of Romance which we are too apt to believe, in our sober England, have long since passed out of the world. To the Breton, the elements of that Romance are part and parcel of his daily existence; he breathes the very atmosphere of the middle ages, which are not revived, but continued in him; and acts to the life the whole round of their enchantments, without being in the slightest degree conscious of the performance. How long the people are destined to preserve these peculiar attributes is a problem rapidly hastening towards solution. Two great railroads from Paris—the one stretching to Rouen, the capital of Normandy, and the other to Orleans, on the banks of the Loire—have just been thrown open. The railroad is the giant annihilator of old customs and provincial manners. The moment its fiery chariot touches the boundary line of Brittany, we may take our last look upon the Armorica of the ancients.

RELIEVO MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES.—(Dobbs & Co.)—It is eminently characteristic of English integrity and enterprise, that almost every improvement introduced amongst us is speedily carried farther and farther on the road to perfection. This embossed map is a useful and beautiful illustration of the fact—the first, it is announced, of an intended series. What with the proportionate elevations of the mountains and the aid of color, the eye at once distinguishes all the principal features of the geography of the land; and we obtain at a glance as much information as it would take us days to gather from description or reading. The design is excellent, and the execution most laudable.—*Literary Gazette.*

"HONOR TO WOMEN."

FROM SCHILLER.

Honor to women! entwining and braiding,
Life's garland with roses for ever unfading,
In the veil of the Graces all modestly kneeling,
Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed,
have they bless'd.

And tending with hands ever pure, have caress'd,
The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.

Ever truth's bright bounds outranges
Man, and his wild spirit strives,
Ever with each thought that changes
As the storm of passion drives—
With heart appeased, contented, never
Grasps he at the future's gleam,
Beyond the stars pursuing ever
The restless phantom of his dream.

But the glances of women, enchantingly glowing,
Their light woos the fugitive back, ever throwing
A link round the present, that binds like a spell;
In the meek cottage home of the mother presiding,
All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,
As Nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell.

Man is ever warring, rushing
Onward through life's stormy way,
Wild his fervor, fierce and crushing,
Knows he neither rest nor stay,
Creating, slaying—day by day
Urged by Passion's fury brood,
A Hydra band, whose heads, for aye
Fall, to be for aye renewed.

But women, to sweet silent praises resigning
Such hopes as affection is ever enshrining,
Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander
along,

More free in their limited range, richer ever
Than man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavor
Through the infinite circles of science and song.

Strong, and proud, and self-commending,
Man's cold heart doth never move
To a gentler spirit bending,
To the godlike power of Love,—
Knows not soul-exchange so tender,
Tears, by others' tears confess'd,
Life's dark combats steel, and render
Harder his obdurate breast!

O wakened like harp, and as gently, resembling
Its murmuring chords to the night breezes tremb-
ling,

Breathes woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too:
Touch'd lightly, touch'd deeply, O ever she borrows
Grief itself from the image of grief, and her sorrows
Ever gem her soft eyes with Heaven's holiest
dew.

Man, of power despotic lord,
In power doth insolently trust;
Scythia argues with the sword,
Persia, crouching, bites the dust.
In their fury-fights engaging,
Combat spoilers wild and dread,
Strife, and war, and havoc raging
Where the charities have fled.

But gently entreating, and sweetly beguiling,
Woman reigns while the Graces around her are
smiling,

Calming down the fierce discord of Hatred and
Pride;
Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would
sever,

To unite in one bond, and with her, and for ever,
All hopes, each emotion, they else had denied.

DR. FRANCIA AND SOUTH AMERICA.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Funeral Discourse delivered on occasion of celebrating the Obsequies of his late Excellency the Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay, the Citizen Dr. José Gaspar Francia, by Citizen the REV. MANUEL ANTONIO PEREZ, of the Church of the Incarnation, on the 20th of October, 1840.* (In the "British Packet and Argentine News," No. 813. Buenos Ayres: March 19, 1842.)
2. *Essai Historique sur la Révolution de Paraguay, et le Gouvernement Dictatorial du Docteur Francia.* Par MM. RENGGER et LONGCHAMP. 2de édition. Paris. 1827.
3. *Letters on Paraguay.* By J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON. 2 vols. Second Edition. London. 1839.
4. *Francia's Reign of Terror.* (By the same.) London. 1839.
5. *Letters on South America.* (By the same.) 3 vols. London. 1843.
6. *Travels in Chile and La Plata.* By JOHN MIERS. 2 vols. London. 1826.
7. *Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* 2 vols. 2nd Edition. London. 1829.

THE confused South American revolution, and set of revolutions, like the South American continent itself, is doubtless a great confused phenomenon; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. Several books, of which we here name a few known to us, have been written on the subject: but bad books mostly, and productive of almost no effect. The heroes of South America have not yet succeeded in picturing any image of themselves, much less any true image of themselves, in the Cis-Atlantic mind or memory.

Iturbide, "the Napoleon of Mexico," a great man in that narrow country, who was he? He made the thrice-celebrated "Plan of Iguala;" a constitution of no continuance. He became Emperor of Mexico, most serene "Augustin I.;" was deposed, banished to Leghorn, to London; decided on returning;—landed on the shore of Tampico, and was there met, and shot: this, in a vague sort, is what the world knows of the Napoleon of Mexico, most serene Augustin the First, most unfortunate Augustin the Last. He did himself publish memoirs or memorials,* but few can read them. Oblivion, and the deserts of Pana-

ma, have swallowed this brave Don Augustin: *vate caruit sacro.*

And Bolivar, "the Washington of Columbia," Liberator Bolivar, he too is gone without his fame. Melancholy lithographs represent to us a long-faced, square-browed man; of stern, considerate, *consciously* considerate aspect, mildly aquiline form of nose; with terrible angularity of jaw; and dark deep eyes, somewhat too close together (for which latter circumstance we earnestly hope the lithograph alone is to blame): this is Liberator Bolivar:—a man of much hard fighting, hard riding, of manifold achievements, distresses, heroisms, and histrionisms in this world; a many-counselled, much-enduring man; now dead and gone,—of whom, except that melancholy lithograph, the cultivated European public knows as good as nothing. Yet did he not fly hither and thither, often in the most desperate manner, with wild cavalry clad in blankets, with War of Liberation "to the death?" Clad in blankets, *ponchos* the South Americans call them: it is a square blanket, with a short slit in the centre, which you draw over your head, and so leave hanging: many a liberative cavalier has ridden, in those hot climates, without further dress at all; and fought handsomely too, wrapping the blanket round his arm, when it came to the charge.

With such cavalry, and artillery and infantry to match, Bolivar has ridden, fighting all the way, through torrid deserts, hot mud-swamps, through ice-chasms beyond the curve of perpetual frost,—more miles than Ulysses ever sailed: let the coming Homers take note of it. He has marched over the Andes, more than once; a feat analogous to Hannibal's; and seemed to think little of it. Often beaten, banished from the firm land, he always returned again, truculently fought again. He gained in the Cumana regions the "immortal victory" of Carababo and several others; under him was gained the finishing "immortal victory" of Ayacucho in Peru, where Old Spain, for the last time, burnt powder in those latitudes, and then fled without return. He was Dictator, Liberator, almost emperor, if he had lived. Some three times over did he, in solemn Columbian parliament, lay down his Dictatorship with Washington eloquence; and as often, on pressing request, take it up again, being a man indispensable. Thrice, or at least twice, did he, in different places, painfully construct a Free Constitution; consisting of "two chambers, and a supreme governor for life, with liberty to name his successor,"

* "A Statement of some of the principal events in the Public Life of Augustin de Iturbide: written by Himself." London. 1843.

the reasonablest democratic constitution you could well construct; and twice, or at least once, did the people on trial, declare it disagreeable. He was, of old, well known in Paris; in the dissolute, the philosophico-political and other circles there. He has shone in many a gay Parisian *soirée*, this Simon Bolivar; and he, in his later years, in autumn 1825, rode triumphant into Potosi and the fabulous Inca Cities, with clouds of feathered Indians somersetting and war-whooping round him,*—and “as the famed *Cerro*, metalliferous Mountain, came in sight, the bells all peeled out, and there was a thunder of artillery,” says General Miller! If this is not a Ulysses, Polytlas and Polymetis, a much-enduring and many-counselled man; where was there one? Truly a Ulysses whose history were worth its ink,—had the Homer that could do it, made his appearance!

Of General San Martin too there will be something to be said. General San Martin, when we last saw him, twenty years ago or more,—through the organs of the authentic steadfast Mr. Miers,—had a handsome house in Mendoza, and “his own portrait, as I remarked, hung up between those of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington.” In Mendoza, cheerful, mudbuilt, white-washed town, seated at the eastern base of the Andes, “with its shady public-walk, well paved and swept;” looking out pleasantly, on this hand, over wide horizons of Pampa wilderness; pleasantly on that, to the Rock-chain, *Cordillera* they call it, of the sky-piercing Mountains, capt in snow, or with volcanic fumes issuing from them: there dwelt General *Ex-Generalissimo* San Martin, ruminating past adventures over half the world; and had his portrait hung up between Napoleon’s and the Duke of Wellington’s.

Did the reader ever hear of San Martin’s march over the Andes into Chile? It is a feat worth looking at; comparable, most likely, to Hannibal’s march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cénis highway; and *it* transacted itself in the year 1817. South American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes: so the Buenos-Ayres people, having driven out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom, though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead: whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza,

was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles “at the Fort of San Carlos by the Aguanda river,” some days’ journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn *Palaver*, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising; still more the concluding civic feast, which lasts for three days, which consists of horses’ flesh for the solid part, and horses’ blood, with ardent spirits *ad libitum*, for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results as one may fancy. However, the women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand; nay, “five or six of these poor women, taking it by turns, were always found in a sober state, watching over the rest;” so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only “one or two” deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches, having drunk their ardent-water and horses’ blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the knowing man! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipt with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness; and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by *another* road. Few things in late war, according to General Miller, have been more note-worthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment the old abysmal solitudes!—For you farre along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths: huge rock-mountains hanging over your head, on this hand; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain-cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms;—the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock-barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you; intricate the outgate! The roadway is narrow; footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behove you to mind your paces; one false step, and you will need no second; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension-bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing

* Memoirs of General Miller.

like see-saws: men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dexterously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile.—For ammunition waggons, he had *sorras*, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull's-hide. His cannons were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed: on the pack-saddle of your foremost mule, there rested with firm girths a long strong pole; the other end of which (*forked* end, we suppose) rested, with like girths, on the pack-saddle of the hindmost mule; your cannon was slung with leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender, dried beef ground into snuff-powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit or maize-meal; "store of onions, of garlic," was not wanting: Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub-brushes, or almost of rock-lichens, or dried mule-dung. No further baggage was permitted: each soldier lay at night, wrapt in his *poncho*, with his knapsack for pillow, under the canopy of heaven; lulled by hard travail; and sank soon enough into steady nose-melody, into the foolishlest rough colt-dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left much behind him in the Pampas,—mother, mistress, what not; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living? What an entity, one of those night-leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars! Wayworn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake; tired mules chew barley rations, or doze on three legs; the feeble watchfire will hardly kindle a cigar; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down; and all snores steadily, begirt by granite deserts, looked on by the constellations in that manner! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate out their week's rations almost in half the time; and for the last three days, had to rush on, spurred by hunger: this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged *Guachos* of his; nay, that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hungry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembodyed; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men;—struck the doubly-astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings; and

then, in pitched fight, after due manœuvres, into total defeat on the "Plains of Maypo," and again, positively for the last time, on the Plains or Heights of "Chacabuco;" and completed the "deliverance of Chile," as was thought, for ever and a day.

Alas, the "deliverance" of Chile was but commenced; very far from completed. Chile, after many more deliverances, up to this hour, is always but "delivered" from one set of evil-doers to another set! San Martin's manœuvres to liberate Peru, to unite Peru and Chile, and become some Washington-Napoleon of the same, did not prosper so well. The suspicion of mankind had to rouse itself; Liberator Bolivar had to be called in; and some revolution or two to take place in the interim. San Martin sees himself peremptorily, though with courtesy, complimented over the Andes again; and in due leisure, at Mendoza, hangs his portrait between Napoleon's and Wellington's. Mr. Miers considered him a fair-spoken, obliging, if somewhat artful man. Might not the Chilenos as well have *taken* him for their Napoleon? They have gone farther, and, as yet, fared little better!

The world-famous General O'Higgins, for example, he, after some revolution or two, became Director of Chile; but so terribly hampered by "class-legislation" and the like, what could he make of it? Almost nothing! O'Higgins is clearly of Irish breed; and, though a Chileno born, and "natural son of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, formerly the Spanish Viceroy of Chile," carries his Hibernianism in his very face. A most cheery, jovial, buxom countenance, radiant with pepticity, good humor, and manifold effectuality in peace and war! Of his battles and adventures let some luckier epic writer sing or speak. One thing we Foreign Reviewers will always remember: his father's immense merits towards Chile in the matter of highways. Till Don Ambrosio arrived to govern Chile, some half century ago, there probably was not a made road of ten miles long from Panama to Cape Horn. Indeed, except his roads, we fear there is hardly any yet. One omits the old Inca causeways, as too narrow, (being only three feet broad,) and altogether unfrequented in the actual ages. Don Ambrosio made, with incredible industry and perseverance and skill, in every direction, roads, roads. From San Iago to Valparaiso, where only sure-footed mules with their packsaddles carried goods, there can now wooden-axled cars loud-sounding, or any kind of vehicle,

commodiously roll. It was he that shaped these passes through the Andes, for most part; hewed them out from mule-tracks into roads, certain of them. And think of his *casuchas*. Always on the higher inhospitable solitudes, at every few miles' distance, stands a trim brick cottage, or *casucha*, into which the forlorn traveller introducing himself, finds covert and grateful safety; nay, food and refection,—for there are “iron boxes” of pounded beef or other provender, iron boxes of charcoal; to all which the traveller, having bargained with the Post-office authorities, carries a key.* Steel and tinder are not wanting to him, nor due iron skillet, with water from the stream: there he, striking a light, cooks hoarded victual at even-tide, amid the lonely pinnacles of the world, and blesses Governor O'Higgins. With “both hands,” it may be hoped,—if there is vivacity of mind in him:

Had you seen this road before it was made,
You would lift both your hands, and bless General
Wade!

It affects one with real pain to hear from Mr. Miers, that the War of Liberty has half ruined these O'Higgins *casuchas*. Patriot soldiers, in want of more warmth than the charcoal-box could yield, have not scrupled to tear down the door, door-case, or whatever wooden thing could be come at, and burn it, on the spur of the moment. The storm-staid traveller, who sometimes, in threatening weather, has to linger here for days, “for fifteen days together,” does not lift both his hands, and bless the Patriot soldier!

Nay, it appears, the O'Higgins roads, even in the plain country, have not, of late years, been repaired, or in the least attended to, so distressed was the finance department; and are now fast verging towards impassability and the condition of mule-tracks again. What a set of animals are men and Chilenos! If an O'Higgins did not now and then appear among them, what would become of the unfortunates? Can you wonder that an O'Higgins sometimes loses temper with them; *shuts* the persuasive outspread hand, clutching some sharpest hide-whip, some terrible sword of justice or gallows-lasso therewith, instead,—and becomes a Dr. Francia now and then! Both the O'Higgins and the Francia, it seems probable, are phases of the same character; both, one begins to fear, are indispensable from time to time, in a world inhabited by men and Chilenos!

As to O'Higgins the Second, Patriot,

* Miers.

Natural-son O'Higgins, he, as we said, had almost no success whatever as a governor; being hampered by class-legislation. Alas, a governor in Chile cannot succeed. A governor there has to resign himself to the want of success; and should say, in cheerful interrogative tone, like that Pope elect, who, showing himself on the balcony, was greeted with mere howls, “*Non piacemmo al popolo?*”—and thereupon proceed cheerfully to the *next* fact. Governing is a rude business everywhere; but in South America it is of quite primitive rudeness: they have no parliamentary way of changing ministries as yet; nothing but the rude primitive way of hanging the old ministry on gibbets, that the new may be installed! Their government has altered its name, says the sturdy Mr. Miers, rendered sulky by what he saw there: altered its name, but its nature continues as before. Shameless speculation, malversation, that is their government: oppression formerly by Spanish officials, now by native hacendados, land-proprietors,—the thing called justice still at a great distance from them, says the sulky Mr. Miers!—Yes, but coming always, answer we; every new gibbeting of an old ineffectual ministry bringing justice somewhat nearer! Nay, as Miers himself has to admit, certain improvements are already indisputable. Trade everywhere, in spite of multiplex confusions, has increased, is increasing: the days of somnolent monopoly and the old Acapulco ship are gone, quite over the horizon. Two good, or partially good measures, the very necessity of things has everywhere brought about in those poor countries: clipping of the enormous bat-wings of the clergy, and emancipating of the slaves. Bat-wings, we say; for truly the South American clergy had grown to be as a kind of bat-vampires: readers have heard of that huge South American bloodsucker, which fixes its bill in your circulating vital fluid as you lie *asleep*, and there sucks; waving you with the motion of its detestable leather wings into ever deeper sleep; and so drinking, till *it* is satisfied, and you—do not awaken any more! The South American governments, all in natural feud with the old church-dignitaries, and likewise all in great straits for cash, have everywhere confiscated the monasteries, cashiered the disobedient dignitaries, melted the superfluous church-plate into piasters; and, on the whole, shorn the *wings* of their vampyre; so that if it still suck, you will at least have a chance of awakening before death!—Then again, the very want of

soldiers of liberty led to the emancipating of blacks, yellows, and other colored persons: your mulatto, nay your negro, if well drilled, will stand fire as well as another.

Poor South American emancipators; they began with Volney, Raynal and Company, at that gospel of Social Contract and the Rights of Man; under the most unpropitious circumstances; and have hitherto got only to the length we see! Nay now, it seems, they do possess "universities," which are at least schools with other than monk teachers: they have got libraries, though as yet almost nobody reads them,—and our friend Miers, repeatedly knocking at all doors of the Grand Chile National Library, could never to this hour discover where the key lay, and had to content himself with looking in through the windows.* Miers, as already hinted, desiderates unspeakable improvements in Chile;—desiderates, indeed, as the basis of all, an immense increase of soap-and-water. Yes, thou sturdy Miers, dirt is decidedly to be removed, whatever improvements, temporal or spiritual, may be intended next! According to Miers, the open, still more the secret personal nastiness of those remote populations, rises almost towards the sublime. Finest silks, gold brocades, pearl necklaces, and diamond ear-drops, are no security against it: alas, all is not gold that glitters; somewhat that glitters is mere putrid fish-skin! Decided, enormously increased appliance of soap-and-water, in all its branches, with all its adjuncts; this, according to Miers, would be an improvement. He says also ("in his haste," as is probable, like the Hebrew Psalmist), that all Chileno men are liars; all, or to appearance, all! A people that uses almost no soap, and speaks almost no truth, but goes about in that fashion, in a state of personal nastiness, and also of spiritual nastiness, approaching the sublime; such people is not easy to govern well!—

But undoubtedly by far the notablest of all these South American phenomena is Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay; concerning whom and which we have now more particularly to speak. Francia and his "reign of terror" have excited some interest, much vague wonder in this country; and especially given a great shock to constitutional feeling. One would rather wish to know Dr. Francia;—but unhappily one cannot! Out of such a murk of distracted shadows and rumors, in the other hemis-

phere of the world, who would pretend to present to decipher the real portraiture of Dr. Francia and his Life? None of us can. A few credible features, wonderful enough, original enough in our constitutional time, will perhaps to the impartial eye disclose themselves: these, with some endeavor to interpret these, may lead certain readers into various reflections, constitutional and other, not entirely without benefit.

Certainly, as we say, nothing could well shock the constitutional feeling of mankind, as Dr. Francia has done. Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and indeed the whole breed of tyrants, one hoped, had gone many hundred years ago, with their reward; and here, under our very nose, rises a new "tyrant," claiming also *his* reward from us! Precisely when constitutional liberty was beginning to be understood a little, and we flattered ourselves that by due ballot-boxes, by due registration-courts, and bursts of parliamentary eloquence, something like a real National Palaver would be got up in those countries,—arises this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia; claps you an embargo on all that; says to constitutional liberty, in the most tyrannous manner, Hitherto, and no farther! It is an undeniable, though an almost incredible fact, that Francia, a lean private individual, Practitioner of Law, and Doctor of Divinity, did, for twenty or near thirty years, stretch out his rod over the foreign commerce of Paraguay, saying to it, Cease! The ships lay high and dry, their pitchless seams all yawning on the clay banks of the Parana; and no man could trade but by Francia's license. If any person entered Paraguay, and the Doctor did not like his papers, his talk, conduct, or even the cut of his face,—it might be the worse for such person! Nobody could leave Paraguay on any pretext whatever. It mattered not that you were a man of science, astronomer, geologist, astrologer, wizard of the north; Francia heeded none of these things. The whole world knows of M. Aimé Bonpland; how Francia seized him, descending on his tea-establishment in Entre Rios, like an obscene vulture, and carried him into the interior, contrary even to the law of nations; how the great Humboldt and other high persons expressly applied to Doctor Francia, calling on him, in the name of human science, and as it were under penalty of reprobation, to liberate M. Bonpland; and how Dr. Francia made no answer, and M. Bonpland did not return to Europe, and indeed has never yet returned. It is also admitted that Dr. Francia had a

* Travels in Chile.

gallows, had jailers, law-fiscals, officials; and executed, in his time, "upwards of forty persons," some of them in a very summary manner. Liberty of private judgment, unless it kept its mouth shut, was at an end in Paraguay. Paraguay lay under interdict, cut off for above twenty years from the rest of the world, by a new Dionysius of Paraguay. All foreign commerce had ceased; how much more all domestic constitution-building! These are strange facts. Dr. Francia, we may conclude at least, was not a common man but an uncommon.

How unfortunate that there is almost no knowledge of him procurable at present! Next to none. The Paraguenos can in many cases spell and read, but they are not a literary people; and, indeed, this Doctor was, perhaps, too awful a practical phenomenon to be calmly treated of in the literary way. Your Breughel paints his sea-storm, not while the ship is laboring and cracking, but after he has got to shore, and is safe under cover! Our Buenos-Ayres friends, again, who are not without habits of printing, lay at a great distance from Francia, under great obscurations of quarrel and controversy with him; their constitutional feeling shocked to an extreme degree by the things he did. To them, there could little intelligence float down, on those long muddy waters, through those vast distracted countries, that was not more or less of a distracted nature; and then from Buenos-Ayres over into Europe, there is another long tract of distance, liable to new distractions. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, is, at present, to the European mind, little other than a chimera; at best, the statement of a puzzle, to which the solution is still to seek. As the Paraguenos, though not a literary people, can many of them spell and write, and are not without a discriminating sense of true and untrue, why should not some real "Life of Francia," from those parts, be still possible? If a writer of genius arise there, he is hereby invited to the enterprise. Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls in with such; and say to himself: "Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of! Why do I keep pen and ink at all, if not to apprise men of this singular acting genius and the like of him? My fine-arts and æsthetics, my epics, literatures, poetics, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or else nothing whatever!"

Hitherto our chief source of information as to Francia is a little book, the second on our list, set forth in French some sixteen

years ago, by the Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp. Translations into various languages were executed:—of that into English, it is our painful duty to say that no man, except in case of extreme necessity, shall use it as reading. The translator, having little fear of human detection, and seemingly none at all of divine or diabolic, has done his work even unusually ill; with ignorance, with carelessness, with dishonesty prepense; coolly *omitting* whatsoever he *saw* that he did not understand:—poor man, if he yet survive, let him reform in time! He has made a French book, which was itself but lean and dry, into the most wooden of English false books; doing evil as he could in that matter;—and claimed wages for it, as if the feat deserved *wages* first of all! Reformation, even on the small scale, is highly necessary.

The Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp were, and we hope still are, two Swiss Surgeons; who in the year 1819 resolved on carrying their talents into South America, into Paraguay, with views towards "natural history," among other things. After long toiling and struggling in those Parana floods, and distracted provinces, after much detention by stress of weather and of war, they arrived accordingly in Francia's country; but found that, without Francia's leave, they could not quit it again. Francia was now a Dionysius of Paraguay. Paraguay had grown to be, like some mousetraps and other contrivances of art and nature, easy to enter, impossible to get out of. Our brave surgeons, our brave Rengger (for it is he alone of the two that speaks and writes) reconciled themselves; were set to doctoring of Francia's soldiery, of Francia's self; collected plants and beetles; and, for six years, endured their lot rather handsomely: at length, in 1825, the embargo was for a time lifted, and they got home. This book was the consequence. It is not a good book, but at that date there was, on the subject, no other book at all; nor is there yet any other better, or as good. We consider it to be authentic, veracious, moderately accurate; though lean and dry, it is intelligible, rational; in the French original, not unreadable. We may say it embraces up to this date, the present date, all of importance that is yet known in Europe about the Doctor Despot; add to this its indisputable *brevity*; the fact that it can be read sooner by several hours than any other *Dr. Francia*: these are its excellencies,—considerable, though wholly of a comparative sort.

After all, brevity is the soul of wit!

There is an endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The stupidest man, if he will be brief in proportion, may fairly claim some hearing from us: he too, the stupidest man, has seen something, heard something, which is his own, distinctly peculiar, never seen or heard by any man in this world before; let him tell us that, and if it were possible, *nothing* more than that,—he, brief in proportion, shall be welcome!

The Messrs. Robertson, with their "Francia's Reign of Terror," and other books on South America, have been much before the world of late; and failed not of a perusal from this reviewer; whose next sad duty it now is to say a word about them. The Messrs. Robertson, some thirty or five and thirty years ago, were two young Scotchmen, from the neighborhood of Edinburgh, as would seem; who, under fair auspices, set out for Buenos-Ayres, thence for Paraguay, and other quarters of that remote continent, in the way of commercial adventure. Being young men of vivacity and open eyesight, they surveyed with attentive view those convulsed regions of the world; wherein it was evident that revolution raged not a little; but also that precious metals, cow-hides, Jesuits' bark, and multiplex commodities, were nevertheless extant; and iron or brazen implements, ornaments, cotton and woollen clothing, and British manufactures not a few, were objects of desire to mankind. The brothers Robertson, acting on these facts, appear to have prospered, to have extensively flourished in their commerce; which they gradually extended up the River Plate, to the city of the Seven Streams or Currents, (*Corrientes* so called,) and higher even to Assumpcion, metropolis of Paraguay; in which latter place, so extensive did the commercial interests grow, it seemed at last expedient that one or both of the prosperous brothers should take up his personal residence. Personal residence accordingly they did take up, one or both of them, and maintain, in a fluctuating way, now in this city, now in that, of the De la Plata, Parana or Paraguay country, for a considerable space of years. How many years, in precise arithmetic, it is impossible, from these inextricably complicated documents now before us, to ascertain. In Paraguay itself, in Assumpcion city itself, it is very clear, the brothers Robertson did, successively or simultaneously, in a fluctuating inextricable manner, live for certain years; and occasionally saw Dr. Francia with their own eyes,—though, to them or others, he had not yet become notable.

Mountains of cow and other hides, it would appear, quitted those countries by movement of the brothers Robertson, to be worn out in Europe as tanned boots and horse-harness, with more or less satisfaction,—not without due profit to the merchants, we shall hope. About the time of Dr. Francia's beginning his "reign of terror," or earlier it may be, (for there are no dates in these inextricable documents,) the Messrs. Robertson were lucky enough to take final farewell of Paraguay, and carry their commercial enterprises into other quarters of that vast continent, where the reign was not of terror. Their voyagings, counter-voyagings, comings and goings, seem to have been extensive, frequent, inextricably complex; to Europe, to Tucuman, to Glasgow, to Chile, to Laswade, and else-whither; too complex for a succinct intelligence, as that of our readers has to be at present. Sufficient for us to know, that the Messrs. Robertson did bodily, and for good, return to their own country some few years since; with what net result of cash is but dimly adumbrated in these documents; certainly with some increase of knowledge—had the unfolding of it but been brief in proportion! Indisputably the Messrs. Robertson had somewhat to tell: their eyes had seen some new things, of which their hearts and understandings had taken hold more or less. In which circumstances the Messrs. Robertson decided on publishing a book. Arrangements being made, two volumes of "Letters on Paraguay" came out, with due welcome from the world, in 1839.

We have read these "Letters" for the first time lately: a book of somewhat *aqueous* structure: immeasurably thinner than one could have wished; otherwise not without merit. It is written in an off-hand, free-glowing, very artless, very incorrect style of language, of thought, and of conception; breathes a cheerful, eupeptic, social spirit, as of adventurous South-American Britons, worthy to succeed in business; gives one, here and there, some visible concrete feature, some lively glimpse of those remote sunburnt countries; and has throughout a kind of bantering humor or quasi-humor, a joviality and healthiness of heart, which is comfortable to the reader, in some measure. A book not to be despised in these dull times: one of that extensive class of books which a reader can peruse, so to speak, "with one eye shut and the other not open;" a considerable luxury for some readers. These "Letters on Paraguay" meeting, as would seem, a unani-

mous approval, it was now determined by the Messrs. Robertson that they would add a third volume, and entitle it "Dr. Francia's Reign of Terror." They did so, and this likewise the present reviewer has read. Unluckily the authors had, as it were, nothing more whatever to say about Dr. Francia, or next to nothing; and under this condition, it must be owned they have done their book with what success was well possible. Given a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap, To lather it up in water so as to fill one puncheon wine-measure: this is the problem; let a man have credit (of its kind) for doing his problem! The Messrs. Robertson have picked almost every fact of significance from "Rengger and Longchamp," adding some not very significant reminiscences of their own; this is the square inch of soap: you lather it up in Robertsonian loquacity, joviality, Commercial-Innbanter, Leading-Article philosophy, or other aqueous vehicles, till it fills the puncheon, the volume of four hundred pages, and say, "There!" The public, it would seem, did not fling even this in the face of the venders, but bought it as a puncheon filled; and the consequences are already here: Three volumes more on "South America," from the same assiduous Messrs. Robertson! These, also, in his eagerness, this present reviewer has read; and has, alas, to say that they are simply the old volumes in new vocables, under a new figure. Intrinsically all that we did not already know of these three volumes,—there are craftsmen of no great eminence who will undertake to write it in one sheet! Yet there they stand, three solid-looking volumes, a thousand printed pages and upwards; three puncheons *more* lathered out of the old square inch of Castile soap! It is too bad. A necessitous ready-witted Irishman sells you an indifferent gray-horse; steals it over night, paints it black, and sells it you again on the morrow; *he* is haled before judges, sharply cross-questioned, tried, and almost executed, for such adroitness in horse-flesh; but there is no law yet as to books!

M. de la Condamine, about a century ago, was one of a world-famous company that went into those equinoctial countries, and for the space of nine or ten years did exploits there. From Quito to Cuença, he measured you degrees of the meridian, climbed mountains, took observations, had adventures; wild Creoles opposing Spanish nescience to human science; wild Indians throwing down your whole cargo of instruments occasionally in the heart of remote

deserts, and striking work there. M. de la Condamine saw bull-fights at Cuença,* five days running; and on the fifth day, saw his unfortunate too audacious surgeon massacred by popular tumult there. He sailed the entire length of the Amazons River, in Indian canoes; over narrow Pongo rapids, over infinite mud-waters, the infinite tangled wilderness, with its reeking desolation on the right hand of him and on the left;—and had mischances, adventures, and took celestial observations all the way, and made remarks! Apart altogether from his meridian degrees, which belong in a very strict sense to world-history and the advancement of all Adam's sinful posterity, this man and his party saw and suffered many hundred times as much of mere romance adventure as the Messrs. Robertson did:—Madame Godin's passage down the Amazons, and frightful life-in-death amid the howling forest-labyrinths, and wrecks of her dead friends, amounts to more adventure of itself than was ever dreamt of in the Robertsonian world. And of all this M. de la Condamine gives pertinent, lucid, and conclusively intelligible and credible account in one very small octavo volume; not quite the eighth part of what the Messrs. Robertson have already written, in a not pertinent, not lucid, or conclusively intelligible and credible manner. And the Messrs. Robertson talk repeatedly, in their last volumes, of writing still other volumes on Chile, "if the public will encourage." The Public will be a monstrous fool if it do. The Public ought to stipulate first, that the real new knowledge forthcoming there about Chile be separated from the knowledge or ignorance already known; that the preliminary question be rigorously put, Are several volumes the space to hold it, or a small fraction of one volume?

On the whole, it is a sin, good reader, though there is no Act of Parliament against it; an indubitable *malefaction* or crime. No mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something: he knows not what mischief he does, past computation; scattering words without meaning,—to afflict the whole world yet, before they cease! For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind: idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature or the human mind, propagate themselves in that way; like to cover the face of the earth, did not man's indignant providence with reap-hook, with rake, with autumnal steel-and-tinder, intervene.

* Condamine: Relation d'un Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique méridionale.

It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions; every word of it a potential seed of infinite new downbeards and volumes; for the mind of man is feracious, is voracious; generative, above all things, of the downbeard species! Why, the author corps in Great Britain, every soul of them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions if permitted, is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading corps, who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open, and will put up with almost any dandelion or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes, amounts to twenty-seven millions all but a few! O could the Messrs. Robertson, spirited, articulate-speaking men, once know well in what a comparatively blessed mood you close your brief, intelligent, conclusive *M. de la Condamine*, and feel that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom,—not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms, with fools and noisy persons,—ah, in that case, perhaps the Messrs. Robertson would write their new work on Chile in *part* of a volume!

But enough of this Robertsonian department; which we must leave to the Fates and Supreme Providences. These spirited, articulate-speaking Robertsons are far from the worst of their kind; nay, among the best, if you will;—only unlucky in this case, in coming across the autumnal steel and tinder! Let it cease to rain angry sparks on them: enough now, and more than enough. To cure that unfortunate department by philosophical criticism—the attempt is most vain. Who will dismount, on a hasty journey, with the day declining, to attack mosquito-swarms with the horse-whip? Spur swiftly through them; breathing perhaps some pious prayer to heaven. By the horsewhip they cannot be killed. Drain out the swamps where they are bred,—Ah, couldst thou do something towards that! And in the mean while: How to get on with this of Dr. Francia?

The materials, as our reader sees, are of the miserablest: mere intricate inanity, (if we except poor wooden *Rengger*,) and little more; not facts, but broken shadows of facts; clouds of confused bluster and jargon;—the whole still more bewildered in the *Robertsons*, by what we may call a running shriek of constitutional denunciation, “sanguinary tyrant,” and so forth. How is any picture of Francia to be fabricated out of that? Certainly, first of all, by *omission* of the running shriek! This latter we shall

totally omit. Francia, the sanguinary tyrant, was not bound to look at the world through *Rengger*’s eyes, through *Parish Robertson*’s eyes, but faithfully through his own eyes. We are to consider that, in all human likelihood, this *Dionysius of Paraguay* did mean something; and then to ask in quietness, What? The running shriek once hushed, perhaps many things will compose themselves, and straggling fractions of information, almost infinitesimally small, may become unexpectedly luminous!

An unscientific cattle-breeder and tiller of the earth, in some nameless *chacra* not far from the city of *Assumpcion*, was the father of this remarkable human individual; and seems to have evoked him into being some time in the year 1757. The man’s name is not known to us; his very nation is a point of controversy: Francia himself gave him out for an immigrant of French extraction; the popular belief was, that he had wandered over from Brazil. Portuguese or French, or both in one, he produced this human individual, and had him christened by the name of *José Gaspar Rodriguez Francia*, in the year abovementioned. *Rodriguez*, no doubt, had a mother too; but her name, also, nowhere found mentioned, must be omitted in this delineation. Her name, and all her fond maternities, and workings, and sufferings, good brown lady, are sunk in dumb forgetfulness; and buried there along with her, under the twenty-fifth parallel of Southern Latitude; and no British reader is required to interfere with them! *José Rodriguez* must have been a loose-made tawny creature, much given to taciturn reflection; probably to crying humors, with fits of vehement ill-nature: such a subject, it seemed to the parent Francia cautiously reflecting on it, would, of all attainable trades, be suitablest for preaching the gospel, and doing the divine offices, in a country like Paraguay. There were other young Francias; at least one sister and one brother in addition; of whom the latter by and by went mad. The Francias, with their adust character, and vehement French-Portuguese blood, had perhaps all a kind of aptitude for madness. The Dictator himself was subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria, as your adust “men of genius” too frequently are! The lean *Rodriguez*, we fancy, may have been of a devotional turn withal; born half a century earlier, he had infallibly been so. Devotional or not, he shall be a priest, and *do* the divine offices in Paraguay, perhaps in a very unexpected way.

Rodriguez, having learned his hornbooks

and elementary branches at Assumpcion, was accordingly despatched to the University of Cordova in Tucuman, to pursue his curriculum in that seminary. So far we know, but almost no farther. What kind of curriculum it was, what lessons, spiritual spoonmeat, the poor lank sallow boy was crammed with, in Cordova High Seminary; and how he took to it, and pined or thrived on it, is entirely uncertain. Lank, sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high seminaries are often dreadfully ill-dealt with, in respect of their spiritual spoonmeat, as times go! Spoon-poison you might often call it rather: as if the object were to make them Mithridateses, able to *live* on poison? Which may be a useful art, too, in its kind? Nay, in fact, if we consider it, these high seminaries and establishments exist there, in Tucuman and elsewhere, not for that lank, sallow boy's special purposes, but for their own wise purposes; they were made and put together, a long while since, without taking the smallest counsel of the sallow boy! Frequently they seem to say to him, all along: "This precious thing that lies in thee, O sallow boy, of 'genius,' so called, it may to thee and to eternal Nature, be precious; but to us and to temporary Tucuman, it is not precious, but pernicious, deadly: we require thee to quit this, or expect penalties!" And yet the poor boy, how can he quit it; eternal Nature herself, from the depths of the Universe, ordering him to go on with it? From the depths of the Universe, and of his own Soul, latest revelation of the Universe, he is, in a silent, imperceptible, but irrefragable manner, directed to go on with it,—and has to go, though under penalties. Penalties of very death, or worse! Alas, the poor boy, so willing to obey temporary Tucumans, and yet unable to disobey eternal Nature, is truly to be pitied. Thou shalt be Rodriguez Francia! cries Nature, and the poor boy to himself. Thou shalt be Ignatius Loyola, Friar Ponderoso, Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto! cries Tucuman. The poor creature's whole boyhood is one long law suit: Rodriguez Francia against All Persons in general. It is so in Tucuman, so in most places. You cannot advise effectually into what high seminary he had best be sent; the only safe way is to bargain beforehand, that he have force born with him sufficient to make itself good against all persons in general!

Be this as it may, the lean Francia prosecutes his studies at Cordova, waxes gradually taller towards new destinies. Rodriguez Francia, in some kind of Jesuit scull-

cap, and black college serge gown, a lank rawboned creature, stalking with a downlook through the irregular public streets of Cordova in those years, with an infinitude of painful unspeakabilities in the interior of him, is an interesting object to the historical mind. So much is unspeakable, O Rodriguez; and it is a most strange Universe this we are born into; and the theorem of Ignatius Loyola and Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto seems to me to hobble somewhat! Much is unspeakable; lying within one, like a dark lake of doubt, of Acherontic dread, leading down to Chaos itself. Much is unspeakable, answers Francia; but somewhat also is speakable,—this for example: That I will not be a priest in Tucuman in these circumstances; that I should like decidedly to be a secular person rather, were it even a lawyer rather! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Some say it was in Divinity that he graduated, and got his Doctor's hat; Rengger says, Divinity; the Robertsons, likelier to be incorrect, call him Doctor of Laws. To our present readers it is all one, or nearly so. Rodriguez quitted the Tucuman *Alma Mater*, with some beard on his chin, and reappeared in Assumpcion to look out for practice at the bar.

What Rodriguez had contrived to learn, or grow to, under this his *Alma Mater* in Cordova, when he quitted her? The answer is a mere guess; his curriculum, we again say, is not yet known. Some faint smattering of Arithmetic, or the everlasting laws of Numbers; faint smattering of Geometry, everlasting laws of Shapes; these things, we guess, not altogether in the dark, Rodriguez did learn, and found extremely remarkable. Curious enough: That round Globe put into that round Drum, to touch it at the ends and all round, it is precisely as if you clapt 2 into the inside of 3, not a jot more, not a jot less: wonder at it, O Francia; for in fact it is a thing to make one pause! Old Greek Archimedeses, Pythagorases, dusky Indians, old nearly as the hills, detected such things; and they have got across into Paraguay, into this brain of thine, thou happy Francia. How is it, too, that the Almighty Maker's Planets run, in those heavenly spaces, in paths which are conceivable in thy poor human head as Sections of a Cone? The thing thou conceivest as an Ellipsis, the Almighty Maker has set his Planets to roll in that. Clear proof, which neither Loyola nor Usandwonto can contravene, that *Thou* too art denizen of this universe; that *Thou*

too, in some inconceivable manner, wert present at the Council of the Gods!—Faint smatterings of such things Francia did learn in Tucuman. Endless heavy foderings of Jesuit theology, poured on him and round him by the wagon-load, incessantly, and year after year, he did not learn; but left lying there as shot rubbish. On the other hand, some slight inkling of human grammatical vocables, especially of French vocables, seems probable. French vocables; bodily garment of the "Encyclopédie" and Gospel, according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company; of infinite import to Francia!

Nay, is it not in some sort beautiful to see the sacred flame of ingenuous human curiosity, love of knowledge, awakened, amid the damp somnolent vapors, real and metaphorical, the damp tropical poison-jungles, and fat Lethean stupefactions and entanglements, even in the heart of a poor Paraguay Creole? Sacred flame, no bigger yet than that of a farthing rushlight, and with nothing but secondhand French class-books in science, and in politics and morals nothing but the Raynals and Rousseaus, to feed it:—an ill-fed, lank-quavering, most blue-colored, almost ghastly-looking flame; but a needful one, a kind of sacred one even that! Thou shalt love knowledge, search what *is* the *truth* of this God's Universe; thou art privileged and bound to love it, to search for it, in Jesuit Tucuman, in all places that the sky covers; and shalt try even Volneys for help, if there be no other help! This poor blue-colored inextinguishable flame in the soul of Rodriguez Francia, there as it burns better or worse, in many figures, through the whole life of him, is very notable to me. Blue flame though it be, it has to burn up considerable quantities of poisonous lumber from the general face of Paraguay; and singe the profound impenetrable forest-jungle, spite of all its brambles and lianas, into a very black condition,—intimating that there shall be decease and removal on the part of said forest-jungle; peremptory removal; that the blessed Sunlight shall again look in upon his cousin Earth, tyrannously hidden from him, for so many centuries now! Courage, Rodriguez!

Rodriguez, indifferent to such remote considerations, successfully addicts himself to law-pleadings, and general private studies, in the city of Assumpcion. We have always understood he was one of the best advocates, perhaps the very best, and what is still more, the justest that ever took briefs in that country. This the

Robertsonian "Reign of Terror" itself is willing to admit, nay, repeatedly asserts, and impresses on us. He was so just and true, while a young man; gave such divine prognostics of a life of nobleness; and then, in his riper years, so belied all that! Shameful to think of: he bade fair, at one time, to be a friend-of-humanity of the first water; and then gradually, hardened by political success, and love of power, he became a mere ravenous goul, or solitary thief in the night; stealing the constitutional palladiums, from their parliament-houses—and executed upwards of forty persons! Sad to consider what men and friends-of-humanity will turn to!

For the rest, it is not given to this or as yet to any editor, till a Biography arrive from Paraguay, to shape out with the smallest clearness, a representation of Francia's existence as an Assumpcion advocate; the scene is so distant, the conditions of it so unknown. Assumpcion city, near three hundred years old now, lies in free-and-easy fashion, on the left bank of the Parana River; embosomed among fruit-forests, rich tropical umbrage; thick wood round it everywhere—which serves for defence too against the Indians. Approach by which of the various roads you will, it is through miles of solitary shady avenue, shutting out the sun's glare; overcanopying, as with grateful green awning, the loose sand-highway,—where, in the early part of this century (date undiscoverable in those intricate volumes), Mr. Parish Robertson, advancing on horseback, met one cart driven by a smart brown girl, in red bodice, with long black hair, not unattractive to look upon; and for a space of twelve miles, no other articulate-speaking thing whatever.*

The people of that profuse climate live in a careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things; build what wooden carts, hide-beds, mud-brick houses are indispensable; import what of ornamental lies handiest abroad; exchanging for it Paraguay tea in sewed goatskins. Riding through the town of Santa Fé, with Parish Robertson, at three in the afternoon, you will find the entire population just arisen from its siesta; slipshod, half-buttoned; sitting in its front verandahs open to the street, eating pumpkins with voracity,—sunk to the ears in pumpkins; imbibing the grateful saccharine juices, in a free and easy way. They look up at the sound of your hoofs, not without good humor. Frondent trees parasol the streets,—thanks to

* Letters on Paraguay.

Nature and the Virgin. You will be welcome at their *tertulias*,—a kind of "*swarrie*," as the flunkey says, "consisting of flirtation and the usual trimmings: *swarrie* on the table about seven o'clock." Before this, the whole population, it is like, has gone to bathe promiscuously, and cool and purify itself in the Parana: promiscuously, but you have all got linen bathing-garments, and can wash about with some decency; a great relief to the human tabernacle in those climates. At your *tertulia*, it is said, the Andalusian eyes, still bright to this tenth or twelfth generation, are distractive, seductive enough, and argue a soul that would repay cultivating. The beautiful half-savages; full of wild sheet-lightning, which might be made continuously luminous! *Tertulia* well over, you sleep on hide-stretchers, perhaps here and there on a civilized mattress, within doors or on the housetops.

In the damp, flat country parts, where the mosquitoes abound, you sleep on high stages, mounted on four poles, forty feet above the ground, attained by ladders; so high, blessed be the Virgin, no mosquito can follow to sting,—it is a blessing of the Virgin or some other. You sleep there, in an indiscriminate arrangement, each in his several *poncho* or blanket-cloak; with some saddle, deal-box, wooden log, or the like, under your head. For bed-tester is the canopy of everlasting blue; for night-lamp, burns Canopus in his infinite spaces; mosquitoes cannot reach you, if it please the Powers. And rosy-fingered Morn, suffusing the east with sudden red and gold, and other flame-heraldry of swift-advancing Day, attenuates all dreams; and the sun's first level light-volley sheers away sleep from living creatures everywhere; and living men do then awaken on their four-post stage there, in the Pampas,—and might begin with prayer if they liked, one fancies! There is an altar decked on the horizon's edge yonder, is there not; and a cathedral wide enough!—How, over night, you have defended yourself against vampires, is unknown to this editor.

The Guacho population, it must be owned, is not yet fit for constitutional liberty. They are a rude people; lead a drowsy life, of ease and sluttish abundance,—one shade, and but one, above a dog's life, which is defined as "ease and scarcity." The arts are in their infancy; and not less the virtues. For equipment, clothing, bedding, household furniture, and general outfit of every kind, those simple populations depend much on the skin of

the cow; making of it most things wanted, lasso, bolas, ship-cordage, trimmings of cart-wheels, spatterdashes, beds, and house-doors. In country places they sit on the skull of the cow: General Artigas was seen, and spoken with, by one of the Robertsons, sitting among field-officers, all on cow-skulls, toasting stripes of beef, and "dictating to three secretaries at once."* They sit on the skull of the cow in country places; nay, they heat themselves, and even burn lime, by igniting the carcass of the cow.

One art they seem to have perfected, and one only—that of riding. Astley's and Ducrow's must hide their head, all glories of Newmarket and Epsom dwindle to extinction, in comparison of Guacho horsemanship. Certainly if ever Centaurs lived upon the earth, these are of them. They stick on their horses as if both were one flesh; galloping where there seems hardly path for an ibex; leaping like kangaroos, and flourishing their nooses and bolases the while. They can whirl themselves round under the belly of the horse, in cases of war-stratagem, and stick fast, hanging on by the mere great toe and heel. You think it is a drove of wild horses galloping up: on a sudden, with wild scream, it becomes a troop of Centaurs with pikes in their hands. Nay, they have the skill, which most of all transcends Newmarket, of riding on horses that are *not* fed; and can bring fresh speed and alacrity out of a horse which, with you, was on the point of lying down. To ride on three horses with Ducrow they would esteem a small feat: to ride on the broken-winded fractional part of one horse, that is the feat! Their huts abound in beef, in reek also, and rubbish; excelling in dirt most places that human nature has anywhere inhabited. Poor Guachos! They drink Paraguay tea, sucking it up in succession, through the same tin pipe, from one common skillet. They are hospitable, sooty, leathery, lying, laughing fellows; of excellent talent in their sphere. They have stoicism, though ignorant of Zeno; nay, stoicism coupled with real gaiety of heart. Amidst their reek and wreck, they laugh loud, in rough jolly banter; they twang, in a plaintive manner, rough love-melodies on a kind of guitar; smoke infinite tobacco; and delight in gambling and ardent spirits, ordinary refuge of voracious empty souls. For the same reason, and a better, they delight also in Corpus-Christi ceremonies, mass-

* Letters on Paraguay.

chantings, and devotional performances. These men are fit to be drilled into something! Their lives stand there like empty capacious bottles, calling to the heavens and the earth, and all Dr. Francias who may pass that way: "Is there nothing to put into us, then? Nothing but nomadic idleness, Jesuit superstition, rubbish, reek, and dry stripes of tough beef?" Ye unhappy Guachos,—yes, there is something other, there are several things other, to put into you! But withal, you will observe, the seven devils have first to be put out of you: Idleness, lawless Brutalness, Darkness, Falseness—seven devils or more. And the way to put something into you is, alas, not so plain at present! Is it,—alas, on the whole, is it not perhaps to lay good horsewhips lustily upon you, and cast out these seven devils as a preliminary?

How Francia passed his days in such a region, where philosophy, as is too clear, was at the lowest ebb? Francia, like Quintus Fixlein, had "perennial fire-proof joys, namely, employments." He had much law-business, a great and ever-increasing reputation as a man at once skilful and faithful in the management of causes for men. Then, in his leisure hours, he had his Volneys, Raynals; he had second-hand scientific treatises in French; he loved to "interrogate Nature," as they say; to possess theodolites, telescopes, star-glasses,—any kind of glass or book, or gazing implement whatever, through which he might try to catch a glimpse of Fact in this strange Universe: poor Francia! Nay, it is said, his hard heart was not without inflammability; was sensible to those Andalusian eyes still bright in the tenth or twelfth generation. In such case, too, it may have burnt, one would think, like anthracite, in a somewhat ardent manner. Rumors to this effect are afloat; not at once incredible. Pity there had not been some Andalusian pair of eyes, with speculation, depth, and soul enough in the rear of them to fetter Dr. Francia permanently, and make a house-father of him. It had been better; but it befel not. As for that light-headed, smart, brown-girl, whom, twenty years afterwards, you saw selling flowers on the streets of Assumpcion, and leading a light life, is there any certainty that she was Dr. Francia's daughter? Any certainty that even if so, he could and should have done something considerable for her? * Poor Francia, poor light-headed, smart, brown girl,—this present reviewer cannot say!

* Robertson.

Francia is a somewhat lonesome, down-looking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men; wears a face not unvisited by laughter, yet tending habitually towards the sorrowful, the stern. He passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigor; of iron rectitude, above all. "The skilful lawyer," "the learned lawyer," these are reputations; but the "honest lawyer!" This law-case was reported by the Robertsons before they thought of writing a "Francia's Reign of Terror," with that running shriek, which so confuses us. We love to believe the anecdote, even in its present loose state, as significant of many things in Francia:

"It has been already observed that Francia's reputation, as a lawyer, was not only unsullied by venality, but conspicuous for rectitude.

"He had a friend in Assumpcion of the name of Domingo Rodriguez. This man had cast a covetous eye upon a Naboth's vineyard, and this Naboth, of whom Francia was the open enemy, was called Estanislao Machain. Never doubting that the young doctor, like other lawyers, would undertake his unrighteous cause, Rodriguez opened to him his case, and requested, with a handsome retainer, his advocacy of it. Francia saw at once that his friend's pretensions were founded in fraud and injustice; and he not only refused to act as his counsel, but plainly told him that much as he hated his antagonist Machain, yet if he (Rodriguez) persisted in his iniquitous suit, that antagonist should have his (Francia's) most zealous support. But covetousness, as Ahab's story shows us, is not so easily driven from its pretensions; and in spite of Francia's warning, Rodriguez persisted. As he was a potent man in point of fortune, all was going against Machain and his devoted vineyard.

"At this stage of the question, Francia wrapped himself one night in his cloak, and walked to the house of his inveterate enemy, Machain. The slave who opened the door, knowing that his master and the doctor, like the houses of Montagu and Capulet, were smoke in each other's eyes, refused the lawyer admittance, and ran to inform his master of the strange and unexpected visit. Machain, no less struck by the circumstance than his slave, for some time hesitated; but at length determined to admit Francia. In walked the silent doctor to Machain's chamber. All the papers connected with the law-plea—voluminous enough I have been assured—were outspread upon the defendant's escritoire.

"'Machain,' said the lawyer, addressing him, 'you know I am your enemy. But I know that my friend Rodriguez meditates, and will certainly, unless I interfere, carry against you an act of gross and lawless aggression; I have come to offer my services in your defence.'

"The astonished Machain could scarcely credit his senses; but poured forth the ebulli-

tion of his gratitude in terms of thankful acquiescence.

"The first 'escrito,' or writing, sent in by Francia to the Juez de Alzada, or Judge of the Court of Appeal, confounded the adverse advocates, and staggered the judge, who was in their interest. 'My friend,' said the judge to the leading counsel, 'I cannot go forward in this matter unless you bribe Dr. Francia to be silent.' 'I will try,' replied the advocate, and he went to Naboth's counsel with a hundred doubloons (about three hundred and fifty guineas), which he offered him as a bribe to let the cause take its iniquitous course. Considering, too, that his best introduction would be a hint that this *douceur* was offered with the judge's concurrence, the knavish lawyer hinted to the upright one that such was the fact.

"*'Salga Usted,'* said Francia, *'con sus viles pensamientos, y vilísimo oro de mi casa.'* 'Out with your vile insinuations, and dross of gold from my house.'

"Off marched the venal drudge of the unjust judge; and in a moment putting on his capoté, the offended advocate went to the residence of the Juez de Alzada. Shortly relating what had passed between himself and the myrmidon,—*'Sir,'* continued Francia, 'you are a disgrace to law, and a blot upon justice. You are, moreover, completely in my power; and unless tomorrow I have a decision in favor of my client, I will make your seat upon the bench too hot for you, and the insignia of your judicial office shall become the emblems of your shame.'

"The morrow *did* bring a decision in favor of Francia's client. Naboth retained his vineyard; the judge lost his reputation; and the young doctor's fame extended far and wide."

On the other hand, it is admitted that he quarrelled with his father, in those days; and, as is reported, never spoke to him more. The subject of the quarrel is vaguely supposed to have been "money matters." Francia is not accused of avarice; nay, is expressly acquitted of loving money, even by Rengger. But he did hate injustice;—and probably was not indisposed to allow *himself*, among others, "the height of fair play!" A rigorous, correct man, that will have a spade be a spade; a man of much learning in Creole law, and occult French sciences, of great talent, energy, fidelity:—a man of some temper withal; unhappily subject to private "hypocondria;" black private thunder-clouds, whence probably the origin of these *lightnings*, when you poke into him! He leads a lonesome, self-secluded life; "interrogating Nature" through mere star-glasses, and Abbé-Raynal philosophies—who in that way will yield no very exuberant response. Mere law-papers, advocate fees, civic officialities, renowns, and the wonder of Assumpcion Guachos;—not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him, except in a

temporary way: this man seems to have got but a lean lease of Nature, and may end in a rather shrunk condition! A century ago, with this atrabiliar earnestness of his, and such a reverberatory furnace of passions, inquiries, unspeakabilities burning in him, deep under cover, he might have made an excellent monk of St. Dominic, fit almost for canonization; nay, an excellent Superior of the Jesuits, Grand Inquisitor, or the like, had you developed him in that way. But, for all this, he is now a day too late. Monks of St. Dominic that might have been, do now, instead of devotional raptures and miraculous suspensions in prayer, produce—brown accidental female infants, to sell flowers, in an indigent state, on the streets of Assumpcion! It is grown really a most barren time; and this Francia, with his grim unspeakabilities, with his fiery splenetic humors, kept close under lock and key, what has he to look for in it? A post on the Bench, in the municipal *Cabildo*,—nay, he has already a post in the *Cabildo*; he has already been Alcalde, Lord Mayor of Assumpcion, and ridden in such gilt coach as they had. He can look for little, one would say but barren monies, barren Guacho world-celebrities; Abbe-Raynal philosophisms also very barren; wholly a barren life-voyage of it, ending—in *zero* thinks the Abbé Raynal?

But no; the world wags not that way in those days. Far over the waters there have been Federations of the Champ de Mars: guillotines, portable-guillotines, and a French people risen against tyrants; there has been a *Sansculottism*, speaking at last in cannon-volleys and the crash of towns and nations over half the world. Sleek Fatpauncho Usandwonto, sleek aristocratic Donothingism, sunk as in death-sleep in its well-stuffed easy-chair, or staggering in somnambulism on the house-tops, seemed to itself to hear a voice say, Sleep no more, Donothingism; Donothingism doth murder sleep! It was indeed a terrible explosion, that of Sansculottism; commingling very Tartarus with the old-established stars; fit, such a tumult was it, to awaken all but the dead. And out of it there had come Napoleonisms, Tamerlanisms; and then, as a branch of these, Conventions of Aranjuez, soon followed by Spanish Juntas, Spanish Cortes; and, on the whole, a smiting broad awake of poor old Spain itself, much to its amazement. And naturally of New Spain next,—to *its* double amazement, seeing itself awake! And so, in the new hemisphere too, arise

wild projects, angry arguings; arise armed gatherings in Santa Marguerita Island, with Bolivars and Invasions of Cumana; revolts of La Plata, revolts of this and then of that; the subterranean electric element, shock on shock, shaking and exploding, in the new hemisphere too, from sea to sea. Very astonishing to witness, from the year 1810 and onwards. Had Dr. Rodriguez Francia three ears, he would hear; as many eyes as Argus, he would gaze! He is all eye, he is all ear. A new, entirely different figure of existence is cut out for Dr. Rodriguez.

The Paraguay people, as a body, lying far inland, with little speculation in their heads, were in no haste to adopt the new republican gospel; but looked first how it would succeed in shaping itself into facts. Buenos Ayres, Tucuman, most of the La Plata provinces, had made their revolutions, brought in the reign of liberty, and unluckily driven out the reign of law and regularity; before the Paraguenos could resolve on such an enterprise. Perhaps they are afraid? General Belgrano, with a force of a thousand men, missioned by Buenos Ayres, came up the river to countenance them, in the end of 1810; but was met on their frontier in array of war; was attacked, or at least was terrified, in the night watches, so that his men all fled;—and on the morrow, poor General Belgrano found himself not a countenancer, but one needing countenance; and was in a polite way sent down the river again!* Not till a year after did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, resolve on a career of freedom;—resolve on getting some kind of congress assembled, and the old government sent its ways. Francia, it is presumable, was active at once in exciting and restraining them: the fruit was now drop-ripe, we may say, and fell by a shake. Our old royal Governor went aside, worthy man, with some slight grimace, when ordered to do so; National Congress introduced itself; secretaries read papers, "compiled chiefly out of Rollin's Ancient History;" and we became a Republic; with Don Fulgenao Yegros, one of the richest Guachos, and best horseman of the province, for *President*, and two Assessors with him, called also *Vocales*, or Vowels, whose names escape us; Francia, as *Secretary*, being naturally the Consonant, or motive soul of the combination. This, as we grope out the date, was 1811. The Paraguay Congress, having completed this con-

stitution, went home again to its field-labors, hoping a good issue.

Feebler light hardly ever dawned for the historical mind, than this which is shed for us by Rengger, Robertsons, and Company, on the birth, the cradling, baptismal processes, and early fortunes of the new Paraguay Republic. Through long, vague, and indeed intrinsically vacant pages of their books, it lies gray, undecipherable, without form and void. Francia was secretary, and a Republic did take place: this, as one small clear-burning fact, shedding far a comfortable visibility, conceivability over the universal darkness, and making it into conceivable dusk with one rushlight fact in the centre of it—this we do know; and cheerfully yielding to necessity, decide that this shall suffice us to know. What more is there? Absurd somnolent persons, struck broad awake by the subterranean concussion of civil and religious liberty all over the world, meeting together to establish a republican career of freedom, and compile official papers out of Rollin—are not a subject on which the historical mind *can* be enlightened. The historical mind, thank Heaven, forgets such persons and their papers, as fast as you repeat them. Besides, these Guacho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain; and, as Miers said in his haste, mendacious every soul of them! Within the confines of Paraguay, we know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury to do a just or true thing under the sun: one man who understands in his heart that this Universe is an eternal Fact—and not some huge temporary Pumpkin, saccharine, absinthian; the rest of its significance chimerical merely! Such men cannot have a history, though a Thucydides came to write it. Enough for us to understand that Don This was a vamping blockhead, who followed his pleasures, his speculations, and Don That another of the same; that there occurred fatuities, mismanagements innumerable; then discontents, open grumblings, and as a running accompaniment, intrigues, caballings, outings, innings: till the Government House, fouler than when the Jesuits had it, became a bottomless pestilent inanity, insupportable to any articulate-speaking soul; till Secretary Francia should feel that he, for one, could not be Consonant to such a set of Vowels; till Secretary Francia, one day, flinging down his papers, rising to his feet, should jerk out with oratorical vivacity his lean right hand, and say, with knit brows, in a low, swift tone, "Adieu, Senhores; God preserve you many years!"

* Rengger.

Francia withdrew to his *chacra*, a pleasant country-house in the woods of Ytapúa, not far off; there to interrogate Nature, and live in a private manner. Parish Robertson, much about this date, which we grope and guess to have been perhaps in 1812, was boarded with a certain ancient Donna Juana, in that same region; had *tertulias* of unimaginable brilliancy; and often went shooting of an evening. On one of those—but he shall himself report:

"On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Doña Juana's and remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out, '*Buen tiro*'—'a good shot.' I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet *capote*, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *maté*-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same."

"In the exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor, and to take a cigar and *maté* (cup of Paraguay tea). A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Dr. Francia."

Yes, here for the first time in authentic history, a remarkable hearsay becomes a remarkable visuality: through a pair of clear human eyes, you look face to face on the very figure of the man. Is not this verily the exact record of those clear Robertsonian eyes, and seven senses; entered accurately, then and not afterwards, on the ledger of the memory? We will hope so; who can but hope so! The figure of the man will, at all events, be exact. Here too is the figure of his library—the conversation, if any, was of the last degree of insignificance, and may be left out, or supplied *ad libitum*:

"He introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves, extending across the room, and might have con-

sisted of three hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books on law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's Elements, and some schoolboy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law-papers and processes. Several folios bound in vellum were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with a view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a *maté*-cup and inkstand, both of silver, stood on another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the brick floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size, and weight, that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another."

Peculation, malversation, the various forms of imbecility and voracious dishonesty went their due course in the government offices of Assumpcion, unrestrained by Francia, and unrestrainable:—till, as we may say, it reached a height; and, like other suppurations and diseased concretions in the living system, had to burst, and take itself away. To the eyes of Paraguay in general, it had become clear that such a reign of liberty was unendurable; that some new revolution, or change of ministry was indispensable.

Rengger says that Francia withdrew "more than once" to his *chacra*, disgusted with his colleagues; who always, by unlimited promises and protestations, had to flatter him back again; and then anew disgusted him. Francia is the Consonant of these absurd "Vowels;" no business can go on without Francia! And the finances are deranged, insolvent; and the military, unpaid, ineffective, cannot so much as keep out the Indians; and there comes trouble and rumor of new war from Buenos Ayres—alas, from what corner of the great continent, come there other than troubles and rumors of war? Patriot generals become traitor generals; get themselves "shot in market-places;" revolution follows revolution. Artigas, close on our borders, has begun harrying the Banda Oriental with fire and sword; "dictating despatches from cow-skulls." Like clouds of wolves—only feller, being mounted on horseback, with pikes—the Indians dart in on us; carrying conflagration and dismay. Paraguay must get itself governed, or it will be worse for Paraguay! The eyes of all Paraguay, we can well fancy, turn to the one man of talent they have, the one man of veracity they have.

In 1813 a second Congress is got together: we fancy it was Francia's last advice to the Government suppurating, when

it flattered him back, for the last time, to ask his advice. That such supputation do now dissolve itself, and a new Congress be summoned! In the new Congress, the *Vocales* are voted out; Francia and Fulgencio are named joint *Consuls*: with Francia for Consul, and Don Fulgencio Yegros for *Consul's-cloak*, it may be better. Don Fulgencio rides about in gorgeous sash and epaulettes, a rich man and horse-subduer; good as Consul's cloak;—but why should the real Consul have a *cloak*? Next year in the third Congress, Francia, “by insidious manœuvring,” by “favor of the military,” and, indeed, also in some sort, we may say, by law of Nature—gets himself declared *Dictator*: “for three years,” or for life, may in these circumstances mean much the same. This was in 1814. Francia never assembled any Congress more; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and insidiously got his wicked will! Of a Congress that compiled constitutions out of Rollin, who would not lament such a destiny? This Congress should have met again! It was indeed, say Rengger and the Robertsons themselves, such a Congress as never met before in the world; a Congress which knew not its right hand from its left: which drank infinite rum in the taverns; and had one wish, that of getting on horse-back, home to its field-husbandry and partridge-shooting. The military mostly favored Francia; being gained over by him—the thief of constitutional palladiums.

With Francia's entrance on the government as Consul, still more as Dictator, a great improvement, it is granted even by Rengger, did in all quarters forthwith show itself. The finances were husbanded, were accurately gathered; every official person in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin doing his work, instead of merely seeming to do it. The soldiers Francia took care to see paid and drilled; to see march, with real death-shot and service, when the Indians or other enemies showed themselves. *Guardias*, guard-houses, at short distances were established along the river's bank and all round the dangerous frontiers: wherever the Indian centaur-troop showed face, an alarm cannon went off, and soldiers, quickly assembling, with actual death-shot and service, were upon them. These wolf-hordes had to vanish into the hearts of their deserts again. The land had peace. Neither Artigas, nor any of the fire-brands and war-plagues which were distracting South America from side to side, could get across the border. All negotiation or intercommuning with Bue-

nos Ayres, or with any of these war-distracted countries, was peremptorily waived. To no Congress of Lima, General Congress of Panama, or other general or particular congress, would Francia, by deputy or message, offer the smallest recognition. All South America raging and ravening like one huge dog-kennel gone rabid, we here in Paraguay have peace, and cultivate our tea-trees: why should not we let well alone? By degrees, one thing acting on another, and this ring of frontier “guard-houses” being already erected there, a rigorous *sanitary line*, impregnable as brass, was drawn round all Paraguay; no communication, import or export trade allowed, except by the Dictator's license,—given on payment of the due monies, when the political horizon seemed innocuous; refused when otherwise. The Dictator's trade-licenses were a considerable branch of his revenues; his entrance dues, somewhat onerous to the foreign merchant, (think the Messrs. Robertson,) were another. Paraguay stood isolated; the rabid dog-kennel raging round it, wide as South America, but kept out as by lock and key.

These were vigorous measures, gradually coming on the somnolent Guacho population! It seems, meanwhile, that, even after the perpetual dictatorship, and onwards to the fifth or the sixth year of Francia's government, there was, though the constitutional palladiums were stolen, nothing very special to complain of. Paraguay had peace; sat under its tea-tree, the rabid dog-kennel, Indians, Artigueros, and other war-firebrands, all shut out from it. But in that year, 1819, the second year of the perpetual dictatorship, there arose, not for the first time, dim indications of “plots,” even dangerous plots! In that year the fire-brand Artigas was finally quenched; obliged to beg a lodging even of Francia, his enemy;—and got it hospitably, though contemptuously. And now straightway there advanced, from Artigas's lost, wasted country, a certain General Ramirez, his rival and victor, and fellow-bandit and fire-brand. This General Ramirez advanced up to our very frontier; first with offers of alliance; failing that, with offers of war; on which latter offer he was closed with, was cut to pieces; and—a letter was found about him, addressed to Don Fulgencio Yegros, the rich Guacho horseman and Ex-Consul; which arrested all the faculties of Dr. Francia's most intense intelligence, there and then! A conspiracy, with Don Fulgencio at the head of it; conspiracy which seems the wider-spread the farther

one investigates it ; which has been brewing itself these "two years," and now, "on Good-Friday next," is to be burst out ; starting with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it may close with !* Francia was not a man to be trifled with in plots ! He looked, watched, investigated, till he got the exact extent, position, nature, and structure of this plot fully in his eye ; and then—why, then he pounced on it like a glede-falcon, like a fierce condor, suddenly from the invisible blue ; struck beak and claws into the very heart of it, tore it into small fragments, and consumed it on the spot. It is Francia's way ! This was the last plot, though not the first plot, Francia ever heard of during his perpetual dictatorship.

It is, as we find, over these three or these two years, while the Fulgencio plot is getting itself pounced upon and torn in pieces, that the "reign of terror," properly so called, extends. Over these three or these two years only,—though the "running shriek" of it confuses all things to the end of the chapter. It was in this stern period that Francia executed above forty persons. Not entirely inexplicable ! "*Par Dios*, ye shall not conspire against me ; I will not allow it. The career of freedom, be it known to all men and Guachos, is not yet begun in this country ; I am still only casting out the Seven Devils. My lease of Paraguay, a harder one than your stupidities suppose, is for life ; the contract is, Thou must die if thy lease be taken from thee. Aim not at my life, ye constitutional Guachos,—or let it be a diviner man than Don Fulgencio the horse-subduer that does it. By heaven, if you aim at my life, I will bid you have a care of your own !" He executed upwards of forty persons. How many he arrested, flogged, cross-questioned—for he is an inexorable man ! If you are guilty, or suspected of guilt, it will go ill with you here. Francia's arrest, carried by a grenadier, arrives ; you are in strait prison ; you are in Francia's bodily presence ; those sharp St. Dominic eyes, that diabolic intellect, prying into you, probing, cross-questioning you, till the secret cannot be hid : till the "three ball cartridges" are handed to a sentry ;—and your doom is Rhadamanthine !

But the plots, as we say, having ceased by this rough surgery, it would appear that there was, for the next twenty years, little or no more of it, little or no use for more. The "reign of terror," one begins to find,

was properly a reign of rigor ; which would become "terrible" enough if you infringed the rules of it, but which was peaceable otherwise, regular otherwise. Let this, amid the "running shriek," which will and should run its full length in such circumstances, be well kept in mind.

It happened too, as Rengger tells us, in the same year, (1820, as we grope and gather,) that a visitation of locusts, as sometimes occurs, destroyed all the crops of Paraguay ; and there was no prospect but of universal dearth or famine. The crops are done ; eaten by locusts ; the summer at an end ! We have no foreign trade, or next to none, and never had almost any ; what will become of Paraguay and its Guachos ? In Guachos is no hope, no help : but in a Dionysius of the Guachos ? Dictator Francia, led by occult French sciences and natural sagacity, nay, driven by necessity itself, peremptorily commands the farmers throughout all Paraguay to sow a certain portion of their lands anew ; with or without hope, under penalties ! The result was a moderately good harvest still : the result was a discovery that two harvests were, every year, possible in Paraguay ; that agriculture, a rigorous Dictator presiding over it, could be infinitely improved there.* As Paraguay has about 100,000 square miles of territory mostly fertile, and only some two souls planted on each square mile thereof, it seemed to the Dictator that this, and not foreign trade, might be a good course for his Paraguenos. This accordingly, and not foreign trade, in the present state of the political horizon, was the course resolved on ; the course persisted in, "with evident advantages," says Rengger. Thus, one thing acting on another,—domestic plot, hanging on Artigas's country from without ; and locust swarms with improvement of husbandry in the interior ; and those guard-houses all already there, along the frontier,—Paraguay came more and more to be hermetically closed ; and Francia reigned over it, for the rest of his life, as a rigorous Dionysius of Paraguay, without foreign intercourse, or with such only as seemed good to Francia.

How the Dictator, now secure in possession, did manage this huge Paraguay, which, by strange "insidious" and other means, had fallen in life-lease to him, and was his to do the best he could with, it were interesting to know. What the meaning of him, the result of him, actually was ?

* Rengger.

* Rengger, '67, &c.

One desiderates some Biography of Francia by a native!—Meanwhile, in the "*Ästhetische Briefwechsel*" of Herr Professor Sauerteig, a work not yet known in England, nor treating specially of this subject, we find, scattered at distant intervals, a remark or two which may be worth translating. Professor Sauerteig, an open soul, looking with clear eye and large recognizing heart over all accessible quarters of the world, has cast a sharp sun-glance here and there into Dr. Francia too. These few philosophical remarks of his, and then a few anecdotes gleaned elsewhere, such as the barren ground yields, must comprise what more we have to say of Francia.

"Pity," exclaims Sauerteig once, "that a nation cannot reform itself, as the English are now trying to do, by what their newspapers call 'tremendous cheers!' Alas, it cannot be done. Reform is not joyous, but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men. The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness; he is not happy, but miserable! In the *Water-cure* itself, do you not sit steeped for months; washed to the heart in elemental drenchings; and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business! Thus, too, Medea, when she made men young again, was wont (*du Himmel!*) to hew them in pieces with meat-axes; cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time. How much handier could they but have done it by 'tremendous cheers' alone!"

"Like a drop of surgical antiseptic liquid, poured (by the benign Powers, as I fancy!) into boundless brutal corruptions; very sharp, very caustic, corrosive enough, this tawny tyrannous Dr. Francia, in the interior of the South American continent,—he, too, is one of the elements of the grand Phenomenon there. A monstrous moulting process taking place;—monstrous, gluttonous *boa-constrictor* (he is of length from Panama to Patagonia) shedding his old skin; whole continent getting itself chopped to pieces, and boiled in the Medea caldron, to become young again, unable to manage it by 'tremendous cheers' alone!"

"What they say about 'love of power' amounts to little. Power? Love of 'power' merely to make flunkies come and go for you is a 'love,' I should think, which enters only into the minds of persons in a very infantine state! A grown man, like this Dr. Francia, who wants nothing as I am assured, but three cigars daily, a cup of *maté*, and four ounces of butchers' meat with brown bread: the whole world and its united flunkies, taking constant thought of the matter, can do nothing for him but that only. That he already has, and has had always; why should he, not being a minor, love flunkey 'power?' He loves to see *you* about him, with your

flunkey promptitudes, with your grimaces, adulations, and sham-loyalty? You are so beautiful, a daily and hourly feast to the eye and soul? Ye unfortunates, from his heart rises one prayer, That the last created flunkey had vanished from this universe, never to appear more!

"And yet truly a man does tend, and must, under frightful penalties perpetually tend, to be king of his world; to stand in his world as what he is, a centre of light and order, not of darkness and confusion. A man loves power: yes, if he see disorder his eternal enemy rampant about him, he does love to see said enemy in the way of being conquered; he can have no rest till that come to pass! Your Mahomet cannot bear a rent cloak, but clouts it with his own hands; how much more a rent country, a rent world. He has to imprint the image of his own veracity upon the world, and shall, and must, and will do it, more or less: it is at his peril if he neglect any great or any small possibility he may have of this. Francia's inner flame is but a meagre, blue-burning one: let him irradiate midnight Paraguay with it, such as it is."

"Nay, on the whole, how cunning is Nature in getting *her* farms leased! Is it not a blessing this Paraguay can get the one voracious man it has, to take lease of it, in these sad circumstances? His farm profits, and whole wages, it would seem, amount only to what is called 'Nothing and find yourself!' Spartan food and lodging, solitude, two cigars, and a cup of *maté* daily, he already had."

Truly, it would seem, as Sauerteig remarks, Dictator Francia had not a very joyous existence of it, in this his life-lease of Paraguay! Casting out of Seven Devils from a Guacho population is not joyous at all; both exorcist and exorcised find it sorrowful! Meanwhile, it does appear, there was some improvement made: no veritable labor, not even a Dr. Francia's, is in vain.

Of Francia's improvements there might as much be said as of his cruelties or rigors; for, indeed, at bottom, the one was in proportion to the other. He improved agriculture—not two ears of corn where one only grew, but two harvests of corn, as we have seen! He introduced schools, "boarding-schools," "elementary schools," and others, on which Rengger has a chapter; everywhere he promoted education, as he could; repressed superstition as he could. Strict justice between man and man was enforced in his law-courts: he himself would accept no gift, not even a trifle, in any case whatever. Rengger, on packing up for departure, had left in his hands, not from forgetfulness, a Print of Napoleon; worth some shillings in Europe, but invaluable in Paraguay, where Francia, who admired this hero much, had hitherto seen no likeness of him but a Nürnberg

caricature. Francia sent an express after Rengger, to ask what the value of the Print was. No value; M. Rengger could not sell Prints; it was much at his Excellency's service. His Excellency straightway returned it. An exact, decisive man! Peculation, idleness, ineffectuality, had to cease in all the public offices of Paraguay. So far as lay in Francia, no public and no private man in Paraguay was allowed to slur his work; all public and all private men, so far as lay in Francia, were forced to do their work or die! We might define him as the born enemy of quacks; one who has from Nature a heart-hatred of unvaracity in man or in thing, wheresoever he sees it. Of persons who do not speak the truth, and do not act the truth, he has a kind of diabolic-divine impatience: they had better disappear out of his neighborhood. Poor Francia; his light was but a very sulphurous, meagre, blue-burning one; but he irradiated Paraguay with it (as our Professor says) the best he could.

That he had to maintain himself *alive* all the while, and would suffer no man to glance contradiction at him, but instantaneously repressed all such: this too we need no ghost to tell us; this lay in the very nature of the case. His lease of Paraguay was a *life-lease*. He had his "three-ball cartridges" ready for whatever man he found aiming at *his* life. He had frightful prisons. He had *Tevego* far up among the wastes, a kind of Paraguay Siberia, to which unruly persons, not yet got the length of shooting, were relegated. The main exiles, Rengger says, were drunken mulattoes and the class called unfortunate-females. They lived miserably there; became a sadder, and perhaps a wiser, body of mulattoes and unfortunate-females.

But let us listen for a moment to the Reverend Manuel Perez as he preaches, "in the Church of the Incarnation at Assumption, on the 20th of October, 1840," in a tone somewhat nasal, yet trustworthy withal. His Funeral Discourse, translated into a kind of English, presents itself still audible in the "Argentine News" of Buenos Ayres, No. 813. We select some passages; studying to abate the nasal tone a little; to reduce, if possible, the Argentine English under the law of grammar. It is the worst translation in the world, and does poor Manuel Perez one knows not what injustice. This Funeral Discourse has "much surprised" the Able Editor, it seems;—has led him perhaps to ask, or be readier for asking, Whether all that con-

fused loud litanying about "reign of terror," and so forth, was not possibly of a rather long-eared nature?

"Amid the convulsions of revolution," says the Reverend Manuel, "the Lord, looking down with pity on Paraguay, raised up Don Jose Gaspar Francia for its deliverance. And when, in the words of my text, *the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised up a deliverer to the children of Israel, who delivered them.*"

"What measures did not his Excellency devise, what labors undergo, to preserve peace in the Republic at home, and place it in an attitude to command respect from abroad! His first care was directed to obtain supplies of arms, and to discipline soldiers. To all that would import arms he held out the inducement of exemption from duty, and the permission to export in return whatever produce they preferred. An abundant supply of excellent arms was, by these means, obtained. I am lost in wonder to think how this great man could attend to such a multiplicity of things! He applied himself to study of the military art; and, in a short time taught the exercise, and directed military evolutions like the skillfullest veteran. Often have I seen his Excellency go up to a recruit, and show him by example how to take aim at the target. Could any Paraguayo think it other than honorable to carry a musket when his Dictator taught him how to manage it? The cavalry-exercise too, though it seems to require a man at once robust and experienced in horsemanship, his Excellency as you know did himself superintend; at the head of his squadrons he charged and manœuvred, as if bred to it; and directed them with an energy and vigor which infused his own martial spirit into these troops."

"What evils do not the people suffer from highwaymen!" exclaims his Reverence, a little farther on; "violence, plunder, murder, are crimes familiar to these malefactors. The inaccessible mountains and wide deserts in this Republic seemed to offer impunity to such men. Our Dictator succeeded in striking such a terror into them that they entirely disappeared, seeking safety in a change of life. His Excellency saw that the manner of inflicting the punishment was more efficacious than even the punishment itself; and on this principle he acted. Whenever a robber could be seized, he was led to the nearest guard-house (*Guardia*); a summary trial took place; and, straightway, so soon as he had made confession, he was shot. These means proved effectual. Ere long the Republic was in such security, that, we may say, a child might have travelled from the Uruguay to the Parana without other protection than the dread which the Supreme Dictator had inspired."—This is saying something, your Reverence!

"But what is all this compared to the demon of anarchy. Oh!" exclaims his simple Reverence, "Oh, my friends, would I had the talent to paint to you the miseries of a people that fall into anarchy! And was not our Republic on the very eve of this? Yes, brethren."—"It be-

hoved his Excellency to be prompt; to smother the enemy in his cradle! He did so. He seized the leaders; brought to summary trial, they were convicted of high treason against the country. What a struggle now, for his Excellency, between the law of duty, and the voice of feeling—if feeling to any extent there were! “I,” exclaims his Reverence, “am confident that had the doom of imprisonment on those persons seemed sufficient for the state’s peace, his Excellency never would have ordered their execution.” It was unavoidable; nor was it avoided; it was done! “Brethren, should not I hesitate, lest it be a profanation of the sacred place I now occupy, if I seem to approve sanguinary measures in opposition to the mildness of the Gospel? Brethren, no. God himself approved the conduct of Solomon in putting Joab and Adonijah to death.” Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence, but there is something more sacred still: woe to him who does not know that withal!

Alas, your Reverence, Paraguay has not yet succeeded in abolishing capital punishment, then? But indeed neither has Nature, anywhere that I hear of, yet succeeded in abolishing it. Act with the due degree of perversity, you are sure enough of being violently put to death, in hospital or highway,—by dyspepsia, delirium tremens, or stuck through by the kindled rage of your fellow-men! What can the friend of humanity do?—Twaddle in Exeter-hall or elsewhere, “till he become a bore to us,” and perhaps worse! An advocate in Arras once gave up a good judicial appointment, and retired into frugality and privacy, rather than doom one culprit to die by law. The name of this advocate, let us mark it well, was Maximilien Robespierre. There are sweet kinds of twaddle that have a deadly virulence of poison concealed in them; like the sweetness of sugar of lead. Were it not better to make *just* laws, think you, and then execute them strictly,—as the gods still do?

“His Excellency next directed his attention to purging the state from another class of enemies,” says Perez in the Incarnation Church; “the peculating tax-gatherers, namely. Vigilantly detecting their frauds, he made them refund for what was past, and took precautions against the like in future; all their accounts were to be handed in, for his examination, once every year.”

“The habit of his Excellency when he delivered out articles for the supply of the public; that prolix and minute counting of things apparently unworthy of his attention,—had its origin in the same motive. I believe that he did so, less from a want of confidence in the individuals lately appointed for this purpose, than from a desire to show them with what delicacy they should proceed. Hence likewise his ways, in

scrupulously examining every piece of artizans’ workmanship.”

“Republic of Paraguay, how art thou indebted to the toils, the vigils, and cares of our Perpetual Dictator! It seemed as if this extraordinary man were endowed with ubiquity, to attend to all thy wants and exigences. Whilst in his closet, he was traversing thy frontiers to place thee in an attitude of security. What devastation did not those inroads of Indians from the Chaco occasion to the inhabitants of Rio-Abajo? Ever and anon there reached Assumpcion, tidings of the terror and affliction caused by their incursions. Which of us hoped that evils so wide-spread, ravages so appalling, could be counteracted? Our Dictator, nevertheless, did devise effectual ways of securing that part of the Republic.

“Four respectable fortresses with competent garrisons have been the impregnable barrier which has restrained the irruptions of those ferocious Savages. Inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! rest tranquil in your homes; you are a portion of the people whom the Lord confided to the care of our Dictator; you are safe.”

“The precautions and wise measures he adopted to repel force, and drive back the Savages to the north of the Republic; the fortresses of Climpo, of San Carlos de Apa, placed on the best footing for defence; the orders and instructions furnished to the Villa de la Concepcion,—secured that quarter of the republic under attack from all.

“The great wall, ditch, and fortress, on the opposite bank of the river Paraná; the force and judicious arrangement of the troops distributed over the interior in the south of our Republic, have commanded the respect of its enemies in that quarter.”

“The beauty, the symmetry, and good taste displayed in the building of cities convey an advantageous idea of their inhabitants,” continues Perez: “Thus thought Caractacus, King of the Angles,”—thus think most persons! “His Excellency, glancing at the condition of the capital of the republic, saw a city in disorder and without police; streets without regularity, houses built according to the caprice of their owners.”

But enough, O, Perez; for it becomes too nasal! Perez, with a confident face, asks in fine, Whether all these things do not clearly prove to men and Guachos of sense, that Dictator Francia *was* “the deliverer whom the Lord raised up to deliver Paraguay from its enemies?”—Truly, O Perez, the benefits of him seem to have been considerable. Undoubtedly a man “sent by Heaven,”—as all of us are! Nay, it may be, the benefit of him is not even yet exhausted, even yet entirely become visible. Who knows but, in unborn centuries, Paragueno men will look back to their lean iron Francia, as men do in such cases to the one veracious person, and institute considerations! Oliver Cromwell, dead two hundred years, does yet speak; nay,

perhaps now first begins to speak. The meaning and meanings of the one true man, never so lean and limited, starting up direct from Nature's heat, in this bewildered Guacho world, gone far away from Nature, are endless!

The Messrs. Robertson are very merry on this attempt of Francia's to rebuild on a better plan the City of Assumpcion. The City of Assumpcion, full of tropical vegetation and "permanent hedges, the deposits of nuisance and vermin,"* has no pavement, no straightness of streets; the sandy thoroughfare in some quarters is torn by the rain into gullies, impassable with convenience to any animal but a kangaroo. Francia, after meditation, decides on having it remodelled, paved, straightened,—irradiated with the image of the one regular man. Robertson laughs to see a Dictator, sovereign ruler, straddling about, "taking observations with his theodolite," and so forth: O Robertson, if there was no other man that *could* observe with a theodolite? Nay, it seems further, the improvement of Assumpcion was attended, once more, with the dreadfulest tyrannies: peaceable citizens dreaming no harm, no active harm to any soul, but mere peaceable passive dirt and irregularity to all souls, were ordered to pull down their houses, which happened to stand in the middle of streets; forced (under rustle of the gallows) to draw their purses, and rebuild them elsewhere! It is horrible. Nay, they said, Francia's true aim in these improvements, in this cutting down of the luxuriant "cross hedges" and architectural monstrosities, was merely to save himself from being shot, from under cover, as he rode through the place. It may be so: but Assumpcion is now an improved paved city, much squarer in the corners (and with the planned capacity, it seems, of growing ever squarer†); passable with convenience not to kangaroos only, but to wooden bullock-carts and all vehicles and animals.

Indeed our Messrs. Robertson find something comic as well as tragic in Dictator Francia; and enliven their running shriek, all through this "Reign of Terror," with a pleasant vein of conventional satire. One evening, for example, a Robertson being about to leave Paraguay for England, and having waited upon Francia to make the parting compliments, Francia, to the Robertson's extreme astonishment, orders in a large bale of goods, orders them to be opened on the table there: Tobacco, pon-

cho-cloth, and other produce of the country, all of first-rate quality, and with the prices ticketed. These goods this astonished Robertson is to carry to the "Bar of the House of Commons," and there to say, in such fashion and phraseology as a native may know to be suitable: "Mr. Speaker—Dr. Francia is Dictator of Paraguay, a country of tropical fertility, and 100,000 square miles in extent, producing these commodities, at these prices. With nearly all foreign nations he declines altogether to trade; but with the English, such is his notion of them, he is willing and desirous to trade. These are his commodities, in endless quantity; of this quality, at these prices. He wants arms, for his part. What say you, Mr. Speaker?" Sure enough, our Robertson arriving at the "Bar of the House of Commons" with such a message, would have cut an original figure! Not to the "House of Commons," was this message properly addressed; but to the English Nation; which Francia, idiot-like, supposed to be somehow represented, and made accessible and addressable in the House of Commons. It was a strange imbecility in any Dictator! The Robertson, we find accordingly, did *not* take this bale of goods to the bar of the House of Commons; nay, what was far worse, he did not, owing to accidents, go to England at all, or bring any arms back to Francia at all: hence, indeed, Francia's unreasonable detestation of him, hardly to be restrained within the bounds of common politeness! A man who said he would do, and then did not do, was at no time a kind of man admirable to Francia. Large sections of this "Reign of Terror" are a sort of unmusical sonata, or free duet with variations, to this text: "How unadmirable a hide-merchant that does not keep his word!"—"How censurable, not to say ridiculous and imbecile, the want of common politeness in a Dictator!"

Francia was a man that liked performance: and sham performance, in Paraguay as elsewhere, was a thing too universal. What a time of it had this strict man with *unreal* performers, imaginary workmen, public and private, cleric and laic! Ye Guachos—it is no child's play, casting out those Seven Devils from you!

Monastic or other entirely slumberous church-establishments could expect no great favor from Francia. Such of them as seemed incurable, entirely slumberous, he, somewhat roughly, shook awake, somewhat sternly ordered to begone. *Débout, canaille fainéante*, as his prophet Raynal

* Perez.

† *Ibid.*

says; *Débout : aux champs, aux ateliers !* Can I have you sit here, droning old metre through your nose; your heart asleep in mere gluttony, the while; and all Paraguay a wilderness, or nearly so—the Heaven's blessed sunshine growing mere tangles, lianas, yellow-fevers, rattlesnakes, and jaguars on it? Up, swift, to work—or mark this governmental horsewhip, what the crack of it is, what the cut of it is like to be!—Incurable, for one class, seemed archbishops, bishops, and such like; given merely to a sham-warfare against extinct devils. At the crack of Francia's terrible whip they went, dreading what the cut of it might be. A cheap worship in Paraguay, according to the humor of the people, Francia left; on condition that it did no mischief. Wooden saints and the like ware, he also left sitting in their niches: no new ones, even on solicitation, would he give a doit to buy. Being petitioned to provide a new patron saint for one of his new fortifications once, he made this answer: "O people of Paraguay, how long will you continue idiots? While I was a Catholic I thought as you do: but I now see there are no saints but good cannons that will guard our frontiers!"* This also is noteworthy. He inquired of the two Swiss surgeons, what their religion was; and then added, "Be of what religion you like, here: Christians, Jews, Mussulmans—but don't be Atheists."

Equal trouble had Francia with his laic workers, and indeed with all manner of workers; for it is in Paraguay as elsewhere, like priest like people. Francia had extensive barrack-buildings, nay city-buildings (as we have seen), arm-furnishings; immensities of work going on, and his workmen had in general a tendency to be imaginary. He could get no work out of them; only a more or less deceptive similitude of work! Masons so called, builders of houses, did not build, but merely seem to build; their walls would not bear weather; stand on their bases in high winds.—Hodge-razors, in all conceivable kinds, were openly marketed, "which were never meant to shave, but only to be sold!" For a length of time Francia's righteous soul struggled sore, yet unexplosively with the propensities of these unfortunate men. By rebuke, by remonstrance, encouragement, offers of reward, and every vigilance, and effort, he strove to convince them that it was unfortunate for a Son of Adam to be an imaginary workman; that every Son of Adam had better make razors which were

meant to shave. In vain, all in vain! At length, Francia lost patience with them. "Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? Does it be- seem thee to weave cloth of devil's-dust instead of true wool; and cut and sew it as if thou wert not a tailor, but the fraction of a very tailor! I cannot endure every thing!" Francia, in despair erected his "Workman's Gallows." Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most remarkable, and, on the whole, not unbeneficial institution of society there. Robertson gives us the following scene with the Belt-maker of Assumpcion; which, be it literal, or in part poetic, does, no doubt of it, hold the mirror up to Nature in an altogether true, and surely in a very surprising manner:

"In came, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. 'Sentinel,'—said he—and in came the sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:

"Dictator:—'Take this *bribonazo*' (a very favorite word of the Dictator's, and which being interpreted means 'most impertinent scoundrel')—'take this *bribonazo* to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half-a-dozen times: and now,' said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, 'bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it.'

"Shoemaker:—'Please your excellency, I have done my best.'

"Dictator:—'Well, *bribon*, if this be your best, I shall do *my* best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you.'

"Shoemaker:—'God bless your excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave: day and night have I served, and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; *y por el alma de un triste zapatéro* (by the soul of a poor shoemaker) I will make them to your excellency's liking.'

"Dictator:—'Off with him, sentinel!'

"Sentinel:—'Venga, *bribon*: come along, you rascal.'

"Shoemaker:—'Senor Excelentísimo: *This very night* I will make the belts according to your excellency's pattern.'

"Dictator:—'Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship.'

"Sentinel:—'Vamonos, *bribon*; the supreme commands it.'

"Off was the shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall."

* Rengger.

He worked there with such an alacrity and sibylline enthusiasm, all night, that his belts on the morrow were without parallel in South America;—and he is now, if still in this life, Belt-maker general to Paraguay, a prosperous man; grateful to Francia and the gallows, we may hope, for casting certain of the seven devils out of him!

Such an institution of society would evidently not be introduceable, under that simple form, in our old constituted European countries. Yet it may be asked of constitutional persons in these times, By what succedaneum they mean to supply the want of it, then? In a community of imaginary workmen, how can you pretend to have any government, or social thing whatever, that were real? Certain ten-pound franchisers, with their "tremendous cheers," are invited to reflect on this. With a community of quack workmen, it is by the law of Nature impossible that other than a quack government can be got to exist. Constitutional or other, with ballot-boxes or with none, your society in all its phases, administration, legislation, teaching, preaching, praying, and writing periodicals per sheet, will be a quack society; terrible to live in, disastrous to look upon. Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, seems pressingly desirable. O Guachos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting out your seven devils!—

But perhaps the reader would like to take a view of Dr. Francia in the concrete, there as he looks and lives; managing that thousand-sided business for his Paraguenos, in the time of Surgeon Rengger? It is our last extract, or last view of the Dictator, who must hang no longer on our horizon here:

"I have already said that Doctor Francia, so soon as he found himself at the head of affairs, took up his residence in the habitation of the former Governors of Paraguay. This edifice, which is one of the largest in Assumpcion, was erected by the Jesuits, a short time before their expulsion, as a house of retreat for laymen, who devoted themselves to certain spiritual exercises instituted by Saint Ignatius. This structure the Dictator repaired and embellished; he has detached it from the other houses in the city, by interposing wide streets. Here he lives, with four slaves, a little negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. The two males perform the functions of valet-de-chambre and groom. One of the two mulatto women is his cook, and the other takes care of his wardrobe. He leads a very regular life. The first rays of the sun very rarely find him in bed. So soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a

pitcher of water; the water is made to boil there. The Dictator then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *matè*, or Paraguay tea. Having taken this, he walks under the interior colonnade that looks upon the court; and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who makes up his cigars for him. At six o'clock comes the barber, an ill-washed, ill-clad mulatto, given to drink, too; but the only member of the faculty whom he trusts in. If the Dictator is in good humor, he chats with the barber; and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects: this barber may be said to be his Official Gazette. He then steps out, in his dressing-gown of printed calico, to the outer colonnade, an open space with pillars, which ranges all round the building: here he walks about, receiving at the same time such persons as are admitted to an audience. Towards seven, he withdraws to his room, where he remains till nine; the officers and other functionaries then come to make their reports, and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, the *fiel de fecho* (principal secretary) brings the papers which are to be inspected by him, and writes from his dictation till noon. At noon all the officers retire, and Doctor Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always himself orders. When the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's room; the Doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for himself. After dinner, he takes his *siesta*. On awakening, he drinks his *matè*, and smokes a cigar, with the same precautions as in the morning. From this, till four or five, he occupies himself with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters, and dresses his hair, while his horse is getting ready. During his ride, the Doctor inspects the public works, and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where he has had a set of apartments prepared for his own use. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre, and a pair of double-barrelled pocket-pistols. He returns home about nightfall, and sits down to study till nine; then he goes to supper, which consists of a roast pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine, he again walks in the outer colonnade, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself."

Francia's brother was already mad. Francia banished this sister by and by, because she had employed one of his grenadiers, one of the public government's soldiers, on some errand of her own.* Thou lonely Francia!

Francia's escort of cavalry used to "strike men with the flat of their swords," much more assault them with angry epithets, if they neglected to salute the Dic-

* Rengger.

tator as he rode out. Both he and they, moreover, kept a sharp eye for assassins; but never found any, thanks perhaps to their watchfulness. Had Francia been in Paris!—At one time, also, there arose annoyance in the Dictatorial mind from idle crowds gazing about his Government House, and his proceedings there. Orders were given that all people were to move on, about their affairs, straight across this government esplanade; instructions to the sentry, that if any person paused to gaze, he was to be peremptorily bidden, *Move on!*—and if he still did not move, to be shot with ball-cartridge. All Paraguay men moved on, looking to the ground, swift as possible, straight as possible, through those precarious spaces; and the affluence of crowds thinned itself almost to the verge of solitude. One day, after many weeks or months, a human figure did loiter, did gaze in the forbidden ground: *“Move on!”* cried the sentry sharply;—no effect: *“Move on!”* and again none. Alas, the unfortunate human figure was an Indian, did not understand human speech, stood merely gaping interrogatively,—whereupon a shot belches forth at him, the whewing of winged lead; which luckily only whewed, and did not hit! The astonishment of the Indian must have been great, his retreat-pace rapid. As for Francia he summoned the sentry with hardly suppressed rage, *“What news, Amigo?”* The sentry quoted *“your Excellency’s order;”* Francia cannot recollect such an order; commands now, that at all events such order cease.

It remains still that we say a word, not in excuse, which might be difficult, but in explanation, which is possible enough, of Francia’s unforgivable insult to human science in the person of M. Aimé Bonpland. M. Aimé Bonpland, friend of Humboldt, after much botanical wandering, did, as all men know, settle himself in Entre Rios, an Indian or Jesuit country close on Francia, now burnt to ashes by Artigas; and there set up a considerable establishment for the improved culture of Paraguay tea. Botany? Why, yes,—and perhaps commerce still more. *“Botany?”* exclaims Francia: *“It is shopkeeping agriculture, and tends to prove fatal to my shop! Who is this extraneous individual? Artigas could not give him right to Entre Rios; Entre Rios is at least as much mine as Artigas’s! Bring him to me!”* Next night, or next, Paraguay soldiers surround M. Bonpland’s tea-establishment; gallop M. Bonpland over the frontiers, to his appointed village in

the interior; root out his tea-plants; scatter his four hundred Indians, and—we know the rest! Hard-hearted Monopoly refusing to listen to the charmings of Public Opinion or Royal-Society Presidents, charm they never so wisely! M. Bonpland, at full liberty some time since, resides still in South America,—and is expected by the Robertsons, not altogether by this Editor, to publish his Narrative, with a due running shriek.

Francia’s treatment of Artigas, his old enemy, the bandit and firebrand, reduced now to beg shelter of him, was good; humane, even dignified. Francia refused to see or treat with such a person, as he had ever done; but readily granted him a place of residence in the interior, and *“thirty piasters a month till he died.”* The bandit cultivated fields, did charitable deeds, and passed a life of penitence, for his few remaining years. His bandit followers, who took to plundering again, says M. Rengger, *“were instantly seized and shot.”*

On the other hand, that anecdote of Francia’s dying father—requires to be confirmed! It seems, the old man, who, as we saw, had long since quarrelled with his son, was dying, and wished to be reconciled. Francia *“was busy;—what was in it?—could not come.”* A second still more pressing message arrives: *“The old father dare not die unless he see his son; fears he shall never enter heaven, if they be not reconciled.”* *“Then let him enter——!”* said Francia, *“I will not come!”** If this anecdote be true, it is certainly of all that are in circulation about Dr. Francia, by far the worst. If Francia, in that death hour, could not forgive his poor old father, whatsoever he had, or could in the murkiest sultriest imagination be conceived to have done against him, then let no man forgive Dr. Francia! But the accuracy of public rumor, in regard to a Dictator who has executed forty persons, is also a thing that can be guessed at. To whom was it, by name and surname, that Francia delivered this extraordinary response? Did the man make, or can he now be got to make, affidavit of it, to credible articulate-speaking persons resident on this earth? If so let him do it—for the sake of the psychological sciences!

One last fact more. Our lonesome Dictator, living among Guachos, had the greatest pleasure, it would seem, in rational conversation,—with Robertson, with Rengger,

* Robertson.

with any kind of intelligent human creature, when such could be fallen in with, which was rarely. He would question you with eagerness about the ways of men in foreign places, the properties of things unknown to him; all human interest and insight was interesting to him. Only persons of no understanding being near him for most part, he had to content himself with silence, a meditative cigar and cup of *matè*. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee!

In this manner, all being yet dark and void for European eyes, have we to imagine that the man Rodriguez Francia passed, in a remote, but highly remarkable, not unquestionable or unquestioned manner, across the confused theatre of this world. For some thirty years, he was all the government his native Paraguay could be said to have. For some six-and-twenty years he was express Sovereign of it; for some three, or some two years, a Sovereign with bared sword, stern as Rhadamanthus: through all his years, and through all his days, since the beginning of him, a Man or Sovereign of iron energy and industry, of great and severe labor. So lived Dictator Francia, and had no rest; and only in Eternity any prospect of rest. A life of terrible labor;—but for the last twenty years the Fulgencio plot being once torn in pieces and all now quiet under him, it was a more equable labor: severe but equable, as that of a hardy draught-steed fitted in his harness; no longer plunging and champing; but pulling steadily,—till he do all his rough miles, and get to his still home.

So dark were the Messrs. Robertson concerning Francia, they had not been able to learn in the least whether, when their book came out, he was living or dead. He was living then, he is dead now. He is dead, this remarkable Francia; there is no doubt about it: have not we and our readers heard pieces of his Funeral Sermon! He died on the 20th of September, 1840, as the Rev. Perez informs us; the people crowding round his Government House with much emotion, nay "with tears," as Perez will have it. Three Excellencies succeeded him, as some "Directorate," "*Junta Gubernativa*," or whatever the name of it is, before whom this reverend Perez preaches. God preserve them many years.

THE TROUSSEAU.—The Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia Matilda, and many of the *haute noblesse*, attended at Cambridge House on Tuesday afternoon, to see the *trousseau*; but, as might be expected, the favor was limited, although the assembled visitors were so numerous that it might most properly be called a reception. A spacious room at Cambridge House was appropriated for the display of the valuable jewels and magnificent presents from the Queen, Queen Dowager, King of Hanover, and the other relatives of the bride and bridegroom, as well as from the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, and many of the leading aristocracy. In addition to the bridal dress, there were several costumes *du cour*, intended to be worn by her Royal Highness on her arrival in Germany. Her Royal Highness's state robe is a most elegant and magnificent costume. The *fabrique* is of the richest light blue satin and silver tissue, most superbly brocaded over the entire surface with a chaste but tasteful pattern of leaves. The Duchess of Cambridge presented her daughter with a complete set of jewels, including tiara, necklace, earrings, and other ornaments of diamonds and sapphires; a most costly and splendid gift. The Queen, the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, each made presents to their youthful relative of every variety of jewelry. Her Majesty's present was composed of rubies and diamonds; The Duchess of Kent's was entirely of brilliants; the Duchess of Gloucester's of turquoises and diamonds. Nor were the bridal gifts on the part of the Royal family confined to jewels: other articles of rarity and value were received by the Princess. Her Majesty presented several magnificent oriental shawls, one of which was particularly splendid. The friends of the Princess, among the nobility, showed their high estimation of her Royal Highness by numerous presents of various kinds. The Marchioness of Londonderry forwarded two handsome caskets. The Marchioness of Ailesbury presented a handsome ring composed of a single pearl of large size set in brilliants. The Countess of Jersey gave a splendid casket; and many other ladies of rank presented souvenirs of various kinds.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.—The bride-cake, made by her Majesty's yeoman confectioner, (Mr. Mauditt,) was really a most magnificent specimen of the art of confectionary. Standing on a gigantic silver-gilt plateau it measured 2 feet in height, and nearly 6 feet in circumference; the whole was encased in frosted sugar-work, the base being encircled by a wreath of candied white roses, while immediately above were garlands of orange-flowers, and rose-buds with silver leaves. Around the top of the cake a moveable cornice was formed of hollow palms, or little tiny hands, in sugar-work, filled with love bows, encircled with silver bracelets, and holding a bouquet of orange-flowers, Portuguese laurel, and myrtle buds. The whole,—being surmounted with a very beautiful representation of Aurora, "fair daughter of the dawn," stood at least four feet high. The weight of the cake, exclusive of its ornaments, was upwards of 160lbs.—*The Court Journal*.

It appears from a recent statistical return that the number of persons in Russia who can read is 4,167,995, or about 1 in 13 of the entire population.

THE STRANGER—A TALE OF THE SEA.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE night is dark, and the billows roar,
And 'tis half-past twelve by the clocks on shore,
And the landsmen are soundly asleep in their beds,
Unheeding the "pothar that's over their heads,"
And the Landswomen, 'wakening perhaps in a
fright,
Cry "God help the poor sailors this terrible night!"
Then turning again on their pillows to sleep,
Forget all the perils of those on the deep.

The night is dark, and the billows roar,
And a vessel is driving directly a-shore;
Were she in port you might thus read her name:
The "Goed Vrouw," and near it the word "Am-
sterdam."

She is not one of the "go ahead" sort,
Her stern is round, and her bows are short,
And her masts do not stand so presumptuously
high,

As to carry her "sky-scrapers" up to the sky;
And she's stuffed to the throat with her cargo
within,

Full of tobacco and good Holland's gin;
And her captain, the worthy Mynheer Vander-
goose,

Stands five feet exactly when wearing his shoes;
Which shoes, as polished as polished may be,
Alas! and alack! he never could see,
Since his paunch stood a foot farther out than his
knee:

And as to her mate, and indeed every sailor,
They all might be clothed by the very same tailor,
From the very pattern, so well are they chosen,
To match with each other, thirteen to the dozen,—
All save ONE, and his bones are sharp,
And his sinews as hard as the strings of a harp;
And his cheeks are pale, and his nose is blue,
Where every other is crimson in hue;
And he stands in his stockings just six feet two—
All save ONE, that remarkable man,
And he gives no name but the name of "JAN."

'Tis a pleasant thing, when the morn is bright,
To glide o'er the waves that are dancing in light,
And to hear the dash of the feathered oar,
And the watch-dog's bark from the distant shore.—

'Tis a pleasant thing, when the storm is past,
And the ocean still heaves from the recent blast,
To watch the waves 'neath the sunset rolled,
Like mountains of amber or torrents of gold;
But however delightful such scenes may be,
There are pleasanter things than a shore on your
lee,

In a very dark night, on a very rough sea.

But stay; whilst describing ship, captain, and crew,
I had nearly forgotten the passenger, who
If I thus should neglect, I might justly be twitted

As the manager was,

Who had Hamlet, 'tis poz,

Advertised, "with the part of prince Hamlet omit-
ted."

They were just two-days sail from their own Am-
sterdam,

When an odd-looking boat, pulling after them,
came,

And scarcely was hailed, ere she suddenly sunk,
And nothing was saved but one man and a trunk;
And even the sailors so sleepy and sleek,
Turned over the quid in each jolly red cheek,

And took the pipe from each lazy jaw,
And pointed slowly, and drawled out "yaw,"
When that wonderful man on his trunk they saw;
For light as a feather it seemed to swim,
Bearing him safe o'er the waters grim,
'Till a boat was lowered as fast as might be.

It was two when all sunk,

Save the man and the trunk,

And they reached him at just five minutes to three,
Though the wind had begun pretty freshly to blow,
And they'd nearly five hundred yards to row.
But he seemed not the worse by a single pin,
And as they made ready to take him in,

Lightly he sprung,

And his trunk they flung

Into the boat "with a kick and a spin;"

And with oaths, that for me to repeat were a sin,

Desired to know

"What hurried them so?"

And also, "What made them so pale and so thin?"
Small blame to thee, reader! already thou ru-
morest,

That the odd little man was a bit of a humorist.

Back to the ship doth the small boat glide,
Quicker, I trow, than it left her side,

For fear began their hearts to fill,

And through their well-stuffed sides to thrill;

Especially now that the stranger's brow

Grew darker and darker, they knew not how.

No word they uttered;

The stranger spluttered

In some unknown tongue, then, in high Dutch
muttered,

That "before he had done with the lazy dogs,

They'd be far more like sailors, and far less like
hogs."

His speech was in Dutch, you remember, but if I
lent

It an English dress, this would be its equivalent.

He's out of the boat with a bound and a skip,

He's over the bulwarks, he's into the ship;

And, regardless alike of the crew and their "funk,"

He roars to them loudly to "hand him his trunk!"

Slowly their broad-clothed backs they bend,

Slowly they grasp it by either end,

Each of those sailors was thought a good puller,

Wouter Van Twissler, and Barnet van Muller—

But though Didrick Van Ranslaer, the second
mate, aided,

And mortals sure never pulled wildly as they did;

And Nicholas Block to the rescue had hastened,

The obstinate trunk to the bottom seemed fastened;

And the stranger stood laughing and cheering them
on,

Till almost the breath from their bodies had gone,

Then, turning around, (while some looked for his
hoof,)

He beckoned to Jan, who was standing aloof,

And whispering a word in the ear of that tall man,
(On tiptoe he had to stand, being a small man,)

Jan leaped from the side, heaved the trunk from
the boat,

Now light as it seemed when they saw it afloat.

And high on his shoulder the burden he bears,

And follows the stranger straight down the steep
stairs,

Who walks to the cabin, and gives a loud rap

On the top of the table,

That's not very stable,

And startles Mynheer Vandergoose from his nap.

Mynheer Vandergoose showed as much of surprise,

As he ever *did* show, in his mouth and his eyes,

Both opened as wide as wide could be,
 But he spoke not a word,
 Nor trembled nor stirred,
 While the stranger exclaimed, "Well, old fellow,
 you see!
 You thought you had only a cargo to run,
 But you're sure of a passenger, sure as a gun!"

What more passed of fear and awe,
 Ear never heard, eye never saw;
 For Jan was bid "make himself scarce" at once,
 Which any would do, who was not a dunce,
 When twirled round twice as swift as the wind,
 And dismissed up the stairs with a slight kick be-
 hind.

Three weeks had passed and the wind was fair,
 And they drew towards port, no matter where,
 To tell of that is not my care:—
 But stay—methinks a voice I hear,
 So sweet, the saddest it might cheer,
 Or pierce a deaf man's drowsy ear,
 Or to the flintiest bosom strike,
 Ask, "Pray what was the stranger like?"
 I stay the tale, as by a spell,
 All that that sweet voice asks to tell.

His limbs were lithe, his face was dark,
 His eyes were each a fiery spark,
 The lines upon his cheek and brow
 Told of the soul that worked below,
 Yet not the plough of lofty thought
 Had broadly on that forehead wrought;
 The cunning wrinkles seemed to fret
 His face, as with a curious net;
 The pushed-up mouth was ever screwed
 To some satiric attitude;
 The wiry limbs sprang quick and light,
 But not as where the mind of might
 In free proud movement is betrayed—
Here trick and antic were displayed:
 That dark small stranger well might be
 The demon of activity.

Yet, be what he might, or do what he would,
 The crew and the captain in awe of him stood.
 And the feats they performed, ere they looked on
 the shore,
 Sure never were seen in the "Goed Vrouw" be-
 fore.

For instance—Van Hammer, the carpenter heavy,
 Was sent to the tops with a well-chosen bevy,
 Van Muller, Van Ranslaer, and Wouter Van Twis-
 sler,

And Peter Van Schriegel the boatswain's pet
 whistler,
 (For the boatswain himself could not whistle a
 note,

Having something, he said, "like a lump" in his
 throat,

And, therefore, had prudently carried from home,
 A fat orphan nephew, "determined to roam,")

And there, for three hours, the five heroes were
 clinging,

Their tobacco pipes gone, and their garments all
 wringing;

And all this, as it seemed that there was not a ques-
 tion,

At the dark little stranger's infernal suggestion.

Then Didrick Van Ranslear was docked of his
 grog,

For calling Van Schriegel a "lazy young dog;"
 And Laurent Van Blewitt was kept from tobacco,
 For swearing that "Poland was somewhere in Cra-
 cow."

And so it fell out, that there was not a man
 But was frightened to death of him—all but that
 Jan;

They scarcely dared mutter, or whisper, or talk,
 Nor under breath swear,
 For the stranger was there

With the ears of a mole, and the eyes of a hawk;
 But Jan, the tall villain, would sometimes explode,
 And once in his wrath even bid him "be blown."

But three weeks had gone over, and then came
 the wind,
 Which perhaps, you'll remember, we left far be-
 hind:

For all the long preface that here I've been spin-
 ning,

Has only just carried us to the beginning,
 So snuff we the candles, and hear of the man,
 The wonderful stranger, and wonderful Jan.

CANTO THE SECOND.

There are folks in this world, who, when fortune
 is busily

Doing her worst, will take every thing easily;
 Nothing disturbs them, and nothing alarms them,
 And seldom it happens that any thing harms them;
 Yet strange—though it seems, as one genius pre-
 sided

Above the whole clan, they are really divided
 By public opinion in two distinct classes,
 One, "philosophers" called, and the other styled
 "asses."

Let a man see his nearest relation a dying,
 Without any sighing, or sobbing, or crying;
 Let him hear of banks breaking wherein he has
 money,

And take the news smoothly as if it were honey,
 And crying, "all's right,"—benignantly quarter
 Himself for his life on son, brother, or daughter;
 And let this same man have a presence command-
 ing,

A choice of good words, and a shrewd understand-
 ing,

And a good deal of what the enlightened call
 "gammon;"

A dump to a guinea, a sprat to a salmon,
 That the world takes his part, and said world would
 be cross, if her

Protegé were not called an uncommon philosopher.
 But just change the person, and fancy the sinner,
 With no care for to-night, if to-day has a dinner;
 And eyes like a fish's, set round in their sockets;
 With a little squat figure, his hands in his pockets,
 A pipe in his mouth, from whence seldom he
 takes it,

But asks for another as soon as he breaks it;

Fancy *this* man beset with a hundred disasters,

At sea in a gale,

Close-reefed every sail,

A sadly sprung mast,

And a leak gaining fast,

And the sailors with broken heads, plentier than
 plasters,

And a little strange imp, here and there, every
 where,

Setting all by the ears,

And fomenting their fears,

And driving the crew to a state of despair.

Yet fancy our worthy still smoking as coolly,

As in his own "lust-hous" in Holland in July,

Surely if the wise world could but then overhaul him,
 "Fool," "dotard," and "booby," 'twould certainly call him;

Although the same principle's brought into use
 By the sage it approves, and Mynheer Vander-
 goose.

When the gale first arose he just broached these opinions:—

"It would not be much,—

"It was only a touch,"

And retreated again to his lower dominions,

Where having procured

A fresh pipe from the steward,

His case-bottle of rum,

'Twixt his finger and thumb,

He grasped by the neck; though the action was dumb,

'Twas highly expressive of what he intended—

To "stick by the stuff" till the tempest was ended,

No matter what messages came from above,

Of changing his quarters, he did not approve.

Perplexed and fatigued, and half frantic, the men

Sent Jan to the cabin, again and again;

Once to ask "where they were," off what coast,
 and what part:

Quoth he, "Jan, I believe you can read,—there's the chart."

Then to tell him "the mainmast was sprung;"—
 he groaned "humph;"

Then, "the water had gained in the hold;"—he
 whiffed "pump;"—

And when Jan appeared in his presence once more,
 With—"that by the same token,

The rudder was broken,"

The only reply that he got was a snore.

What's to be done?

The billows run—

Now hiding the disc of the setting sun;

Now dropping them down in some awful chasm,

Thrilling each heart with fear's wild spasm:

And the timbers creak, and groan and shriek,

And the ship runs wild in her frenzied freak,

As hard to guide as if her name

Had put the *spirit* in her frame,

Of some "Goed Vrouw" of Amsterdam!

Now she leaps up, and madly rears

Her form on high—now disappears;

Now plunges on—and then again,

Lies helpless, sidelong on the main.—

Yet never the little fat captain awoke,

And his little fat crew

Know not what they must do,

For they see that the thing is no longer a joke;

And Jan the tall, looks grim and serious,

And the dark stranger more mysterious.

An eldritch shriek and a fearful bound,

A lumbering plunge and a cracking sound,

And broken spars around are poured,

The mainmast's going overboard!

Back fall the crew from the fatal spot,

All but Peter Van Schriegel, who drops "like
 shot,"

And when the yards on deck are dashed,

Is like a monstrous spider, smashed,

But this was no moment to pause and lament him,

When the stranger upsprung from the midst of the
scrimmage,

And, looking of cheerful contentment the image,

Politely requested an axe might be lent him!

'Twas handed by Jan,

For no other man

Would dare at that moment with aught to present
 him,

And whate'er he was doing they could not prevent
 him,

Fast, fast, fast on the tottering mast

Falls blow after blow, with a power too vast,

(As was after remembered) without some strange
 charm,

To belong to a man with so slender an arm;

And when his behavior was after dissected,

By those who survived, it was well recollected

That the hatchet he used seemed the mast to en-
 viron

With sparks showered thickly, and glowed like hot
 iron;

But be this as it may, the first danger was past,

Clean over the side went spars, rigging, and mast,

And the vessel relieved staggered onward unknow-
 ing,

Either what she was doing, or where she was going.

But cool as a cucumber, calm as a monk,

The stranger once more bids Jan "bring him his
 trunk,"

'Tis drawn from the place where it first was de-
 posited

That eve that the captain and stranger were clos-
 eted,

And being heaved up to the deck, which was bared

So completely, not even a hen-coop was spared,

The little dark stranger sate quietly down,

Like a monarch enthroned and expecting his crown,

And remarking—"The deck seemed well cleared
 for an action,"

Regarded the whole with a calm satisfaction;

Others were tumbling, and slipping, and sliding,

He sitting as firmly as if they were gliding

On a steam-boat excursion, with patent machinery,

And quite at their leisure enjoying the scenery.

They could bear it no longer! that terrible man,

And his sworn coadjutor, that lean long-legged
 Jan!

So whilst a deep reverie he seemed to be wrapt in,
 They stole to the cabin to waken the captain.

Surely he sleeps a charmed sleep!

Or why such even pulses keep,

When even the dead might well awake,

When life, fame, fortune are at stake!

Wake, shipwrecked wretch! awake and weep!

Let dreams no more thy senses steep!—

Surely he sleeps a charmed sleep!

Aroused by their fears to a strange animation,

And only regarding their chance of salvation,

Sans ceremonie by the collar they take him,

And lustily shake him determined to wake him;

And their shrieks in his ear become perfectly thril-
 ling,

As they see that already the cabin is filling:

A snort and a groan, and he opens his eyes,

And tries to look angry, then tries to look wise,

And they hear him exclaim—"From the hour that
 he came,

I gave up the command to Mynheer What's-his-
 name,

And if *he* can't keep you and save you from evil,

I fear to his worship you have not been civil.

But stay, the night's cold, there's the key of the
 locker,

(I never believed the 'Goed Vrouw' such a
 rocker!)

And don't spare the spirits, for even if you do,

I fear there *are* spirits will scarcely spare you!"

Swift from his presence forth they past—

It was a speech

Impressed on each,

For 'twas his longest and his last!

What followed! a scene of such noise and confusion,

Its memory must seem like a fiendish delusion;

I have separately asked them about that wild pother,

But hardly two stories agree with each other:

Some vow that the stranger and JAN both together

Sang a *duo* in praise of the airy fine weather;

Others say that they danced on the corpse of Van Schriegel

In a manner indecent, profane, and illegal,

To music so strangely discordant and frantic

It seemed to be fitted to every wild antic—

But all have agreed the last thing they remember

Is a very rough shock,

On a very hard rock,

At half after twelve, on a night of December.

Morning hath come with her welcome light,

Shining on hills with the snow flake white,

And on the darkly heaving sea,

Where still the waves rage angrily;

And on a shore where, 'twixt the land

And sea, there spreads a ridge of sand,

And on eleven silent forms,

That her sweet light revives and warms,

For strange to say, of all the crew

Of the "Goed Vrouw," they miss but two,

Van Schriegel, and that white, and wan,

And tall, and thin, and wicked Jan,

The stranger and captain, of course, I except,

But neither of these could be bitterly wept.

High and dry,

On the beach they lie,

And lo! a vision is passing by—

They must be deceived—

It can scarce be believed

Even where a strange tale is most warmly received,

That the "Goed Vrouw"

Is passing now,

Perfect and whole from helm to prow!

Close to the shore,

On her course she bore,

And all her form they may explore,

Her masts in repair, her sails are there;

And her bulwarks are whole, and her deck no more bare;

And more than all (at the sight they shrunk!)

The stranger is standing erect on his trunk,

And that singular Jan at the helm doth stand,

And nobody's there to give them a hand,

Though the captain sits silent and drooping his head,

And his hands are prest

On his burly chest;

But that white, white face can be but of the dead!

And a black flag waves from the mast on high,

With a motto I'll tell you about by-and-by.

But first, let me say, to avoid disappointment,

It is not to put this strange story in joint meant;

I own, and it gives me a feeling of pain,

Like some "sprig," called to "order,"

And forced to "soft *sawder*,"

I am not at this moment "prepared to explain."

For example—I cannot account for the stranger's

Queer conduct in bringing the ship into dangers,

And having disgorged it of every plump elf,

Repairing, and taking it all to himself.

I cannot account for his not having sunk,

Nor know I the mystery attached to his trunk.

It might, but 'tis only a modest suggestion,

Have held pamphlets, perhaps on the "Boundary Question;"

Or some eloquent speech on "our foreign conditions,"

Or receipts of "expense of the Poor-law Commissions;"

All, and every of which, if the truth could be sifted, Would account for its weight when it could not be lifted;

But still, I've no reason to give why it yielded,

And was light as a fly when by Jan it was wielded.

Apropos of that Jan, *he's* another queer mystery,

That puzzled me greatly on hearing this history;

I cannot account for his bond of connection

With the stranger, but hardly can think 'twas affection;

In fact, these are riddles, and so insurmountable,

That we only can say they are quite unaccountable.

But touching the motto to which I alluded,

You shall have it without an opinion intruded,

If you find there a moral, pray keep it in view—

"WHO SHIPS WITH THE DEVIL, MUST SAIL WITH HIM TOO."

DEATH OF M^DLLE. LENORMAND.—One of the most celebrated public characters of France during the last half-century—M^dlle. Lenormand, the fortune-teller—died in that city on Monday last, at the age of 72 years, leaving a fortune of 500,000*fr.* She reckoned, it is said, among her *clinetelle* all the celebrated characters of the age—all the soldiers, gamblers, and other adventurers of both sexes, from the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander down to the *cantinière* and kitchen-maid—all of whom professed their surprise at the profundity of her knowledge of events, past and future.

TEA AS A NUTRIMENT.—M. Peligot read a paper on the chemical combinations of tea. He states that tea contains essential principles of nutrition, far exceeding in importance its stimulating properties, and shows that, as a stimulant, tea is in every respect a desirable article of habitual use. One of his experiments on the nutritive qualities of tea, as compared with those of soup, was by no means in favor of the latter. The most remarkable products of tea are—1st, the tannin, or astringent property; 2nd, an essential oil to which it owes its aroma, and which has a great influence on its price in commerce; and 3rd, a substance rich in azote and crystallizable, called *theine*, which is also met with in coffee, and is frequently called *caffeine*. Independently of these three substances, there are eleven others of less importance, which enter more or less into the composition of tea of all the kinds imported into Europe. What was most essential, as regards the chemical and hygienic character of the plant, was to ascertain the exact proportion of the azoted principles which it contains. M. Peligot began by determining the total amount of azote in tea, and finished by finding that it was from 20 to 30 per cent. greater than in any other kind of vegetable. M. Peligot states that by reason of this quantity of azote, and the existence of caseine in the tea-leaf, it is a true aliment.—*Athenæum*.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF SOUTHEY
AND WORDSWORTH.

From the Christian Observer.

SHORTLY after the death of the late S. T. Coleridge, Mr. Cottle, formerly a bookseller at Bristol, and the publisher and proprietor of some of Coleridge's early works, as well as of those of Southey and Wordsworth, gave to the world two volumes of recollections of those eminent men, at that eventful period of their lives, when, in the exuberance of youth, talent, and spirits, they were planning vast designs, and laying the foundation of their future literary fame. Mr. Cottle's book gave much offence to the friends of Mr. Coleridge, who had seen fit, in his biographical account of himself, to omit all distinct reference to Bristol, the cradle of his literature, and for many years his favorite abode, and to whose inhabitants he said, as late as 1814, "You took me up in younger life, and I could wish to live and die amongst you." The chief cause of the offence was Mr. Cottle's fearful exposition of the melancholy consequences of Coleridge's indulgence in the use of opium; but as Coleridge had long broken himself of the destructive habit, and had expressly directed that his melancholy case should be made public after his death, as a warning to others, there was not any thing to reproach Mr. Cottle with in making known the facts, except as they were painful to surviving friends or relatives. There were, however, many allusions in his book to unpleasant scenes, foolish schemes, early struggles, and frivolous circumstances, which the friends of Mr. Coleridge might think best forgotten; besides which, the patronizing air with which the worthy bibliopolist speaks of his private intercourse and commercial arrangements with men who lived to command the golden market of literature, as well as merely to revel in its barren honors, might not be gratifying to the parties concerned. His opinions and criticisms, and his "Mr. Southey and I," "Mr. Coleridge and myself," &c., have an air of self-complacency as between a provincial bookseller and men who arrived at such pre-eminent fame; but fifty years ago they were all young together; and Cottle was often useful to them with his literary advice, as well as his purse; and he was himself also the author of several volumes of poetry, which his highly gifted friends spoke of with warm approbation. Coleridge, in the second edition of his poems, addressed to Cottle, a flattering copy of verses, adding: "I

could not refuse myself the gratification of seeing the name of that man amongst my poems without whose kindness they would probably have remained unpublished, and to whom I know myself greatly and variously obliged, as a poet, a man, and a Christian." We have thought this statement fair to "poor old gossiping Cottle;" whose "gossiping" cost him dear, not only in the chastisement administered to him by some of the reviewers for his disclosures respecting Coleridge; but in the harassing, and it is said £2000 law expenses and damages, inflicted upon him at the suit of Hannah More's discarded coachman, whom he had alluded to in his account of that lady's escape from Barley Wood.

The volumes were, however, chiefly devoted to recollections of Coleridge. Of Southey, who was living when they were published, less is said—and not any thing, we presume, which the poet wished to suppress even during his life-time, except as it might be too trifling for record; for Mr. Cottle speaks of Southey's having spent a few days on a visit with him not long before the book was published, and of their uninterrupted friendship, so that we can hardly suppose he put in print what he knew would give his friend offence. However there is nothing that entails reproach upon Southey's memory; for though, in his early days, he and Coleridge were led astray by the phantoms with which the French revolutionary school had dazzled Europe, and romantically proposed founding what they called a "Pantisocracy" in America; yet both of them came to a better mind; and their example and recantation in after-life are the more valuable because they were not the result of early prejudices, but of mature deliberation. If Southey wrote Joan of Arc, let it not be overlooked that he afterwards repudiated it, and endeavored legally to suppress it. If Coleridge was once a Socinian lecturer, let it not be forgotten that he became not only orthodox, but a lay "preacher of righteousness." Who can have forgotten his dying letter to his god-child, in which he says—

"And I thus, on the brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redemer, most gracious in his promises to them that truly seek him, is faithful to perform what he has promised; and has reserved, under all pains and infirmities, the peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw his Spirit from me in the conflict, and in his own time will deliver me from the evil one. O, my

dear godchild ! eminently blessed are they who begin *early* to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ."

Of Mr. Wordsworth there are a few curious literary notices in Mr. Cottle's recollections, which we will copy ; the personal allusions blended with them being to the honor, not disparagement, of that venerable man. The lovers of literary reminiscences may think the passages worth glancing over, though they are not intrinsically important.

"June, 1797.

"MY DEAR COTTLE,—I am sojourning, for a few days, at Racedown, Dorset, the mansion of our friend Wordsworth : who presents his kindest respects to you. * * *

"Wordsworth admires my tragedy, which gives me great hopes. Wordsworth has written a tragedy himself. I speak with heart-felt sincerity, and, I think, unblinded judgment, when I tell you, that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself. His drama is absolutely wonderful. You know I do not commonly speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases, and therefore will the more readily believe me. There are in the piece, those profound touches of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the 'Robbers' of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities. God bless you, and eke,

'S. T. COLERIDGE.'

"There is a peculiar pleasure in recording the favorable sentiments which one Poet entertains of another, I therefore state that Mr. Coleridge says, in a letter received from him, March 8th, 1793, 'The Giant Wordsworth—God love him ! When I speak in the terms of admiration due to his intellect, I fear lest these terms should keep out of sight the amiableness of his manners. He has written near twelve hundred lines of blank verse, superior, I hesitate not to aver, to any thing in our language which any way resembles it.'

"And in a letter received from Mr. Coleridge, 1807, he says—'Wordsworth is one whom, God knows, I love and honor as far beyond myself, as both morally and intellectually he is above me.'"

"1798.

"MY DEAR COTTLE,—I regret that aught should have disturbed our tranquillity ; respecting Lloyd, I am willing to believe myself in part mistaken, and so let all things be as before. I have no wish respecting these poems, either for or against re-publication with mine. As to the third edition, if there be occasion for it immediately, it must be published with some alterations, but no additions or omissions. But if there be no occasion for the volume to go to press for ten weeks, at the expiration of that time I would make it a volume worthy of me,

and omit utterly near one half of the present volume—a sacrifice to pitch black oblivion.

"Which ever be the case, I will repay you the money you have paid for me, in money, and in a few weeks ; or if you should prefer the latter proposal, (i. e. the not sending me to the press for ten weeks,) I should insist on considering the additions, however large, as my payment to you for the omissions, which, indeed, would be but strict justice.

"I am requested by Wordsworth, to put to you the following questions. What could you conveniently and prudently, and what would you, give for—first, our two Tragedies, with small prefaces, containing an analysis of our principal characters ? Exclusive of the prefaces, the Tragedies are, together, five thousand lines ; which, in printing, from the dialogue form, and directions respecting actors and scenery, are at least equal to six thousand. To be delivered to you within a week of the date of your answer to this letter ; and the money which you offer, to be paid to us at the end of four months from the same date ; none to be paid before, all to be paid then.

"Second.—Wordsworth's 'Salisbury Plain,' and 'Tale of a Woman : ' which two poems, with a few others, which he will add, and the notes, will make a volume. This to be delivered to you within three weeks of the date of your answer, and the money to be paid as before, at the end of four months from the present date.

"Do not, my dearest Cottle ! harass yourself about the imagined great merit of the compositions, or be reluctant to offer what you can prudently offer, from an idea that the poems are worth more. But calculate what you can do, with reference simply to yourself, and answer as speedily as you can ; and believe me your sincere, grateful, and affectionate

'Friend and Brother,

'S. T. COLERIDGE.'

"I offered Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth thirty guineas each, as proposed, for their two Tragedies ; but which, after some hesitation, was declined, from the hope of introducing one, or both, on the stage. The volume of Poems was left for some future arrangement."

"A visit to Mr. Coleridge at Stowey, (near Bristol,) had been the means of my introduction to Mr. Wordsworth, who read me many of his Lyrical pieces, when I perceived in them a peculiar, but decided merit. I advised him to publish them, expressing a belief that they would be well received. I further said that he should be at no risk ; that I would give him the same sum which I had given Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Southey, and that it would be a gratifying circumstance to me, to usher into the world, by becoming the publisher of the first volumes of three such poets as Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth ; a distinction that might never again occur to a Provincial bookseller.

"To the idea of publishing he expressed a strong objection ; and after several interviews, I left him, with an earnest wish that he would reconsider his determination.

"Soon after, Mr. Wordsworth sent me the following letter.

"Allfoxden, 12th April, 1798.

"MY DEAR COTTLE,—* * * You will be pleased to hear that I have gone on very rapidly adding to my stock of poetry. Do come and let me read it to you, under the old trees in the park. We have a little more than two months to stay in this place. Within these four days the season has advanced with greater rapidity than I ever remember, and the country becomes almost every hour more lovely.

"God bless you: your affectionate friend,
'W. WORDSWORTH.'

"A little time after, I received an invitation from Mr. Coleridge, to pay himself, and Mr. Wordsworth, another visit. At about the same time, I received the following corroborative invitation from Mr. Wordsworth.

"DEAR COTTLE,—We look for you with great impatience. We will never forgive you if you do not come. I say nothing of the 'Salisbury Plain' till I see you. I am determined to finish it, and equally so that you shall publish.

"I have lately been busy about another plan, which I do not wish to mention till I see you; let this be very, very soon, and stay a week if possible; as much longer as you can. God bless you, dear Cottle; yours sincerely,

"W. WORDSWORTH.'

"Allfoxden, 9th May, 1798.'

"The following letter also on this subject, was received from Mr. Coleridge:

"MY DEAR COTTLE,—Neither Wordsworth nor myself could have been otherwise than uncomfortable, if any but yourself had received from us the first offer of our Tragedies, and of the volume of Wordsworth's Poems. At the same time, we did not expect that you could with prudence and propriety advance such a sum as we should want at the time we specified. In short, we both regard the publication of our Tragedies as an evil. It is not impossible but that in happier times they may be brought on the stage: and to throw away this chance for a mere trifle, would be to make the present moment act fraudulently and usuriously towards the future time.

"My Tragedy employed and strained all my thoughts and faculties for six or seven months: Wordsworth consumed far more time, and far more thought, and far more genius. We consider the publication of them an evil on any terms; but our thoughts were bent upon a plan, for the accomplishment of which a certain sum of money was necessary (the whole) at that particular time, and in order to this we resolved, although reluctantly, to part with our Tragedies: that is, if we could obtain thirty guineas for each, and at less than thirty guineas Wordsworth will not part with the copy-right of his volume of Poems. We shall offer the Tragedies to no one, for we have determined to procure the money some other way. If you choose the volume of Poems, at the price mentioned, to be paid at the time specified, i. e., thirty guineas, to be paid sometime in the last fortnight of July, you may have them; but remember, my dear fellow! I write to you now merely as a bookseller, and entreat you, in your answer to con-

sider yourself only; as to us, although money is necessary to our plan, [that of visiting Germany,] yet the plan is not necessary to our happiness; and if it were, W. would sell his Poems for that sum to some one else, or we could procure the money without selling the Poems. So I entreat you, again and again, in your answer, which must be immediate, consider yourself only.

"Wordsworth has been caballed against so long and so loudly, that he has found it impossible to prevail on the tenant of the Allfoxden estate, to let him the house, after their first agreement is expired, so he must quit it at Midsummer; whether we shall be able to procure him a house and furniture near Stowey, we know not, and yet we must: for the hills, and the woods, and the streams, and the sea, and the shores would break forth into reproaches against us, if we did not strain every nerve to keep their Poet among them. Without joking, and in serious sadness, Poole and I cannot endure to think of losing him.

"At all events, come down, Cottle, as soon as you can, but before Midsummer, and we will procure a horse easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Limouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean and the vast valley of stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honors only from the winter's snow. At all events, come down, and cease not to believe me much and affectionately your friend,

'S. T. COLERIDGE.'

"In consequence of these conjoint invitations, I spent a week with Mr. C. and Mr. W. at Allfoxden. At this interview it was determined, that the volume should be published under the title of 'Lyrical Ballads,' on the terms stipulated in a former letter: that this volume should not contain the poem of 'Salisbury Plain,' but only an extract from it; that it should not contain the poem of 'Peter Bell,' but consist rather of sundry shorter poems, and, for the most part, of pieces more recently written. I had recommended two volumes, but one was fixed on, and that to be published anonymously. It was to be begun immediately, and with the 'Ancient Mariner;' which poem I brought with me to Bristol."

"A visit to Mr. Coleridge, at Stowey, in the year 1797, had been the means of my introduction to Mr. Wordsworth. Soon after our acquaintance had commenced, Mr. Wordsworth happened to be in Bristol, and asked me to spend a day or two with him at Allfoxden. I consented, and drove him down in a gig. We called for Mr. Coleridge, Miss Wordsworth, and the servant, at Stowey, and they walked, while we rode on to Mr. Wordsworth's house, (distant two or three miles,) where we proposed to dine. A London Alderman would smile at our bill-of-fare. It consisted of philosophers' viands; namely, a bottle of brandy, a noble loaf, and a stout piece of cheese; and as there were plenty of lettuces in the garden, with all these comforts we calculated on doing very well.

"Our fond hopes, however, were somewhat damped, by finding that our 'stout piece of cheese' had vanished! A sturdy *rat* of a beggar, whom we had relieved on the road, with his olfactories all alive, no doubt, *smelt* our cheese, and while we were gazing at the magnificent clouds, contrived to abstract our treasure! Cruel tramp! An ill return for our pence! We both wished the rind might not choke him! The mournful fact was ascertained a little before we drove into the court-yard of the house. Mr. Coleridge bore the loss with great fortitude, observing, that we should never starve with a loaf of bread and a bottle of brandy. He now, with the dexterity of an adept (admired by his friends around) unbuckled the horse, and, putting down the shafts, with a jerk, as a triumphant conclusion of his work, lo! the bottle of brandy, that had been placed most carefully behind us, on the seat, from the inevitable law of gravity, suddenly rolled down, and, before we could arrest the spirituous avalanche, pitching right on the stones, was dashed to pieces! We all beheld the spectacle, silent and petrified! We might have collected the broken fragments of glass, but, the brandy! that was gone! clean gone!

"One little untoward thing often follows another, and while the rest stood musing, chained to the place, regaling themselves with the Cogniac effluvium, and all miserably chagrined, I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts, I could not get off the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth first brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement, as altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck, almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that 'the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy!) since the collar was put on! for,' said he, 'it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *Os Frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!' Just at this instant the servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'La, master,' said she, 'you do not go about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment; each satisfied, afresh, that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which he had not attained.

"We were now summoned to dinner, and a dinner it was, such as every blind and starving man in the three kingdoms would have rejoiced to behold. At the top of the table stood a superb brown loaf. The centre dish presented a pile of the true coss lettuces, and at the bottom appeared an empty plate, where the 'stout piece of cheese' ought to have stood! (cruel mendicant!) and though the brandy was clean gone, yet its place was well, if not *better* supplied by a superabundance of fine sparkling Castalian Champagne! A happy thought at this time

started into one of our minds, that some sauce would render the lettuces a little more acceptable, when an individual in the company recollected a question once propounded by the most patient of men, 'How can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt?' and asked for a little of that valuable culinary article. 'Indeed, Sir,' Betty replied, 'I quite forgot to buy salt.' A general laugh followed the announcement, in which our host heartily joined. This was nothing. We had plenty of other good things, and while crunching our succulents, and munching our crusts, we pitied the far worse condition of those, perchance as hungry as ourselves, who were forced to dine, alone, off æther. For our next meal, the mile-off village furnished all that could be desired, and these trifling incidents present the sum, and the result, of half the little passing disasters of life.

"The volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads' was published about Midsummer, 1798. In September of the same year, Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth left England for Germany, and I for ever quitted the business of a bookseller."

"As a curious literary fact, I might mention, that the sale of the first edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' was so slow, and the severity of most of the Reviews so great, that its progress to oblivion seemed ordained to be as rapid as it was certain. I had given thirty guineas for the copy-right, as detailed in the preceding letters: but the heavy sale induced me to part with the largest proportion of the impression of five hundred, at a loss, to Mr. Arch, a London bookseller. After this transaction had occurred, I received a letter from Mr. Wordsworth, written the day before he set sail for the Continent, requesting me to make over my interest in the 'Lyrical Byllads' to Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Church-yard. This I could not have done, had I been so disposed, as the engagement had been made with Mr. Arch.

"On Mr. Wordsworth's return to England, I addressed a letter to him explaining the reasons why I could not comply with his request, to which he thus replied:

"MY DEAR COTTLE.—I perceive that it would have been impossible for you to comply with my request, respecting the 'Lyrical Ballads,' as you had entered into a treaty with Arch. How is the copy-right to be disposed of when you quit the bookselling business? We were much amused with the 'Anthology.' Your poem of the 'Killcrop' we liked better than any; only we regretted that you did not save the poor little innocent's life, by some benevolent art or other. You might have managed a little pathetic incident, in which nature appearing forcibly in the child, might have worked in some way or other upon its superstitious destroyer.

"We have spent our time pleasantly enough in Germany, but we are right glad to find ourselves in England, for we have learned to know its value. We left Coleridge well at Gottingen, a month ago. * * * *

'God bless you, my dear Cottle.

'Your affectionate friend,

'W. WORDSWORTH.'

"Soon after the receipt of the above, I received another letter from Mr. Wordsworth,

kindly urging me to pay him a visit in the north, in which, as an inducement, he says:

"* * * * * Write to me beforehand, and I will accompany you on a tour. You will come by Greta-bridge, which is about twenty miles from this place, (Stockburn;) and after we have seen all the curiosities of that neighborhood, I will accompany you into Cumberland and Westmoreland. * * * *

'God bless you, dear Cottle.

'W. W.'

"A short time after the receipt of this invitation, Mr. Coleridge arrived in Bristol from Germany, and as he was about to pay Mr. Wordsworth a visit, he pressed me to accompany him. In this interview with Mr. Wordsworth, the subject of the 'Lyrical Ballads' was mentioned but once, and that casually, and only to account for its failure! which Mr. W. ascribed to two causes; first, the 'Ancient Mariner,' which, he said, no one seemed to understand; and 2ndly, the unfavorable notice of most of the Reviews.

"On my reaching London, having an account to settle with Messrs. Longman and Rees, the booksellers, of Paternoster Row, I sold them all my copy-rights, which were valued as one lot, by a third party. On my next seeing Mr. Longman, he told me, that in estimating the value of the copy-rights, Fox's 'Achmed,' and Wordsworth's 'Lyrical Ballads,' were 'reckoned as nothing.' 'That being the case,' I replied, 'as both these authors are my personal friends, I should be obliged, if you would return me again these two copy-rights, that I may have the pleasure of presenting them to the respective writers.' Mr. Longman answered, with his accustomed liberality, 'You are welcome to them.' On my reaching Bristol, I gave Mr. Fox his receipt for twenty guineas; and on Mr. Coleridge's return from the north, I gave him Mr. Wordsworth's receipt for his thirty guineas; so that whatever advantage has arisen, subsequently, from the sale of this volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' has pertained exclusively to Mr. W.

"I have been the more particular in these statements, as it furnishes, perhaps, the most remarkable instance on record, of a volume of Poems remaining for so long a time, almost totally neglected, and afterwards acquiring, and that almost rapidly, so much deserved popularity."

We now take leave of Wordsworth, to converse with Southey, whose regular, punctual habits contrast amusingly with the random temperament of Coleridge. We will string together the extracts, selecting those in which Southey is conspicuous.

"At the close of the year 1794, a clever young quaker, of the name of Robert Lovell, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehannah to form a 'Social Colony;' in which there was to be a community of property, and where all that was elfish was to be proscribed. None, he said,

were to be admitted into their number, but tried and incorruptible characters; and he felt quite assured, that he and his friends would be able to realize a state of society, free from the evils and turmoils that then agitated the world, and present an example of the eminence to which men might arrive under the unrestrained influence of sound principles.

"Not too much to discourage the enthusiastic aspirant after happiness, I forebore all reference to the prolific accumulation of difficulties to be surmounted, and merely inquired who were to compose his company? He said that only four had, as yet, absolutely engaged in the enterprise; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, from Cambridge, (in whom I understood the plan to have originated;) Robert Southey, and George Burnett from Oxford, and himself. 'Well,' I replied, 'when do you set sail?' He answered, 'Very shortly. I soon expect my friends from the Universities, when all the preliminaries will be adjusted, and we shall joyfully cross the blue waves of the Atlantic.' 'But,' said I, 'to freight a ship, and sail out in the high style of gentlemen agriculturists, will require funds. How do you manage this?' 'We all contribute what we can,' said he, 'and I shall introduce all my dear friends to you, immediately on their arrival in Bristol.'

"One morning, shortly after, Robert Lovell called on me, and introduced Robert Southey. Never will the impression be effaced produced on me by this young man. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners; an eye piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindness, and intelligence. I gave him at once the right hand of fellowship, and, to the present moment, it has never, on either side, been withdrawn."

"The solicitude I felt, lest these young and ardent geniuses should, in a disastrous hour, and in their mistaken apprehensions, commit themselves in this their desperate undertaking, was happily dissipated, by Mr. Coleridge applying for the loan of a little cash,—to pay the voyagers'—freight? 'or passage?'—No, Lodgings. They all lodged, at this time, at No. 48, College-Street. Never did I lend money with such unmingled pleasure, for now I ceased to be haunted day and night with the spectre of the ship! the ship! which was to effect such incalculable mischief."

"Meeting Mr. Southey, I said to him, 'I have engaged to give Mr. Coleridge thirty guineas for a volume of his Poems; you have Poems equal to a volume, and if you approve of it, I will give you the same.' He cordially thanked me, and instantly acceded to my proposal.

"I then said to him, 'You have read me several books of your 'Joan of Arc,' which poem I perceive has great merit. If it meet with your concurrence, I will give you fifty guineas for this work, and publish it in quarto, when I will give you, in addition, fifty copies to dispose of amongst your friends.' Without a moment's hesitation, to this proposal also he acceded.

"I could say much of Mr. Southey, at this time; of his constitutional cheerfulness; of the polish of his manners; of his dignified, and at the same time, of his unassuming deportment;

as well as of the general respect, which his talents, conduct, and conversation excited."

"I had an opportunity of introducing Mr. Southey, at this time, to the eldest Mrs. More, who invited him down to spend some whole day with her sister Hannah, at their then residence, Cowslip Green. On this occasion, as requested, I accompanied him. The day was full of converse. On my meeting one of the ladies, soon after, I was gratified to learn that Mr. S. equally pleased all five of the sisters. She said he was 'brim full of Literature, and one of the most elegant and intellectual young men they had seen.'"

"Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Southey now determined, by their best efforts, in other ways than those detailed, to raise money for their projected expedition. They resolved, therefore, to give the citizens of Bristol individual lectures, or series of lectures, on different subjects. Mr. Coleridge chose Political and Moral subjects; Mr. Southey chose History."

"The lectures of Mr. Southey were numerously attended, and their composition was greatly admired; exhibiting, as they did, a succinct view of the various subjects commented upon, so as to chain the hearer's attention. They, at the same time, evinced great self-possession in the lecturer; a peculiar grace in the delivery; with reasoning so judicious and acute, as to excite astonishment in the auditory, that so young a man should concentrate so rich a fund of valuable matter in lectures, comparatively, so brief, and which clearly authorized the anticipation of his future eminence."

"No public lecturer could have received stronger proofs of approbation than Mr. Southey, from a polite and discriminating audience. Mr. Coleridge solicited permission of Mr. Southey, to deliver his fourth lecture, 'On the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire,' as a subject 'to which he had devoted much attention.' The request was immediately granted, and at the end of the third lecture, it was formally announced to the audience, that the next lecture would be delivered by 'Mr. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge.' At the usual hour the room was thronged. The moment of commencement had arrived. No lecturer appeared! Patience was preserved for a quarter, extending to half an hour!—but still no lecturer! At length it was communicated to the impatient assemblage, 'that a circumstance, exceedingly to be regretted! would prevent Mr. Coleridge from giving his lecture that evening, as intended.' Some few present learned the truth, but the major part of the company retired, not very well pleased, and under the impression that Mr. C. had either broken his leg, or that some severe family affliction had occurred. Mr. C.'s rather habitual absence of mind, with the little importance he generally attached to engagements, renders it likely, that, at this very time he might have been found, at No. 48 College Street, composedly smoking his pipe, and lost in profound musings on his divine Susquehannah!"

"Wishing to gratify my two young friends (and their ladies elect) with a pleasant excursion, I invited them to accompany me, in a visit

to the Wye, including Piercefield and Tintern Abbey; objects new to us all. It so happened, the day we were to set off, was that immediately following the woeful disappointment! but here, all was punctuality. It was calculated that the proposed objects might be accomplished in two days, so as not to interfere with the Friday evening's lecture, which Mr. Southey had now wisely determined to deliver himself."

"After dinner an unpleasant altercation occurred between the two Pantisocratians! Mr. Southey, whose regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him never to fail in an engagement, expressed to Mr. Coleridge his deep feelings of regret that his audience should have been disappointed on the preceding evening; reminding him that unless he had determined punctually to fulfil his voluntary engagement, he ought not to have entered upon it. Mr. Coleridge thought the delay of the lecture of little or no consequence. This excited a remonstrance, which produced a reply. At first I interfered with a few conciliatory words, which were unavailing; and these two friends, about to exhibit to the world a glorious example of the effects of concord and sound principles, with an exemption from all the selfish and unsocial passions, fell, alas! into the common lot of humanity, and, in so doing, must have demonstrated, even to themselves, the rope of sand to which they had confided their destinies."

"A little cessation in the storm afforded me the opportunity of stepping forward, and remarking, that the wisest way was to forget the past, and to remember only the pleasant objects before us. In this opinion the ladies concurred, when placing a hand of one of the dissentients in that of the other, the hearty salutation went round, and, with our accustomed spirits, we prepared once more for Piercefield and the Abbey."

"In the spirit of impartiality, it now devolves on me to state a temporary misunderstanding between the two Pantisocratians themselves, in the autumn of 1795. It is difficult to assign any other reason for the wild scheme of Pantisocracy, than the inexperience of youth, acting on sanguine imaginations. At its first announcement, every reflecting mind saw that the plan, in its nature, and in the agents who were to carry it into effect, was obnoxious to insurmountable objections; but the individuals with whom the design originated, were young, ardent, and enthusiastic, and at that time entertained views of society erroneous in themselves, and which experience only could correct. The fullest conviction was entertained by their friends, that, as reason established itself in their minds, the delusion would vanish; and that they themselves would soon smile at extravagances which none but their own ingenious order of minds could have devised: but when the dissension occurred, before noticed, at Chestow, Mr. Southey must have had conviction flash on his mind, that the habits of himself and his friend were so essentially opposed as to render harmony and success impossible."

"Mr. Southey now addressed a temperate letter to Mr. Coleridge, stating that circumstances and his own views had so altered, as to

render it necessary in him candidly to state, that he must abandon Pantisocracy, and the whole scheme of colonizing in America.

"On the receipt of Mr. Southey's letter, a tumult and re-action were excited in Mr. Coleridge's spirit, that filled the whole circle of their mutual friends with grief and dismay. This unexpected effect, perhaps, may be ascribed to the consciousness, first seriously awakened in Mr. Coleridge's mind, of the erroneous principles on which all his calculations had been founded. He perceived at length (it may be) that he had been pursuing a phantom; and the conviction must have been associated with self-upbraidings. Charges of 'desertion' flew thick around: of 'a want of principle;' of 'dishonorable retraction, in a compact the most solemn and binding.'

"Mr. Southey acted with the strictest honor and propriety, and in such a way as any wise man, under such circumstances, would have acted. The great surprise with their friends was, that the crisis should not earlier have occurred.

"Mr. Southey, a day or two after this unhappy difference, set off on his Spanish and Portuguese expedition. On his return to Bristol, in the next year, as the whole misunderstanding between himself and Mr. Coleridge was the effect of transient feeling, that extended not to the heart, on their meeting, an easy reconciliation was effected."

"It was mentioned that Mr. Southey was the first to abandon the scheme of American colonization; and that, in confirmation, towards the conclusion of 1795, he accompanied his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, (Chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon,) through some parts of Spain and Portugal; of which occurrence, Mr. Southey's entertaining 'Letters' from those countries are the result; bearing testimony to his rapid accumulation of facts, and the accuracy of his observations on persons and things. Mr. Southey having sent me a letter from Corunna, and another from Lisbon, I shall here (with his permission) gratify the reader by presenting them for his perusal. (The following are the chief passages):

"Corunna, Dec. 15th, 1795.

"Indeed, my dear friend, it is strange that you are reading a letter from me at this time, and not an account of our shipwreck. We left Falmouth on Tuesday mid-day; the wind was fair till the next night, so fair that we were within twelve hours' sail of Corunna; it then turned round, blew a tempest, and continued so till the middle of Saturday. Our dead lights were up fifty hours, and I was in momentary expectation of death. You know what a situation this is. I forgot my sickness, and though I thought much of the next world, thought more of those at Bristol, who would daily expect letters; daily be disappointed, and at last learn from the newspapers that the Lauzarotte had never been heard of.

"Of all things it is most difficult to understand the optimism of this difference of language; the very beasts of the country do not understand English. Say 'poor fellow' to a

dog, and he will probably bite you; the cat will come if you call her 'Meeth-tha,' but 'puss' is an outlandish phrase she has not been accustomed to. Last night I went to supper to the fleas, and an excellent supper they made; and the cats serenaded me with their execrable Spanish: to lie all night in *Bowling-green Lane*, (a rough road near Tintern, which he thus ironically named,) would be to enjoy the luxury of soft and smooth lying.

"At sight of land a general shaving took place; no subject could be better for Bunbury, than a packet cabin taken at such a moment. For me, I am as yet whiskered, for I would not venture to shave on board, and have had no razor on shore till this evening. Custom-house officers are more troublesome here than in England, I have however got every thing at last. You may form some idea of the weather we endured, thirty fowls over-head were drowned; the ducks got loose and ran with a party of half-naked Dutchmen into our cabin; 'twas a precious place, eight men lying on a shelf much like a coffin.

"The bookseller's shop was a great comfort; the Consul here has paid me particular attentions, and I am to pass to-morrow morning with him, when he will give me some directions concerning Spanish literature. He knows the chief literary men in England, and *did* know Brissot and Petion. Good night, they are going to supper. Oh, their foul oils and wines.

"Tuesday morning—I have heard of hearts as hard as rocks, and stones, and adamants, but if ever I write upon a hard heart, my simile shall be as inflexible as a bed in a Spanish Posada; we had beef-steaks for supper last night, and a sad libel upon beef-steaks they were. I wish you could see our room; a bed in an open recess, one just moved from the other corner. Raynsford packing his trunk; Maber shaving himself; tables and chairs; looking-glass hung even too high for a Patagonian; the four evangelists, &c., the floor beyond all filth most filthy.

"Adieu,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

"Lisbon, Feb. 1st, 1796.

"'Certainly I shall hear from Mr. Cottle, by the first packet,' said I.—Now I say, 'Probably I may hear by the next,' so does experience abate the sanguine expectations of man. What, could you not write one letter? and here am I writing not only to all my friends in Bristol, but, to all in England. Indeed I should have been vexed, but the packet brought a letter from Edith, and the pleasure that gave me allowed no feeling of vexation. What of 'Joan?' Mr. Coates tells me it gains upon the public, but authors seldom hear the plain truth. I am anxious that it should reach a second edition, that I may write a new preface, and enlarge the last book. I shall omit all in the second book which Coleridge wrote.

"Bristol deserves panegyric instead of satire. I know of no mercantile place so literary. Here I am spending my mornings so pleasantly, as books, only books, can make them, and sitting at evening the silent spectator of card-playing and dancing. The English here unite the spirit

of commerce, with the frivolous amusements of high life. One of them who plays every night, (Sundays are not excepted here,) will tell you how closely he attends to profit. 'I never pay a porter for bringing a burthen till the next day, (says he,) for while the fellow feels his back ache with the weight, he charges high; but when he comes the next day the feeling is gone, and he asks only half the money.' And the author of this philosophical scheme is worth 200,000 pounds!!

"This is a comfortless place, and the only pleasure I find in it is in looking to my departure. Three years ago I might have found a friend, Count Leopold Berchtold. This man (foster-brother of the Emperor Joseph) is one of those rare characters who spend their lives in doing good. It is his custom in every country he visits, to publish books in its language, on some subject of practical utility; these he gives away. I have now lying before me the two which he printed in Lisbon: the one is an Essay on the means of preserving life, in the various dangers to which men are daily exposed. The other an Essay on extending the limits of benevolence, not only towards men, but towards animals. His age was about twenty-five; his person and his manners the most polished. My uncle saw more of him than any one, for he used his library; and this was the only house he called at; he was only seen at dinner, the rest of the day was constantly given to study. They who lived in the same house with him believed him to be the wandering Jew. He spoke all the European languages, had written in all, and was master of the Arabic. From thence he went to Cadiz, and thence to Barbary; no more is known of him.

"We felt an earthquake the morning after our arrival here. These shocks alarm the Portuguese dreadfully; and indeed it is the most terrifying sensation you can conceive. One man jumped out of bed and ran down to the stable, to ride off almost naked as he was. Another, more considerably put out his candle, 'because I know (said he) the fire does more harm than the earthquake.' The ruins of the great earthquake are not yet removed entirely.

"The city is a curious place: a straggling plan; built on the most uneven ground, with heaps of ruins in the middle, and large open places. The streets filthy beyond all English ideas of filth, for they throw every thing into the streets, and nothing is removed. Dead animals annoy you at every corner; and such is the indolence and nastiness of the Portuguese, that I verily believe they would let each other rot, in the same manner, if the priests did not get something by burying them. Some of the friars are vowed to wear their clothes without changing for a year; and this is a comfort to them: you will not wonder, therefore, that I always keep to the windward of these reverend perfumers.

"The streets are very agreeable in wet weather. If you walk under the houses, you are drenched by the water-spouts. If you attempt the middle, there is a river. If you would go between both, there is a dunghill. The

rains here are very violent, and the streams in the streets, on a declivity, so rapid as to throw down men; and sometimes to overset carriages. A woman was drowned, some years ago, in one of the most frequented streets in Lisbon.

"Lisbon is plagued with a very small species of red ant, that swarms over every thing in the house. Their remedy for this is to send for the priest, and exorcise them. The drain from the new convent opens into the middle of the street. An English pigsty is cleaner than the metropolis of Portugal.

"To-night I shall see the procession of 'Our Lord of the Passion.' This image is a very celebrated one, and with great reason, for one night he knocked at the door of St. Roque's church, and there they would not admit him. After this he walked to the other end of the town, to the church of St. Grace, and there they took him in; but a dispute now arose between the two churches, to which the image belonged; whether to the church which he first chose, or the church that first chose him. The matter was compromised. One church has him, and the other fetches him for their processions, and he sleeps with the latter the night preceding. The better mode for deciding it, had been to place the gentleman between both, and let him walk to which he liked best. What think you of this story being believed in 1796!!!

"The power of the Inquisition still exists, though they never exercise it, and thus the Jews save their bacon. Fifty years ago it was the greatest delight of the Portuguese to see a Jew burnt. Geddes, the then chaplain, was present at one of these detestable Auto de Fés. He says, 'The transports expressed by all ages, and both sexes, whilst the miserable sufferers were shrieking and begging mercy, for God's sake, formed a scene more horrible than any out of hell!' He adds, that 'this barbarity is not their national character, for no people sympathize so much at the execution of a criminal; but it is the damnable nature of their religion, and the most diabolical spirit of their priests; their celibacy deprives them of the affections of men, and their creed gives them the ferocity of devils.' Geddes saw one man gagged, because, immediately he came out of the Inquisition gates, he looked up at the sun, whose light for many years had never visited him, and exclaimed, 'How is it possible for men who behold that glorious orb to worship any being but Him who created it!' My blood runs cold when I pass that accursed building; and though they do not exercise their power, it is a reproach to human nature, that the building should exist.

"The climate here is delightful, and the air so clear, that when the moon is young I can often distinguish the whole circle thus: O. You and Robert may look for this some fine night, but I do not remember ever to have observed it in England. The stars appear more brilliant here, but I often look up at the Pleiades and remember how much happier I was when I saw them in Bristol. Fare you well. Let me know that my friends remember me.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The above notices of such a man as Southey may be found interesting; nor will they be without practical value if they shall lead young persons of ardent imagination to beware of romantic projects and vagrant habits of life, and early to betake themselves to a settled calling. What were Mr. Southey's religious opinions in his younger days we cannot ascertain. We shall rejoice, if, when an authentic memoir of his life is published, it shall appear that in after years he both clearly understood and felt practically the infinite value of the Gospel, as "the power of God unto salvation." The cloud that shaded his latter days precluded all intercourse with him on this or any other subject. Though a prosperous man, and as much loved as lauded, he had not found the world to be a home or rest. In a letter which we received from him in 1835, adverting to his "Pilgrimage to Waterloo," written twenty years before, he mentions the loss of two of his children, whose names will be familiar to those who recollect that affecting effusion of a father's heart. He also lost his beloved wife; though his latter years were supported by a second partner, a daughter of the venerable Canon Bowles, the poet, who devoted herself to his comfort, and watched over him with affectionate anxiety when his mind had sunk beneath its long-sustained labors. We will copy, with a slight omission, the letter to which we have alluded:

"Keswick, 2nd Sept. 1835.

"Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your [naming a little volume of verses, chiefly of a domestic character]. They have only been long enough in my possession for me to glance at their contents in cutting open the leaves; but I see enough to perceive that the book will be often in my hands.

"That family picture which pleased you in 1815—which it was hoped would please such as you—is to me the most mournful of all my poems. The 'studious boy,' who welcomed his father's return so joyfully, was laid in his grave before the book was published; and my 'sweet Isabel' was laid beside him in the fourteenth year of her age. It pleased God to give me another son after all likelihood of such an event had ceased. He is now sixteen, and by God's mercy promises to be all that I could wish him. But I know too feelingly the instability of human life and human happiness, not to possess the blessings which are still left me, in fear.

"If any opportunity offers in which I can give your little volume that sort of *shove* which poetry, however light its bulk, requires in these days to set it in motion, I will not let it pass.

"Farewell, Dear Sir,

And believe me yours very truly,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

ON ÆSTHETICAL CRITICISM AS APPLIED TO WORKS OF ART.

From Fraser's Magazine.

As many of our readers may not understand the meaning of the word *æsthetics*, since it has not been commonly used in this country many years, we shall follow the good old rule of first defining our term. The word is taken from the Greek *αισθησις*, perception. Baumgarten, a professor in the university of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, first used this term to designate a branch of philosophy by which to establish correct principles of criticism in relation to the beautiful. Germany, France, Italy, and lately England, have used the word—not always correctly. Criticism on art is at the lowest ebb in this country, consisting of very little more than the application of a catalogue of cant terms and phrases, many of them conveying no definite ideas, and but few of them distinctly understood by those who use them most frequently. The general taste in pictorial art is almost as low as the criticism. There are exceptions, just numerous enough to prove the rule. Italy retains a morbid feeling for what is really high and expressive of the uses of this great department of intellectuality, and vents in apostrophes, phrases redolent of superlatives, and in sickly admiration, her moribund recollections, without producing one worthy supporter of her Medicien days. France shines in affectation, bombast, and supposititious analysis; and her exhibitions give no promise that the fine collection of the Louvre will make any impression on her artists. Germany gives promises both in art and in criticism; and the study of *æsthetics* among her students has raised the whole standard of her taste—her sculpture and painting. In accordance with their prevailing love for mysticism, the criticism of the Germans has been carried into a *terra incognita*. The esoterical *æsthetical* doctrines have been worried by them into depths darker than Erebus, and the bewildered and benighted reader is remorselessly made to follow,

"O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare.

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:

At length a universal hubbub wild

Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,

Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear

With loudest vehemence——"

Astonished and tired, he wends his way to the nearest coast, "bordering on light,"

and, having recovered in some degree his composure, finds that he has been mesmerized into a mystical verbosity, without positive thought, which leaves no recollection. The principles of art, whether æsthetical or practical, are, like the laws which rule the mental and physical creation, positive and intelligible; but no sooner is the simplicity and majesty of truth deserted, than the human intellect wanders into mists which are beyond her boundary, and, at best, terminate in a delusive mirage, which seems to promise all we want, and, when followed, recedes, producing nothing but appearances, toil, and disappointment. Notwithstanding, if the chaff be carefully separated, there is much that is sound and useful in German criticism, and which will set an example by which the science may be placed on a firm foundation.

Mrs. Jameson, in her preface to the translation of Waagen's *Essay on the Genius of Rubens*, takes Sir Joshua Reynolds to task for telling the students of the Royal Academy that, by dint of study, labor, perseverance, and certain rules of art, any one of them might become a great artist. That her objection is perfectly sound, there can be no doubt, because the painter, as well as the poet, is born with facilities for acquiring their art. She correctly designates genius "inborn and heaven-bestowed." No word has been more abused. Every rhymster, scraper on the fiddle, ranter on the stage, caricaturist of nature, and every puppy who scratches with a pencil, or stains canvass with a whirlpool of colors, is, in this utilitarian country, styled a genius, and made, if possible, more conceited, or, if R. A. in such daubing, more stolidly vicious than ever.

Genius is an intellectual faculty, which enables the possessor of it to produce with power, facility, and elegance, what another cannot effect with any degree of study or perseverance. The bent of that genius may be in music, poetry, construction, painting, &c. &c. Education may accelerate, direct in the right course, and enable genius to soar to excellence, but education cannot create the faculty. Genius without instruction, without the aid of adventitious circumstances, never carried an art or a science from its rudiments to its acme. Perfection, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and requires constant and careful culture, the seed being good, the soil fertile, with that attention, the fruits will approach perfection. Art, science, and literature, have been virtually insulted

in this country, by giving to mediocrity the highest of titles, that of genius. It may be questioned whether England ever possessed a painter to whom the title of genius in a high and extended sense can justly be given. Many may fairly claim to be placed in the next classes, as possessing considerable talent, great vigor, the æsthetical sense uncertainly developed, though at times shining forth with considerable lustre.

One leading characteristic of genius is its being in advance of the age in which it lives. The degree of advance in any particular line decides the elevation on which it stands, not only in its own age, but in comparison with ages past, and that in which we live, and apply the test. A careful examination of the uses which have, or might have, been made of the *principia* established by it, will enable us to judge how far by them we had been enabled to penetrate into the fields of knowledge. The greatest geniuses have invariably burst through the circumstances influencing those around them, and concentrated the whole power of their minds on establishing those principles which are founded on the immutable laws which govern the world. Pythagoras and Euclid are examples. We are, however, ignorant how much the former was indebted to the knowledge of the East, where he had been as a soldier. Their originality was manifest amidst surrounding circumstances not favorable to the development of truths so vast and sound, that they can only terminate with time.

Leaving the examples of science, we will touch on those of art. Though Xerxes burnt Athens, the Greeks were conquerors. Their natural powers of mind and fervid temperament were instigated to action by Pericles. Phidias received the impulse from the circumstances by which he was surrounded and by the galaxy of men who were his contemporaries, some of whom maintained the possibility of man attaining mental and personal perfection. Homer and Æschylus had preceded him, and sculpture was no new art. But as Phidias left, as it were, unnoticed the inflexible superficies, the assumption, not the reality of dignity, the meagre or exaggerated outline and the geometrical draperies of his predecessors substituting the reverse, and applying all his energies and intellectual power to typify the deities of his country, thus applying corporeality to the perfection of ideal and imaginative forms, the effect of his works on his countrymen and on succeeding generations proves that

he was directed by that esoterical and æsthetical sentiment, without which art loses its vitality and is lowered to mechanism and correctness of eye. Sculpture and painting must go nearly *pari passu*, therefore we may conclude that among the contemporary painters some felt and embodied the meaning and moral dignity of their art, as well as the greatest, though not the first of sculptors. In those great artists and their immediate schools the moral sense stamped on the executive parts of their works a perfection of form which never has and never can be produced where that feeling does not exist.

Whatever high imaginings any mind has been capable of, progressive steps have been required to enable that mind to delineate its conceptions; therefore, when schools of art are spoken of, the meaning must be that some individual, leaving the manner and routine of the conceptions of his master, adopts a higher system, showing a more profound esoterical and æsthetical feeling than those who preceded him, and to whom his age and country defer. The heads of the great schools, like the founders of families, are generally the greatest men of all their followers, while those very men excelled both the masters and scholars of the schools in which they were brought up, as Raffaele da Urbino left Perugino far behind.

It is unquestionably an act of justice to the individual to allow weight to the influence of the character of the age in which he lived, and of the peculiar circumstances by which he was surrounded; but we much doubt the propriety of judging of the artist, as an artist, by any rules but those which are universal and fundamental. The approximation to esoterical and æsthetical delineation of the subject, taken in its deepest, highest, and most extended sense, must ever be the test by which to appreciate a work of art. We do not refer to those inanities, vulgarities, affectations, and feeble parodies of beautiful nature, which constitute the mass of pictorial merchandise or the coverings of our Academy walls. The only sound saying of that *Micromegas* Louis XIV. on seeing his palace-walls disgraced by some of them was, "*Otes moi ces mâtots là.*" No excellence in the mechanical part of a picture can compensate for *ces mâtots là*; there are some in our National Gallery better suited to a brothel than to instruct the people in the real uses of art to a nation.

Dr. Waagen, well known for his volumes

on art and artists in England, has lately attempted, in an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Rubens*, to establish a sounder quality of criticism, and selected that painter for his example. Had he selected him to discuss his claims on esoterical and æsthetical principles, *without* reference to any external influences, he could not have chosen more judiciously; but superadding them as principles by which to form his judgment, the force of his intention is destroyed, and criticism on art is made secondary to the criticism on the individual. The test should have been twofold,—one referring to the unchangeable esoterical and æsthetical principles; then modifying the deduction by reference to the country, times, and peculiar circumstances, by which the artist was surrounded.

Rubens was, without doubt, a great painter; what claims he possesses to the title of a great æsthetical artist must be determined by his works. No man was ever less influenced by the circumstances which surrounded him than Rubens. All the painters who had preceded him, all contemporaries were passed by him, not without notice but without borrowing from them. He remained eight years in Italy, and studied at Rome and elsewhere the remnants of ancient art and the works of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Titian, &c., and never showed himself to be indebted even to a fragment, and left that country without imbibing any of the refinements in feeling, the elevation of sentiment, or the ideal beauty to be found in their works. The state of neither his native nor any other country seemed to influence him; his individual characteristics of mind and temperament were from first to last stamped on his works, even a superior education did not modify them. He was incapable of copying the works of other masters which he admired, and translated the heads and characters of Leonardo da Vinci into Flemish. The characteristics of Rubens affording the illustration required, we shall not put ourselves under any obligation to Dr. Waagen, whose estimate is a sad jumble of truth and extraneous twaddle, but offer our own. The leading characteristic of the mind of Rubens was general power and capacity. He attained superiority in whatever he attempted. He was a painter, courtier, diplomatist, linguist, generally informed, conscious of his capability, and self-confident. Common sense kept the reins of those great qualities well in hand. His imagination was powerful, but not refined; the faculty of invention ready, with

great facility of resource, supported by a sanguine and energetic temperament, calling into action affectionate and generous feelings. His temper was cheerful and buoyant, but the esoterical sense for the elevated, the beautiful, the intense in sentiment, was comparatively weak.

Thus we see conscious power stamped on all his works, and great daring, even to delineating "The Last Judgment," but all characterized by deficiency in esoterical and æsthetical feeling, and, consequently, wanting in that beauty of form and feature which can emanate only from it. In a few instances, like angels' visits, seldom and far between, he has soared into the regions of elevated sentiment and portrayed it;* but his nature being unable to sustain him in such an ethereal atmosphere, he returned to his natural sphere, not quickened by the hallowed fire which bore him there to try and retain the lofty station he had won.

Rubens can never be considered as standing in the highest class. Raffaëlle was an esoterical, æsthetical, intellectual, reflective painter, who spiritualized his art; Rubens, possessing vigor as yet unparalleled, dragged down with unsparing hand art to his own earthly conceptions, and revelled on a throne

"Which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Even from that throne he too often descended,

"Bowling lowly down
To bestial gods."

* The following criticism was given by Madame de Humboldt to Dr. Waagen:—"From this general criticism we may except the picture in the Capitol of the Escorial, in which the Virgin is represented as standing on the globe and trampling on a serpent, which is writhing beneath her feet. The Virgin is a tall, slender, and dignified figure; a heavenly crown, with the rays of glory, just touches her head; she looks like the queen of heaven, and inspires at once veneration and awe. Two angels, most lovely infant forms, stand on the clouds close to her side, the one holding a palm, the other a wreath of laurel. The expression in the countenance of the Virgin is that of adoration and gratitude; there is something unearthly and inspired in the soul which looks out from her eyes; her dress falls from her waist in rich folds, and a white veil covers her bosom. This picture is so beautiful, in such noble keeping, and so free from that disagreeable voluptuousness which characterizes Rubens's females in general, that it can be contemplated and dwelt on with delight, although hanging on the wall with a Raffaëlle and a Guido; while it possesses all the advantages which belongs so exclusively to the manner of Rubens—the most blooming flesh-tints, the loveliest coloring."

At other times he seemed delighted to

"Welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity."—*Comus*.

When called on to exercise his ingenuity in allegorical and emblematical compositions he fails, either producing parodies so devoid of sense, or containing such a rabble rout of personifications male and female, young and old, some in a state of nudity, others connected with them in rich and stiff brocades, ruffs, or armor, as to excite sometimes laughter, sometimes pity. The allegory, so called, in Whitehall, defies all explanation, and the spectator gazes on the strange assemblage wondering who the ladies are embracing, who those are, holding crowns over a youthful prince, what all the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology are about, why Temperance tramples on Rapaciousness, what Hercules aims at kneeling on a snake-headed lady, what naked person Minerva is above, and what she intends to do to it. Most of these miscalled allegories are melodramatic jumbles, and are to be tolerated only for the excellence of the execution. The mind of Rubens was not sufficiently quiescent and plastic to receive impressions, but so vigorous as to implant his own undisciplined and inexhaustible mental population on the canvass, showing beyond dispute that his classical education and his eight years' companionship with the refinements of the art of ancient Greece and modern Italy had only been admired with the eye, but had made no impression on the mind. Notwithstanding he wrote a dissertation on the use of the study of ancient art, he never improved either his outline or drawing. The statues of the Grecian sculptors never led him to combine elegance with force and activity in his manly forms, nor grace, lightness, and loveliness, in his delineations of female beauties; to the last his heroes, heroines, gods, and goddesses, were of the truest Flemish breed. The general *contour* of his mental manifestations was eminently dramatic, ranging from the truly tragic, through the theatrical, to the melodramatic and the whimsical. Algarotti thus expresses his estimate of him as an artist:—

"Rubens was not so violent in his action as Tintoretto, softer in his chiaroscuro than Caravaggio; he was not so rich in his compositions as Paolo Veronese, nor so light and elegant in his touch. Titian was truer in his carnations, and Vandyke more delicate; his colors were more transparent, the harmony of them equal while

their depth was greater. His strength and grandeur of style superior to them all."

If to that be added that his pencilling was full and mellow, the handling free and decided beyond any other painter, the gradations true, and so positive that they seem never to have been gone over twice, and every touch the result of a definite intention, it will be admitted that he might have entered the list with the greatest artists, and that, if in the highest department he would not have carried off the palm, in the practical part he was unrivalled.

Thus Rubens is a fine example of a great painter, not æsthetical in his *practice* of the art, but essentially so in his theoretical expressions of it. His friend Franciscus Junius dedicated to him his work, written in Latin, on ancient art, and inculcates throughout æsthetical considerations.* The explanation of the incongruity can only be explained by supposing that Rubens understood the doctrine when he read it, but was so constituted as never to have felt it. Not so Raffaëlle, he understood it profoundly, and practically carried it to the highest perfection hitherto attained. Volterra, Domenichino, Guido, Gherlandaio, Correggio, Sebastianus Venetus del Piombo, and numbers more, manifested the sense of the æsthetical. They were Italians. Murillo in Spain, Le Sueur, Juvenet, and a few more in a minor degree in France, have proved their possession of it.

* "Pictures which are judged sweeter than any picture, pictures surpassing the apprehension and art of man, workes that are sayd to be done by an unspeakable of art, delicately, divinely, unfeisably, insinuate nothing els but that there is something in them which doth not proceed from the laborious curiositie prescribed by the rules of art, and that the free spirit of the artificer, marking how Nature sporteth herself in such an infinite varietie of things, undertooke to do the same."—P. 331. Ed. 1638, Franciscus Junius.

"Having now seene alreadie wherein the chiefe comelinesse of grace doth consist, and how by a glorious conquest it doth sweetly enthrall and captivate the hearts of men with the lovely chaines of due admiration and amazement; having likewise considered by the way that this grace hath no greater enemy than affectation; it is left only that we should examine by what means it may be obtained, although we dare not presume to give any precepts of it; which, in the opinion of Tully and Quintilian, is altogether impossible, since it is certaine that this grace is not a perfection of art proceeding merely from art, but rather a perfection proceeding from a consummate art, as it busieth itself about things that are suitable to our nature. So must, then, art and nature concur to the constitution of this grace. A perfect art must be wisely applied to what we are most given to by nature."—P. 333.

When the passions and affections of the soul are to be delineated, we can neither quote the Low Countries nor Holland, but express the belief that the sentiment does exist in this country, and only requires to be awakened, schooled, and cultivated.

The taste of the English people is not favorable to the highest walks of art, not from a want of mental capacity to appreciate them, but because they have had few opportunities of contemplating them. Since our National Gallery has been opened to the people, it has been an object of attraction on every day considered by them as a holyday. Even the generality of the upper classes admire more pictures distinguished for high finishing and homely subjects, or landscapes, than those manifesting the esoteric feeling (for the object of the art) and the æsthetical sentiment displayed. Let us not suppose that this nation is the only one which has shown a deficiency in appreciating the highest efforts of artists. The ancients were as bad. Pliny (lib. xxxv. cap. 10) tells us that Pyreicus was celebrated for his excellency in artistical dexterity, and painted barbers, cobblers' shops, asses, provender, both for men and animals, and what we term objects of *still life*, and consequently had given to him the sobriquet of Rhyparographus, and that those works were so admired and coveted that they sold better than the finest pictures of the greatest masters.

The only stimulus ever given by the nation to call into action the talent of our artists is now offered to them through a board of commissioners. We look in vain for one *living* historical painter whose works command sufficient confidence in his mental and practical powers to commence the work—to regenerate the degraded arts of England. Excellence in the art requires not only superior intelligence, but a great development of peculiar faculties, borne on by a deep sense and feeling for the ends to be produced by the successful manifestation of the powers bestowed by Providence. A high sense of the value of *truth* in all representations; to that must be added an education embracing, at least, a correct and current knowledge of several arts and sciences, and that historical knowledge which, in addition to mere facts, superadds an apprehension of the feelings, manners, costume, bearing, and mental state of periods and persons. If Longinus be right, and we think he is, the mind of a great artist must be cast in the mould of true magnificence, or it cannot even conceive the sublime or the beautiful; and

unless its habitual conduct be noble and elevated, never can it delineate the truly æsthetical.

Our artists have a prospect before them only paralleled by the Vatican. The scope offered to them is coequal with the highest aspirations. The history, the poetry, the deeds of a mighty nation ranging through a thousand years. This is encouraging, and promoting the fine arts; this is an attempt worthy of England to commemorate the blessings bestowed on her by an overruling Providence, to recall the incidents to the memories of generations yet unborn, to stimulate them to keep for ever burning the flame of their country's glory by adding their own acts as inexhaustible fuel. These mementos are within the walls of the senate-house, and must act, except on the basest minds, as continual monitors. The progress and completion of the work must tend to raise the standard of national taste, if those to whom the superintendence is intrusted keep only one object in view, the esoterical, æsthetical, and practical manifestations of art. It may be a question, if the subjects should be left to the choice of artists. All the events of importance cannot be delineated; those which constitute the axes on which the greatest steps to civilization have turned should undoubtedly be selected, and with them clear expositions of their political and moral meaning, so that the artist may have the real sense and prospective connexion of the subject. No allegory should be permitted, as militating against the majesty of truth. The selection of the subjects would require deep historical information, combined with a knowledge of art; so that events impossible to delineate may not be attempted. The deliberation of the commissioners ought to decide those points. In the selection of the poetical subjects the severest morality should be upheld, and a pure and even holy meaning should irradiate every subject.

Sculpture has advanced in England far before the sister art. Henry Baily yet survives, and by the fostering hand of his country may have some reparation made him for the harvest of sorrows entailed on him by the cold and heartless indifferentism of those who delayed his remuneration, for the sculptures intended for the royal palace. Hereafter he will be styled the Praxiteles of England. There are others following in the same class whose works would mark the state of sculpture, and not dishonor the noble building intended to be decorated.

We see no reason why the art of die-

sinking should not be promoted, and Wyon called on to give proofs for a stupendous work which should place his name beyond Hedlinger, the Hamerini and Andrieu; he has given such consummate proofs of taste and talent as to leave no fear of failure, but excite the highest confidence of success. There may be other native artists in that line who only require encouragement to come forward. The proposal to delineate on fresco is a daring one. Is it the best medium on which to fulfil the great objects of art? Is it capable of permitting the completion of all the *science* which a great pictorial representation ought to embrace? A calm examination of the frescoes now extant should be made by judicious persons, accompanied by artists of acknowledged information, and a report sent in to the commissioners of the state of them as to durableness, color, the degree of perfection to which the scientific details have been able to be carried, and the manner in which they effect their intended objects. Our climate, the nature and degree of light, and other local matters, require much consideration, and demand the attention of the artist when considering the disposition of his work.

Fresco-painting was adopted in Italy on account of the comparative cheapness, and not because it was the best substance on which to work. *All* the frescoes in Italy are either faded or perished. Those in damp situations are virtually obliterated, particularly at Mantua and Venice. The Cupid and Psyche, by Raffaello, in a palace *near the Tiber, is evanescing*. The frescoes by Paolo Veronese, called the Vandremeni, were sold in London for a few pounds each, being nearly colorless. These facts lead to the belief, that this climate and the contiguity of the Thames is not adapted to the use of fresco-painting.

Should some of the works be in fresco and some in oil, we suggest that thick panels of oak, well saturated in a solution of sulphate of copper, and united with Jeffry's marine glue, should be used, as they would, in all probability, endure as long as the building, and when thus prepared no insect would touch them. The eucalyptus of Australia might afford the largest panels, and when prepared be even more imperishable than the oak. Canvas, first prepared by immersion in the solution, and then coated on the back with the marine glue, might make an imperishable surface. We offer these observations with much diffidence, but with the feeling

of a duty, since they may prove useful, or lead to more mature suggestions.*

Before we close these remarks, we would fain observe, that the artists who are selected to enter the lists of fame have a high and arduous struggle. Now the minds of men so occupied ought to be relieved as much as possible from corroding anxiety, the unfailing attendant on deficiency of worldly means. Our artists and authors are not celebrated for their wealth; there ought, therefore, to be agreements by which each artist should receive stipulated portions of his remuneration in accordance with the state of the work; the periodical payments to be one-third short of the whole amount, which last third should not be paid until the completion.

"THE LITTLE RED ROSE."

FROM GOETHE.

A boy caught sight of a rose in a bower—

A little rose slyly hiding

Among the boughs; O! the rose was bright
And young, and it glimmer'd like morning light,
The urchin sought it with haste; 'twas a flower

A child indeed might take pride in—

A little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding.

The wild boy shouted—"I'll pluck thee, rose,

Little rose vainly hiding

Among the boughs;" but the little rose spoke—

"I'll prick thee, and that will prove no joke;

Unhurt, O then will I mock thy woes,

Whilst thou thy folly art chiding."

Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding!

But the rude boy laid his hands on the flower,

The little rose vainly hiding

Among the boughs; O, the rose was caught,

But it turned again, and pricked and fought,
And left with its spoiler a smart from that hour,

A pain for ever abiding;

Little rose, little rose, little red rose,

Among the bushes hiding!

J. B.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—A rumor is current that the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Archdeacon of Surrey, has been chosen by her Majesty to superintend the early studies of the Heir Apparent. We need scarcely state, that although such an appointment is highly probable, and would be regarded with general satisfaction, there exists no foundation for the announcement of its having been already made.

* Both Jeffry's marine glue and Margary's solution are patents; but as both have been tested to the utmost by the Admiralty, and are consequently before the public, we may be excused the liberty we have taken in suggesting so novel an adaptation of them in conjunction.

MEXICO AND THE GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Life in Mexico during a Residence of Two Years in that Country.* By MADAME CALDERON DE LA BARCA. 8vo. London: 1843.
2. *Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains, and in the Oregon Territory.* By THOMAS J. FARNHAM. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

MADAME CALDERON DE LA BARCA, the authoress of the very entertaining volume first mentioned above, is, as we are informed, a Scottish lady, bred in New England, and married to a Spaniard, with whom she was domiciled for two years as Ambassador in Mexico—a curious combination of personal accidents—nor would it be easy to conceive any more favorable, as regards shrewdness, situation, and opportunities, for bringing us acquainted with the fashions of social life in that secluded part of the world. Her book has all the natural liveliness, and tact, and readiness of remark, which are sure to distinguish the first production of a clever woman; while she has really much to tell, and the stores of some years of quiet accumulation to unfold. Would we could say that these delicate qualities survived the first contact with the public in one case in a hundred! Never was traveller better qualified for such a task in such a country, as far as physical resources, courage, and curiosity could go. Her feats of personal strength fill us with amazement. Morning visits and balls all night—rides on horseback and muleback, in straw-hat and reboso, Mexican fashion, of fourteen leagues a-day—journeys for a week together by diligence, with a running accompaniment of robbers—rattling at full gallop for days and nights, over dikes and ditches, through roaring streams, and over savage *barrancas*, in Charles the Tenth's old coach, borrowed by the Ambassador of a native who bought it a bargain from some speculating Frenchman—exploring caves, waterfalls, and mountains, in the intervals, and joining in every sort of dissipation which a Mexican season will furnish,—all this seems the lady's very element, and gone through with a hearty, honest good-will, which makes the reader long to have been of her party. Her curiosity is as prodigious as her powers of endurance. The slightest peep of a "lion" is enough to place her on thorns until she has fairly hunted him down. Not

a procession within her reach, in this procession-loving country—from the most grotesque, religious farce, enacted in some village near Mexico, up to the grand Holy Thursday of the capital, which she does not delight in seeing out from beginning to end. On the latter occasion she seems to have visited half the churches in the city to see the illuminations, and knelt before every altar in each, until, at length, “our feet,” says she, “seemed to move mechanically, and we dropped on our knees before each altar, like machines touched by a spring.” The news of a nun about to take the veil never fails to draw her out; and the more painfully exciting the ceremony, the more eager her desire to catch a glimpse of the next victim. Convents, prisons, schools, theatres, mines, factories, nothing that can be “seen,” in traveller’s phrase, is too dull or too old, too quiet or too public for her. When she has nothing else to do, she can visit, again and again, the few ruinous old public buildings which form the stock sights of foreign street-loungers in Mexico. But any thing like a *funcion*, as the Spaniards call it, is irresistible. She goes with equal delight to gambling fêtes, cock-fights, and bull-fights, to moralize, and have a peep at the dresses. As to the last, indeed, her confession is of the frankest:—“Though at first I covered my face, and could not look, little by little I grew so much interested in the scene that I could not take my eyes off it, and I can easily understand the pleasure taken in these barbarous diversions by those accustomed to them from childhood.”

Nor are we at last at all surprised in having to accompany her, admission having been procured “by certain means, private but powerful,” to the *desagravios* or nightly penance in the church of Saint Augustin—a grand disciplining match in the dark, performed by a hundred and fifty gentlemen penitents; concluding the evening’s entertainments at “the house of the — minister, where there was a reunion, and where I found the company comfortably engaged in eating a very famous kind of German salad, composed of herrings, smoked salmon, cold potatoes, and apples, and drinking hot punch.”

The vividness of this clever writer’s coloring has brought her, we find, under the suspicions of those sapient critics who make a point of disbelieving wonderful stories about countries of which they know nothing. Some have gone so far as to pronounce her work altogether an article of fictitious manufacture—Paris-made, we

believe. A more genuine book, in air as well as reality, it would be difficult to find. True, there is a love of romance about her, which runs into the superlative on most occasions; and probably her best stories, and finest descriptions, are precisely those which require the greatest allowances on the part of the sober-minded reader; but never yet were travels worth reading, the author of which had not some propensity towards the exercise of the traveller’s privilege.

We must confess, for our own parts, to a great predisposition to what may be called romance, in all matters that relate to this strange portion of the earth—rich in the wonders of nature, and with a history unlike all others. All which attracts and astonishes in other regions, seems combined in one grand theatre in the Mexican isthmus. Humboldt, the most imaginative of travellers, was the first who caught the peculiar enchantment of the place, and tinged his descriptions with the coloring of his own enthusiastic turn for recondite speculations, historical and scientific. Scarcely a day’s journey can be taken without some striking change, such as in other parts of the world one must traverse oceans to experience. There are the high table-lands, with a sky ever pure, bright, and keen, almost to the extreme, and “so blue as almost to dazzle the eyes even in the moonlight”—abounding in every production of European industry, strangely mingled with some of the hardier forms of tropical vegetation; a land where every deserted garden is overrun with fruit-trees and flowers, imported by the Spaniards in other days, and now mingling with the weeds of the soil. You travel a few hours, ascend and descend over a rugged chain clad with pine and oak, and embellished with “crosses” to denote the blood that has been shed in its solitudes; or across a tract of glassy glades, a natural park, with clumps of trees, in which the deer dwell unmolested; or a black burnt field of ferruginous lava; and find yourself in some rich valley, amidst chirimoyas, bananas, and granadillas, the fields smiling with magnificent crops of sugar and coffee—you are in the temperate zone, “*tierra templada*.” Another step, and you are in an Arabian desert—a level region of sand and palm groves. You rise again, and are speedily amongst the clouds, in the vast mother-chain of porphyry and trachite, the “*sierra madre*” which intersects the land; miners’ huts, villages, and cities, perched on the mountain sides, amidst ravines and waterfalls, or embo-

somed in leagues on leagues of waving pine forests,

"That fluctuate when the storms of Eldorado sound ;"

while everywhere, for hundreds of miles, the snowy cones of the three great volcanoes, shining at sunset above the violet, gold, and purple tints which color the lower ridges, seem as the landmarks of all the choicest and most beautiful districts: for if you wish to live in the Indies, says the Spanish proverb, let it be in sight of the volcanoes:

"Si a morar en Indias quieres,
Que sea donde los volcanos veyres."

Over all this variegated country are scattered the remnants of an ancient and mysterious civilization, together with the fast decaying monuments of a second. The massive churches, convents, and palaces of the Spanish conquerors are crumbling away, and bid fair, in a few years, to form a recent stratum of historical ruins: while the phantoms of the silent, grave-eyed princes of the soil, and those of the long-descended *Dons* who succeeded them, are vanishing alike into the dominions of the past; and the countrymen of Montezuma are not more reduced to the condition of subjects and strangers in their own land than those of Cortes—

"The Alexander of the Western zone,
Who won the world young Ammon mourn'd
unknown."

Madame Calderon has not only a very proper tourist's enthusiasm for the picturesque, but, what is much better, that intense, real enjoyment of natural beauty, and rural sights and sounds, which is so often found strongest in those who enter with the greatest spirit into the enjoyments of city life. She finds amusement in the quietest orchards and coffee plantations, no less than in the dullest of Mexican *tertulias*.

"This morning, after a refreshing sleep, we rose and dressed at eight o'clock—late hours for *tierra caliente*—and then went out to the coffee plantation and orange walk. Any thing so lovely! The orange trees were covered with their golden fruit and fragrant blossom; the forest-trees, bending over, formed a natural arch, which the sun could not pierce. We laid ourselves down on the soft grass, contrasting this day with the preceding. The air was soft and balmy, and actually heavy with the fragrance of the orange-blossom and starry jasmine. All around the orchard ran streams of the most delicious clear waters, trickling with sweet music, and now and then a little cardinal, like a bright-

red ruby, would perch upon the trees. We pulled bouquets of orange-blossom, jasmine, lilies, dark-red roses, and lemon leaves, and wished we could have transported them to you, to those lands where winter is now wrapping the world in his white winding-sheet.

"The gardener or coffee-planter—such a gardener!—Don Juan by name, with an immense black beard, Mexican hat, and military sash of crimson silk, came to offer us some orangeade; and having sent to the house for sugar and tumblers, pulled the oranges from the trees, and drew the water from a clear tank overshadowed by blossoming branches, and cold as though it had been iced. There certainly is no tree more beautiful than the orange, with its golden fruit, shining green leaves, and lovely white blossom with so delicious a fragrance. We felt this morning as if Atlacmulco was an earthly paradise. . . . But when the moon rose serenely and without a cloud, and a soft breeze, fragrant with orange-blossom, blew gently over the trees, I felt as if we could have rode on for ever, without fatigue, and in a state of the most perfect enjoyment. It was hard to say whether the first soft breath of morning, or the languishing and yet more fragrant airs of evening, are more enchanting."—(p. 245—251.)

Or take the following picture of a Mexican "Auburn," not the less pleasing by the sly contrast with scenery with which the authoress is more familiar:—

"Travelling in New-England, we arrive at a small and flourishing village. We see four new churches proclaiming different sects; religion suited to all customers. These wooden churches or meeting-houses are all new, all painted white, or perhaps a bright red. Hard by is a tavern with a green paling, as clean and as new as the churches; and there are also various smart *stores* and neat dwelling-houses—all new, all wooden, all clean, and all ornamented with slight Grecian pillars. The whole has a cheerful, trim, and flourishing aspect. Houses, churches, stores, and taverns, are all of a piece. They are suited to the present emergency, whatever that may be, though they will never make fine ruins. Every thing proclaims prosperity, equality, consistency;—the past forgotten, the present all in all, and the future taking care of itself. No delicate attentions to posterity, who can never pay its debts; no beggars. If a man has even a hole in his coat, he must be lately from the Emerald Isle.

"Transport yourself, in imagination, from this New-England village to —, it matters not which, not far from Mexico. 'Look on this picture and on that.' The Indian huts with their half-naked inmates, and little gardens full of flowers—the huts themselves either built of clay, or the half ruined *beaux restes* of some stone building. At a little distance a *hacienda*, like a deserted palace, built of solid masonry, with its inner *patio* surrounded by thick stone pillars, with great walls and iron-barred windows that might stand a siege. Here, a ruined arch and cross, so solidly built that one cannot but wonder how the stones are crumbled away. There,

rising in the midst of old, faithful-looking trees. the church, gray and ancient, but strong as if designed for eternity, with its saints and virgins, and martyrs and relics, its gold, and silver, and precious stones, whose value would buy up all the spare lots in the New-England village;—the lepero, with scarcely a rag to cover him, kneeling on that marble pavement. Leaving the enclosure of the church, observe the stone wall that bounds the road for more than a mile—the fruit-trees overtopping it, high though it be, with their loaded branches. This is the convent orchard. And that great Gothic pile of building that stands in hoary majesty, surmounted by the lofty mountains, whose cloud-enveloped summits, tinged by the evening sun, rise behind it—what could so noble a building be but the monastery, perhaps of the Carmelites, because of its exceeding rich garden and well-chosen site; for they, of all monks, are richest in this world's goods? Also, we may see the reverend old prior riding slowly from under the arched gate up the village lanes, the Indians coming from their huts to do him lowly reverence as he passes. Here every thing reminds us of the past; of the conquering Spaniards, who seemed to build for eternity, impressing each work with their own solid, grave, and religious character; of the triumph of Catholicism; and of the Indians, when first Cortes startled them from their repose, and stood before them like the fulfilment of a half-forgotten prophecy. It is the present that seems like a dream, a pale reflection of the past. All is decaying and growing fainter, and men seem trusting to some unknown future which they may never see. One government has been abandoned, and there is none in its place; one revolution follows another, yet the remedy is not found. Let them beware, lest, half a century later, they be awakened from their delusion, and find the cathedral turned into a meeting-house, and all painted white; the railing melted down; the silver transformed into dollars; the Virgin's jewels sold to the highest bidder; the floor washed, (which would do it no harm,) and round the whole a nice new wooden paling, freshly done in green; and all this performed by some of the artists from the *wide-awake* republic further north."

But although such passages as these abound, we still prefer the lady in her less sentimental moods. There is little enough of romance in actual Mexican society, and her insight into it was of that minute character which leaves nothing to the imagination. We enter more heartily into the distresses and embarrassments into which she was thrown, by the utter novelty of the ways of the people among whom she became domiciled;—the riddles of Mexican etiquette, the horrors of Mexican cookery, and miseries of Mexican servants; the daily terrors, amounting just to a pleasant excitement, of robbers and revolutions; the vicissitudes of an attempt to set up weekly soirées, with music and flirtation,

in that ungenial region; the schism in the city as to whether the fair ambassadress should, or should not, wear the dress of a Poblana peasant at the great fancy ball, and her own horror at discovering that the Poblana costume, *à la rigueur*, consisted of very short petticoats, and no stockings; together with a thousand other matters with which no one but an ambassadress, with eyes and ears awake to every thing about her, could possibly have brought us acquainted.

When Humboldt visited Mexico, forty years ago, the wealth of the great landed proprietors had attained its maximum. The extraordinary success of mining adventures, which had gone on flourishing with scarcely any interruption for nearly a century, had stimulated the cultivation of the soil; and, from the comparatively low price of labor, immense fortunes were realized by landlords and capitalists. There were individuals who derived £40,000 a-year from land alone, without mines. The Count of Valenciana had received in some years £240,000 from the single mine of Valenciana; the landed property of his family, independently of that mine, being estimated at six millions sterling. Their extravagance was as prodigious as their fortunes; though its wildest excesses were often distinguished by that vein of hyperbolical grandeur which runs through the Spanish character. The Count de Regla of former days "was so wealthy," says Madame Calderon, "that when his son, the present Count, was christened, the whole party walked from his house to the church upon ingots of silver. The Countess having quarrelled with the Vice-Queen, sent her, in token of reconciliation, a white satin slipper, entirely covered with large diamonds. The Count invited the King of Spain to visit his Mexican territories, assuring him that the hoofs of his majesty's horse should touch nothing but solid silver from Vera Cruz to the capital. This might be a bravado; but a more certain proof of his wealth exists in the fact that he caused two ships of the line, of the largest size, to be constructed in Havana, at his expense, made of mahogany and cedar, and presented them to the king." This was the nobleman whose daughter-in-law, la Guera Rodriguez, was said to have seduced even the philosophic Humboldt into a flirtation; and lived to be Madame Calderon's intimate associate, and her general *vouchée* for all extraordinary narratives.

Now, the history of the last thirty years in Mexico has been that of incessant re-

volutions and disturbances, beating with violence against the enormous mass of this hereditary property, without, as yet, succeeding in breaking it down. The landed gentry of Mexico are, of course, very much poorer than their grandfathers. They have suffered by proscriptions, conscriptions, and vexations of every kind: the expulsion of their intelligent Spanish superintendents and managers—the repeated ravage of their estates—the decimation of their Indian laborers by war. They have shared, too, in their own proportion, in the terrible depression of mining property, which is probably more owing to one cause—the high price at which quicksilver is now maintained in Europe by certain monopolies kept up for state purposes—than to all the internal misfortunes of the country put together. Still, they exist; and, what is more, they are at the head of parties. Whichever side wins in the eternal revolutions of the country, is pretty sure to count a good proportion of the lords of the soil among its leaders. Santa Anna, we believe, is very rich. We have been informed that Bustamante, the late President, held eighteen of the large grants into which the soil of Mexico was formerly divided, each containing 22,000 acres. No agrarian party has, as yet, risen up in Mexico, as far as we are aware. There is a great dislike among the rulers to any thing like tampering with the institutions of property. We have heard that Santa Anna has lately put down a Newspaper, conducted on very moderate principles, for merely suggesting that the agriculture of the country would gain by the subdivision of the large *haciendas*. Confiscation seems to have been a measure rarely resorted to, even in the worst times, and by the most ferocious party leaders; who made a point of shooting their opponents wherever they could catch them. Now, indeed, revolutions have become matters of such everyday occurrence, that they seem to be prosecuted with much less animosity than a parliamentary struggle in England; and there is something ludicrous in Madame Calderon's account of the general congratulations and embracings which followed the two cannonadings to which she was an eye-witness.

There is, therefore, still great private wealth, the remnant of old accumulations in Mexico; not to mention that in portions of the Republic, where the evils of these disturbances have been least oppressively felt, industry has received a considerable stimulus from the cheapness of foreign

commodities since emancipation. Madame Calderon's account of the extravagant profusion of the Mexican ladies in jewelry, has been cited by some of her wise readers as incredible. She certainly surprises us a little now and then—especially when she speaks of the great displays of this kind among women of the inferior classes, and in the country, where highway robberies are every day's entertainment. But, generally speaking, it is very natural that this relic of the profuse and luxurious habits of wealthier days should have remained; because there is no movable wealth which can be more easily concealed and preserved in dangerous times. As to the precious metals, every one knows, that in the more inaccessible parts of Mexico, and still more in Peru, they were at one time more common than their plated substitutes are among ourselves. Sir William Temple speaks of a small town in Peru, where the principal families rejoiced in watering-troughs of pure silver in their courtyards; and we recollect a consignment, some years ago, to a London merchant, of a lot of cavalry helmets of the same article, which a defeated squadron had thrown off in running away, in order to delay their pursuers.

With these outward relics of aristocracy, Mexico still preserves much of the stately courtesy and etiquette of the old Spanish style—exaggerated, as all such qualities are in colonies. It preserves, too, especially in the capital and larger cities, what is much better, a true social spirit—the spirit of mutual good-humor and kindness. It is pleasing to turn from the reckless abuse with which the Mexican character is treated by travellers in general, to the testimony of one who had learned to know it well. "In point of amiability and warmth of manner," says Madame Calderon, "I have met with no women who can possibly compete with those in Mexico; and it appears to me that women of all other countries will appear cold and stiff by comparison." This is an assertion which she frequently repeats. Nor does she speak less favorably of the national disposition in many other more important respects, however serious the counterbalancing vices may be. These are things which most travellers are altogether unable to judge of, particularly English and American. They can see the indolence and ignorance, the tokens of murder and robbery, the besetting sins of the people, easily enough; they cannot discover, nor appreciate if they could, the peculiar *savoir vivre* of the Spanish race, and the graces which attend

on it. The Englishman is neither gregarious nor social; the American is gregarious, but unsocial; the Spaniard, and all his descendants, are both gregarious and social in the highest degree. No people can be more amiable in their domestic relations; nor does any one who appears to judge them fairly, remark, without admiration, their kindness, charity, fellow-feeling, and their dignified and patient endurance of suffering. It would be a great mistake, too, to imagine the Mexicans a feeble, inactive race. There are probably few such horsemen in the world—no people, especially those of the higher classes of country residents, more inured to athletic exercises, or bolder in the hunt and the bull-fight.

"As for the young master here," says Madame Calderon, speaking in excuse of the want of mental cultivation among the resident landed gentry, "he was up with the lark—he was on the most untractable horse in the *hacienda*, and away across the fields with his followers, chasing the bulls as he went—he was fishing—he was shooting—he was making bullets—he was leagues off at a village seeing a country bull-fight—he was always in good-humor, and so were all who surrounded him—he was engaged in the dangerous amusement of *colear*, (catching and branding bulls,) and by the evening it would be a clever writer who could have kept his eyes open after such a day's work. Never was there a young lad more evidently fitted for a free life in the country."—(P. 384.)

How it is that a temperament so kindly, and in many respects so noble, is combined with such a furious and bloodthirsty spirit of vengeance; or so much native manliness, with such a want of energy and determination in the field as amounts to actual incapacity;—as when Santa Anna, who has beaten all other Mexican generals, was beaten himself, with his regular army, by half their number of North American vagabonds, under the banner of Texas;—these are among the peculiar, oriental inconsistencies of the Spanish character, exaggerated in the Hispano-American.

Much, of course, is owing to the incessant revolutions, which seem to have extinguished all hope of better things, even in the minds of the most sanguine and patriotic citizens. To endeavor to classify or analyze these endless commotions, seems almost as unprofitable as to chronicle Milton's battles of the kites and crows. Nevertheless, if any one has patience enough for the study, he will find that one serious political question lies at the bottom of these movements, in most of the South American Republics, whatever colors the

various parties may assume at the moment. The colonies of the old Spaniards, even more than those of the English, were so many *oases* in the vast wilderness, each distinct from its neighbors in municipal government and interests. Their principal settlements were established in fertile spots of table land, separated by vast ranges of snowy mountains, or hot and unhealthy forests. The Viceroy of Mexico or Peru governed no single province, but a great number of unconnected districts, many of which had far less communication with each other than with the mother country. The citizen of Lima knew little enough of the affairs of Europe; but certainly a great deal more than he did of the affairs of Quito, the chief city of the neighboring "Kingdom." Consequently, when the control of the Spanish government was removed, the real wants and circumstances of the country combined with the example of the United States in producing a tendency to federal governments, and the independence of states. But, on the other hand, the military power which the prolonged struggle for independence produced, in which many districts were forced of necessity to combine for common support, tended towards unity, and the establishment of centralism. No government, except military, could keep provinces thus circumstanced in union. No imposing military force could be maintained unless the union were preserved. In every part of these vast regions, therefore, from Mexico to Chili, two parties, essentially opposed to each other, have arisen. The Federalists have generally mustered the greatest proportion of the native-born landed proprietors—the middle classes of the towns, the educated, the "literati," and the lawyers. The Centralist party has commonly had the support of the chief military leaders—the army, the priests, and the mob. They have combated with very various success. Columbia has split into three or four distinct republics. In Mexico, Federalism has been for the present forcibly put down, and a complete military government established by the hero of the day, Santa Anna; who, according to Madame Calderon, has six colonels standing behind his chair at state dinners, and for whom the Mexican clergy unanimously pray as their great safeguard against the *progresistas*, or men of moment, who entertain unholy views of the nature of church property. In a country like Mexico, one's wishes are naturally for the strongest government; and military government appears at first

sight the strongest. But this is not necessarily the case. It must be remembered, that military power can only be maintained by heavy exactions; that, in order to govern an extensive country with scattered inhabitants, the army must necessarily be split into numerous unconnected bodies—small garrisons as it were, dispersed far from each other, in the midst of populations which they are continually provoking to insurrection. It is impossible not to feel some sympathy in such a quiet little territorial oligarchy as that of Yucatan, so amusingly described by Mr. Stephens; which has been little vexed by revolutions until now, when it is engaged in a struggle for existence with the invading force of Santa Anna. The best Spanish American citizens have been produced by these local aristocracies—those patriots for whom our sympathy is the deeper from the extreme difficulties and discouragements of their position; such men as Senor Gutierrez Estrada, a native of Yucatan; of whose steady civic loyalty, in the midst of every kind of persecution, Madame Calderon gives so striking an account.

The hope of the country, the few educated youth and enlightened civilians, are commonly on the Federalist side. They may have been the dupes of their liberalism to a very foolish extent; but it does not follow, because they have been guilty of absurdity in endeavoring to introduce pattern foreign democracies among so peculiar a people, that they may not be right in other respects;—the most just, the most moderate, the most intelligent in their views of what is needed for the internal reformation of the country; the most opposed, by character and interest, to its worst practical abuses. Some of these, it is the evident interest of the Centralist party to maintain. Their supporters, we have said, are mainly the church and the mob; and the church, by its misuse of its enormous property, has occasioned many of the principal evils of Spanish America, and aggravated nearly all: the mob, chiefly of Indians, is the great instrument of violence and misrule, and radically hostile to civilization. Of all the extraordinary notions which have been broached from time to time, in England, by those who glory in the title of anti-Malthusians, perhaps the most wonderful is the cry for a return to the system of trusting the relief of the poor to the church, for reviving the ancient conventual pauperism! To all who have taken up such fancies as aught more than a plaything, we should recommend a journey to

Mexico; since there is no country left in Europe where mendicancy is held in honor, and where it is esteemed the great office of religion to encourage it; except, perhaps, some parts of unfortunate Ireland. In Mexico they will find the Monk still in his glory, expatiating in roomy convents and stately garden, with whole square miles of church *haciendas* to support him. There, too, they will find, also in his glory, the correlative ornament of society, the Sturdy Beggar, or *lepero*—the pet of the church and the charitable ladies, who basks in the sun at the convent gate, until, tired of so inglorious a life, he betakes himself to the mountains, and joins *los senores ladrones Mexicanos*, who rob with rather less insolence and equal piety. It is curious to observe how extremes meet. In North America servants are hardly to be procured; because the pride of that class which would otherwise furnish them is placed in independent industry. In Mexico, the same result follows, because beggary and laziness are thought more honorable than work on any conditions.

"A servant who has lived in a dozen different houses, staying about a month in each, is not thought the worse of on that account. As the love of finery is inherent in them all, even more so than in other daughters of Eve, a girl will go to service merely to earn sufficient to buy herself an embroidered chemise; and if, in addition to this, she can pick up a pair of old satin shoes, she will tell you she is tired of working, and going home to rest '*para descansar*.' So little is necessary, when one can contentedly live on tortillas and chile, sleep on a mat, and dress in rags.

"A decent old woman, who came to the house to wash shortly after our arrival in this country, left us at the end of the month '*para descansar*.' Soon after she used to come with her six children, they and herself all in rags, and beg the gardener to give her any odds and ends of vegetables he could spare. My maid asked her why, being so poor, she had left a good place, where she got twelve dollars a month? '*Jesus!*' said she, '*if* you only knew the pleasure of doing nothing!'

"I wished to bring up a little girl as a servant, having her taught to read, sew, &c. A child of twelve years old, one of a large family who subsisted upon charity, was procured to me; and I promised her mother that she should be taught to read, taken regularly to church, and instructed in all kinds of work. She was rather pretty, and very intelligent, though extremely indolent; and though she had no stockings, would consent to wear nothing but dirty white satin shoes, too short for her feet. Once a week her mother, a tall slatternly woman, with long tangled hair, and a cigar in her mouth, used to come and visit her, accompanied by a friend, a friend's friend, and a train of girls, her

daughters. The housekeeper would give them some dinner, after which they would all light their cigars, and, together with the little Josefita, sit and howl, and bemoan themselves, crying and lamenting her sad fate in being obliged to go out to service. After these visits, Josefita was fit for nothing. If desired to sew, she would sit looking so miserable, and doing so little, that it seemed better to allow her to leave her work alone. Then, tolerably contented, she would sit on a mat, doing nothing, her hands folded, and her eyes fixed on vacancy.

"According to promise, I took her several times to see her mother; but one day being occupied, I sent her alone in the carriage, with charge to the servants to bring her safely back. In the evening she returned, accompanied by her whole family, all urging and howling—"For the love of the most Holy Virgin, Senora mia! Por la purissima concepcion!" &c. &c. &c. I asked what had happened, and, after much difficulty, discovered that their horror was occasioned by my having sent her alone in the carriage. It happened that the Countess S—— was in the drawing-room, and to her I related the cause of the uproar. To my astonishment she assured me that the woman was in this instance right, and that it was very dangerous to send a girl twelve years old from one street to another, in the power of the coachman and footman. Finding from such good authority that this was the case, I begged the woman to be contented with seeing her daughter once a month, when, if she could not come herself, I should send her under proper protection. She agreed; but one day having given Josefita permission to spend the night at her mother's, I received next morning a very dirty note, nearly illegible, which, after calling down the protection of the Virgin upon me, concluded—"But, with much sorrow, I must take my child from the most illustrious protection of your Excellency, for she needs to rest herself, (*es preciso que descanse*,) and is tired for the present of working." The woman then returned to beg, which she considered infinitely less degrading." —(P. 149.)

There seems, however, to be one business in honor—that of actor in the religious pantomimes, which, in Mexico, supply the place of our ancient mysteries. "A man was taken up in one of the villages as a vagrant, and desired by the Justice to give an account of himself; to explain why he was always knocking about, and had no employment. The man, with the greatest indignation, replied—"No employment! I am *substitute Cyrenian* at Coyohuacan in the holy week!" That is to say, he was to be substituted in Simon the Cyrenian's place, should any thing occur to prevent that individual from representing the character."

Whether our doubts are unfounded or no, will be seen by the use which the present dictator of Mexico makes of his power. If

he employs it to establish the reign of law and order in the place of that of terror—to give some security to life and industry—we shall cheerfully acknowledge that his government is a greater blessing to the country than any constitution which Bentham could devise. This is the radical evil, the most deep-seated and pernicious of all those which afflict the new republics. They never had a tolerable administration of justice, even under the old *régime*; and revolutions have made it worse. The chicanery and corruption of the civil tribunals have never been remedied, among all the quackery to which the body politic has been subjected by liberal practitioners; for these matters are always adjourned in times of revolution, for want of patience to deal with them; while police and criminal justice are utterly disorganized. The delays of civil suits, and the non-execution of the laws against offences, operate equally towards the denial of justice. A friend of ours visiting the prison of Querétaro, was addressed by two individuals in English. One was an Irishman; he had only knocked out a Mexican's brains, and expected to be out in a few weeks. The other was a North American; he had broken his covenant to serve a cotton-spinner, and run away to join a travelling showman; he was in despair of ever getting liberated!—a fair specimen, we fear, of Mexican justice as administered on the crown and law sides. As for robber stories, Madame Calderon, like all other Mexican travellers, has no end of them: we have only room for one, illustrating the *suaviter in modo* of penal jurisprudence.

"The —— consul told us the other day, that, some time ago, having occasion to consult Judge —— upon an affair of importance, he was shown into an apartment where that functionary was engaged with some suspicious-looking individuals, or rather who were above suspicion, their appearance plainly indicating their calling. On the table before him lay a number of guns, swords, pistols, and all sorts of arms. The judge requested Monsieur de —— to be seated, observing that he was investigating a case of robbery committed by these persons. The robbers were seated smoking very much at their ease, and the judge was enjoying the same innocent recreation; when his cigar becoming extinguished, one of the gentlemen taking his from his mouth, handed it to the magistrate, who relighted his 'puro' (cigar) at it, and returned it with a polite bow." —(P. 125.)

It is high time indeed that some new principle of good should develop itself. From many quarters at once, the feeble civilization of Mexico is menaced with fearful disasters, if not utter extinction. On

its northern frontiers, the mounted tribes of Indians exercise terrible ravages, and set at naught the military power of the Republic. They are no contemptible enemies. Madame Calderon met with an officer who had served against them, and was convinced that he should live to see them picket their wild horses in the Plaza of Mexico. Every year their incursions are more daring; and extend further to the south. In New Mexico they have almost destroyed the stock, and driven the cultivators of the soil within the fortified posts. At Chihuahua, not many years ago, the visit of an armed Indian was no more dreaded than in the streets of New York. Now, no company dares leave that city without weapons. There is a tradition that the daughter of a late governor was carried off by the Cumanches close to the city; and that, like the Countess who wedded "Johnnie Faa," the Scotch gipsy, she resisted all solicitations to return home, preferring the wigwam of her gallant Indian captor.

But a far more serious danger than that of the *Indios bravos* arises from the millions of natives who form the mass of the cultivators of Mexico. It would be most unjust to the old Spanish government, to term them an oppressed class, in comparison with the peasantry of most European countries. They have been protected, for centuries past, at once by enlightened laws, and by a general good feeling towards them on the part of the Spanish population. But, on the other hand, their education has been utterly neglected. Handed over to the spiritual government of the Curas, they have been brought up as creatures to be swayed and controlled, simply by the power of superstition over their minds. They have exchanged their old idolatries for a grotesque Catholicism, expressly accommodated for their use. In all other respects, they are peculiarly what the mass of their ancestors were in the days of Cortes. They have not acquired a single habit, feeling, or instinct of civilization. They speak their own language, and shrink from all contact with strangers. They remain among the motley population with which they are intermixed, a totally distinct people—creatures of another world. To some they have appeared a placid and harmless race; to others, sullen, moping, and apathetic; but none have been able to dive into their inner being. Only it has appeared but too plainly, by occasional flashes of light, that they cherish a concentrated national spirit of revenge. It is this isolation which makes them such terrible instruments in revolu-

tions. They show neither pity, remorse, nor policy, nor any of the mingled feelings which arrest the arm of ordinary man uplifted against his brother. They are as impassive as Spenser's man of iron, and agents, like him, in the hands of eternal justice. Every one knows Mr. Stephens's most interesting sketch of Carrera, the Indian revolutionary chief—the destroyer of the ineffectual liberalism of Guatemala. A boy in appearance and manner, without language to utter his own great indefinite purposes—vain of having taught himself to read and write in the intervals of his battles—followed by myriads of his countrymen as an inspired leader—without a notion of military art, beyond that of flying at his enemy's throat wherever he met with him—the slave of fanaticism, but dreaded by the very priests who had armed and cheered him on in his desolating career. No rising of Indians, unconnected with the higher orders, has taken place as yet in Mexico proper: if there should, it will be a rather more serious matter than the *gritos* and *pronunciamentos* of the last twenty years.

There remains a still more substantial danger behind, the competition of the Anglo-Saxon race, to use the euphuism which Lord Durham rendered fashionable;—the rivalry of that encroaching people which multiplies, and extends its borders, year by year, while the old Spanish power shrinks within more contracted limits. The Mexicans regard them somewhat as the Turks do the Russians. They love no foreigners; they respect the English, and them only: but they hate the Anglo-Americans with a peculiar and jealous hatred. Two hundred years ago, in the time of Gage the Jesuit traveller, the Spaniards of these parts were already possessed with an expectation that the English of Virginia would ultimately "come in before them." Unless new vigor be inspired into the community, the prophecy seems gradually nearing its accomplishment. Texas has been severed from the republic, and is now thoroughly Americanized. Santa Anna may harass, but can never recover it. California, probably the most valuable of all the Mexican States in point of national advantages, is completely overrun with hunters and trappers from the East; on all occasions of quarrel these combine with the scattered British sailors and adventurers, and set the wretched Government at defiance.

The present condition of that wide border region which intervenes between the thickly settled possessions of the two races—its physical geography, and political

prospects—afford so many points of interest at this day, that some of our readers may not be dissatisfied at having their attention directed from Madame Calderon, and the diamonds and rags of Mexico, to a rapid glance at those wildernesses, and their miscellaneous inhabitants.

In the account of America in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, there is a general review of the climate of that quarter of the world, with a map which illustrates its peculiarities, and the consequent distribution of vegetation, in a remarkable manner. It will be seen, on referring to it, that the west coast, both of North and South America, is a windward shore, sheltered from the prevailing easterly trade-wind by the great wall of the Cordilleras, through the whole of the torrid zone, and for fifteen or twenty degrees of each temperate zone, proceeding from the tropics. The whole of this vast tract would be a desert, more or less arid, but for one circumstance—that north of the equator, the Andes, for a distance of some fifteen degrees, sink into a comparatively low and broken ridge, which admits free passage for the breeze continually blowing from the Gulf of Mexico, charged with moisture, to the Pacific shore. That shore is consequently clothed with magnificent forests, moist and unwholesome, from Guayaquil under the equator to the neighborhood of San Blas, in N. lat. 21° . To the south of this intervening tract, the desert character prevails as far as the south of Chili, where the variable westerly winds begin to blow; to the north it extends as far as the mouth of the Columbia, in lat. 46° , which is the boundary between the regions of drought and moisture. So singularly are these climates contrasted, that on most points the traveller passes from one extreme to the other at once, without any gradation. At Valparaiso the climate is very dry; at Concepcion, two hundred miles to the southward, extremely moist; at Guayaquil the rains are tremendous; at Tumbez, only half a degree to the southward, a shower sometimes does not fall for years. On the south bank of the Columbia the land is open, and the rains light: on the north, the forest is one impenetrable mass of vegetation, and the humidity perpetual.

This is the case along the coast: in the interior, to the traveller coming from the south, the dry climate begins on the high table-land round the city of Mexico. Proceeding north and west, he passes through all the degrees of comparative aridity; the winter rains becoming more

and more precarious, until in North lat. 25° — 35° , west of the Rocky or central range of mountains, he reaches lands in which drought reigns almost as fiercely as in the Sahara of Africa. At Mexico it rains, in heavy showers, for a few months of the year. The hills are covered with pine and oak, and rich beyond comparison in flowers. But the streams are so insignificant that the German traveller, Burckhart, found no difficulty in fording the Rio de Santiago on horseback, close to its mouth at San Blas, after a course of six hundred miles. Further north, the oaks gradually disappear, or only clothe the banks of streams—then the pines—and the coast region of Old California and Sanoro presents a mere desert; a region of dry hard clay, loose sand and rock, where vegetation is only maintained at rare intervals by irrigation, practised on a magnificent scale in the large *haciendas* by the Spaniards. Old or Peninsular California furnishes the zero, or driest point, in the climatology of North America. Storms and mists are equally rare; and day after day the sun rises and sets in the same unclouded, gorgeous beauty.

On the eastern side of Mexico the climate is modified by different causes. Two vast currents of air, offsets of the trade wind, blow from the gulf—the one north-eastward, following the gulf-stream along the coast of the United States; the other in a northerly direction, along the valley of the Mississippi. These maintain the luxuriance of the forest region of the States and Canada. But the further west we advance from the Mississippi, the more we leave behind us the influence of these fertilizing currents. Rain falls on the prairies no longer in steady masses, but in violent and brief thunder storms. The soil becomes less and less productive until the Rocky Mountains are reached; from which the traveller looks westward over regions of unmitigated sterility, contiguous to the arid portions of Mexico.

This, however, is merely the general result of a first glance: it will be seen, on nearer examination, that the traveller from the Mississippi to the Pacific has to cross several distinct regions, differing considerably in character, and offering varieties, for which it is by no means easy to account.

The first region, two or three hundred miles in breadth, is that occupied by the States of Missouri and Arkansas, and the rapidly advancing territory of Iowa; a country of mixed prairie and forest, resembling that on the eastern bank of the great river too nearly to require particular de-

scription, although with a larger proportion of open country. The next strip, also two or three hundred miles in width, is likewise adapted for fixed settlements. It consists of wide plains, but diversified with ranges of hill; resembling the last section, but with a drier climate, and a less proportion of forest. This region possesses peculiar interest at this moment, from being the receptacle of the great semi-civilized Indian republics of the Choctaws, Cherokees, and Creeks; besides many wretched fragments of once mighty tribes, who have all made their last move hither at the bidding of the American Government. It almost makes the heart bleed to read of the rapid progress of improvement made by these unhappy people in their new seats. They suffered terribly in their removal, which took place only five or six years ago. They were decimated by sickness in their new settlements. Half their stock perished in their march of a thousand miles. Yet, in that short time, they have recovered their numbers; they possess vast herds of cattle, and cultivate much land; their fields are enclosed; their homes good log dwellings, with stone chimneys and plank floors, built and furnished in a style equal to that of the dwellings of white people in new countries; they have salt springs, lead mines, schools, inns, spinning-wheels, looms, merchants, 'regular physicians,' and quacks. Their history, were it fully written, would be far more instructive, and far more encouraging, than that of the Jesuit colonies, which has occupied the pens of so many sentimental philosophers. Alas! it will never be written. Their opulence and their industry will seal their ruin. The history of the last removal from Georgia will soon be acted over again by the enlightened citizens of Missouri and Arkansas. The aversion of the Anglo-American to the Indian may have been nourished by sentiments of policy; but it has now become pure hatred—the inhuman unrelenting hatred of caste. The simple policy of the poor Cherokees in abolishing their old hereditary chieftainships, adopting a pattern American constitution, and parading the grand maxim that "all men are born free and equal," is but the wisdom of the sheep claiming kindred with the wolf. "All men are free and equal," indeed! The circuit court of Alabama (according to the Newspapers) has just decided that a *civilized* man cannot intermarry with a *savage*, and that *all the offspring of such unions are bastards*. They will be exterminated or removed once more for their 'preservation,' and their next removal is destruction. They

are already on the verge of the region habitable by civilized man.

West of them lies the desert—still a fertile desert, but except in a few spots on the border of the rivers, incapable, probably for ever, of fixed settlement. This is the great Prairie Wilderness, which has a general breadth of six or seven hundred miles; and extends from south to north—from about N. lat. 32°, and the banks of the Red River of the south, to those of Lake Winipeg, in N. lat. 52°—nearly fourteen hundred miles. Seen during the brief spring and summer, it is a delightful land—a land of grass and flowers, with a bright sky and elastic air; diversified by little patches of wood, picturesquely dispersed here and there to relieve the eye from the monotony of the plains;—traversed by four splendid rivers, the Red River, the Arharoas, the Platte, and the Missouri. In the south, the burning sun reduces the grass to dust early in the season; but autumn lingers long in the north; and it has been observed that the buffaloes at the northern extremity of this their domain, are generally found in better condition, though on the very border of the land of snow and marsh, than on the frontier of Mexico, where their pastures are soonest withered by the drought. But with this exception for the effects of latitude, both climate and scenery are very uniform. Drought is the prevailing character. In early summers, the storms are tremendous, and a few hours convert the water-courses into torrents, and suffice even to swell rivers whose course exceeds a thousand miles. On the banks of the Little Arkansas, Mr. Farnham observed a fall of fifteen feet in twelve hours, in June. The latter summer and autumn are showerless, at least in the south; and a few storms suffice to cover the region with that sheet of snow which forms its uniform covering for many months, through which the buffaloes and bears scratch to find their pasture.

This region is altogether unsettled. Here and there, round the posts established by trading companies, on the banks of rivers, a few fields have been cultivated, and hamlets formed by enterprising Americans, who find abundant custom for their productions, from the various parties which roam over the wilderness. But, speaking generally, the soil is abandoned to the tribes of mounted Indians; the most terrible enemies to civilization of all the sons of the desert;—as much bolder and fiercer than the Bedouin, as the Yankee trader is more energetic than the Oriental. Thou-

sands of riflemen, among the best riders and best shots in the world, traverse these regions in every direction, attracted, like birds of prey, from incredible distances, by the prospect of plunder. It needs all the daring, all the resources of the white American, to maintain life and protect the traffic which he carries on in this land of danger. It is tracked, at intervals, by the "trails" of the great trading parties, the caravans of the West; of which the principal is the "Santa Fé trail," crossing the prairies from the state of Arkansas to that northernmost of Mexican cities. The trail winds along the green levels, cautiously avoiding to approach, within musket range, the groves of timber which skirt them here and there.

"Council Grove," says Mr. Farnham, "derives its name from the practice amongst the traders, from the commencement of the overland commerce with the Mexican dominions, of assembling there for the appointment of officers, and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through the dangerous country south of it. They first elect their commander-in-chief. His duty is to appoint subordinate leaders, and to divide the owners and men into watches, and to assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divides the caravan into two parts, each of which forms a column when on march. In these lines he assigns each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council breaks up; and the commander, with the guard on duty, moves off in advance to select the track, and anticipate approaching danger. After this guard, the head teams of each column lead off about thirty feet apart, and the others follow in regular lines. Two hundred men, one hundred wagons, eight hundred mules;—shoutings and whistlings, and whippings and cheerings, are all there; and amidst them all the hardy Yankees move happily onward to the siege of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the wagons: if they are attacked on march by the Cumanche cavalry, or other foes, the leading teams file to the right and left, and close the front; and the hindermost, by a similar movement, close the rear; and thus they form an oblong rampart of wagons laden with cotton goods, that effectually shields teams and men from the small arms of the Indians. The same arrangement is made when they halt for the night.

"Within the area thus formed are put, after they are fed, many of the more valuable horses and oxen. The remainder of the animals are 'staked,'—that is, tied to stakes at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, around the line. The ropes by which they are fastened are from thirty to forty feet in length, and the stakes at which they are attached are carefully driven at such

distances apart, as shall prevent their being entangled one with another.

"Among these animals the guard on duty is stationed, standing motionless near them, or crouching so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this are, that a guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and further, that it is impossible to discern the approach of an Indian creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision between it and the line of light, around the lower edge of the horizon. If the camp be attacked, the guard fire, and retreat to the wagons. The whole body then take positions for defence; at one time sallying out, to save their animals from the grasp of the Indians; and at another, concealed behind their wagons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. Many were the bloody battles fought on the 'trail,' and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the 'Santa Fé trade.' Many are the graves along the track, of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cumanches.*"

Next to Southern Africa, the prairies afford the grandest hunting-field in the world;—a park, as large as Spain, France, Germany, and Poland together, from one end to the other of which one may drive a wagon, much more ride a horse, without encountering any other obstacle than the rivers. It is the domain of the bison or buffalo, the elk, antelope, wild horse, and white or prairie wolf; which follows the herds of the other animals to devour stragglers. The consumption of buffaloes is now enormous, and threatens their speedy extinction, according to the complaints of Mr. Catlin, and other admirers of Indian life; but even at this day every observer dwells with astonishment on their enormous multitudes; and Mr. Farnham gives a most extraordinary specimen of statistics respecting them, which we leave to our readers without observation.

"The buffalo, during the last three days, had covered the whole country so completely, that it appeared oftentimes extremely dangerous, even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fé traders, to attempt to break its way through them. We travelled at the rate of fifteen miles a-day. The length of sight on either side of the trail, 15 miles; on both sides, 30 miles; $15 \times 3 = 45 \times 30 = 1350$ square miles of country; so thickly covered with these noble animals, that when viewed from a height it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface."—(Vol. i. p. 81.)

* Farnham's Travels in the Great Western Prairies, Vol. i. p. 24.

But as we advance still further westward, the timber disappears, the water-courses become scarcer, the grass less abundant, and the dryness of the atmosphere increases. The Prairies gradually change their character, and pass into the great American desert, properly so called, which begins 300 miles east of the Rocky Mountains. Its soil "is composed of dark gravel, mixed with sand. Some small portions of it, on the banks of the streams, are covered with prairie and bunch-grass; but even these kinds of vegetation decrease and disappear as you approach the mountains." The lower ranges of the Rocky Mountains themselves are thinly covered with oaks and cypress; but here the last skirts of the forests of the States have disappeared; we are no longer within the fertilizing influence of the breeze of the gulf. So complete is the character of aridity, that the great rivers, the Platte, Arkansas, and Rio Grande, after many hundred miles of course through the mountains, dry up altogether on the plains in summer; like the streams of Australia, leaving only standing pools of water between wide "sand-bars."

The desert and its neighboring ridges contain, however, scattered spots of fertility; literal *oases*, which have been for ages the haunts of the elk and buffalo, when driven from the plains by the heats; and the summer hunting and battle-fields of the Indian tribes. These solitary places of the earth, christened by the French and English hunters with uncouth names; "Boyau Salade," from its salt springs: "Bull Pen," from its buffaloes; the "Old Park," and so forth, are not without their own peculiar and romantic interest. They contain beautiful savannahs, embosomed in groves of pine, spruce, oak, and aspen; glades, covered with some of the finest of our cultivated grasses in a state of nature; and with the mountain flax, making the hill sides bright with its delicate blue blossom. Many of them have never been seen by the eyes of civilized man, if we are to exclude the half-bred trappers and hunters from that denomination; they will be the seats of great cities in future ages—central points in the communication between the two oceans.

Here, too, in sheltered spots, lie scattered the principal villages of the tribes of horseman Indians; to the north, chiefly the Sioux; to the south, the Crows, Cumanches, Apaches, and so forth, of whom we have already spoken as the borderers between two European races, dreaded alike

by the Yankee trader and the Mexican *ranchero*. The Cumanches muster ten, some say twenty, thousand horse. They are at this moment, perhaps, the most powerful tribe of the continent, and one of the least known. Mr. Catlin visited them in company with a party of United States' dragoons, on a mission of compliment, and was received with a brave and graceful frankness. "Their incomparable horsemanship, their terrible charge, the unequalled rapidity with which they load and discharge their fire-arms, and their insatiable hatred, make the enmity of these Indians more dreadful than that of any other tribe of aborigines." They never reside above a few days in any place, but travel north with the buffaloes in the summer; and, as winter comes on, return with them to the plains west of Texas. They carry with them their tents, made of neatly dressed skins in the form of cones; and pitch their camp wherever they stop, forming a regular town of streets and squares. These Tartars of the Prairies appeared to Mr. Catlin the most extraordinary horsemen he had seen in all his travels; and he mentions, with peculiar admiration, a feat by which the warrior throws himself off the horse, and hangs to his back by the foot, sheltered by the horse's body from the enemy's weapons. They are "in stature rather low, and in person often approaching to corpulency. In their movements they are heavy and ungraceful, and, in their huts, one of the most unattractive and slovenly looking races of Indians that I have ever seen; but the moment they mount their horses, they seem at once metamorphosed, and surprise the spectator with the ease and elegance of their movements. A Cumanche on his feet is out of his element, and comparatively almost as awkward as a monkey on the ground, without a limb or a branch to cling to; but the moment he lays his hand upon his horse, his face even becomes handsome, and he gracefully flies away like a different being." When Mr. Catlin visited them, one of their most daring chiefs was a little fellow named "Hi-soo-san-ches," "the Spaniard;"—a half-breed, for whom the Indians in general entertain the utmost contempt, and who had to win his way to eminence by numerous deeds of savage daring against his Mexican kindred. The foraging ground of the Cumanches and their associate tribes seems now to extend from the Arkansas on the north, to the neighborhood of Chihuahua on the south, or over ten degrees of latitude.

"It is to be feared," says Washington

Irving, "that a great part of this desert will form a lawless interval between the abodes of civilized man, like the wastes of the ocean and the deserts of Arabia; and, like them, be subject to the depredations of the marauder. . . . Some" (of its Indian and mixed inhabitants) "may gradually become pastoral hordes, like these rude and migratory people, half shepherd, half nomade, who, with their flocks and herds, roam the plains of Upper Asia; but others, it is to be apprehended, will become predatory hordes, mounted upon the fleet steeds of the Prairies, with the open plains for their marauding ground, and the mountains for their retreats and lurking-places. Here they may resemble those great heroes of the north, Gog and Magog, with their hordes, that haunted the gloomy imaginations of the prophets: 'A great company and a mighty host, all riding upon horses, and warring upon those nations which were at rest, and dwelt peaceably, and had gotten cattle and goods.'"^{*}

This desert region extends, as we have said, far to the southward—even south of the tropic in Mexico, along the level of the great central plateau. The settlements of New Mexico, and the "internal provinces," as they were formerly called, of New Spain, have been established merely in strips of land, wherever irrigation is to be procured. They have been scarcely visited at all by travellers competent to describe them. Major Pike is the only one, we believe, from whom we have any account of Santa Fé and Chihuahua. Yet those districts possess a civilization of nearly three hundred years; a very dense population in the cultivated parts; and a most careful system of agriculture by means of irrigation. They are suffering at present terribly from misgovernment, as well as from the increasing violence of their ancient enemies, the nomade Indians; while the cupidity of the Texans and Anglo-Americans waxes day by day, and seems to bring yearly nearer to their frontier the rapacious monster which threatens to devour them.

In June 1841, an expedition for the ostensible purpose of trade was fitted out in Texas for Santa Fé. It was accompanied by 270 soldiers, and a piece of cannon, with three government commissioners; and a despatch by Mr. Roberts, Secretary of State for that enterprising and modest young Republic, informs us, that "the object of the expedition was not to make war

upon Mexico, but simply to assert the jurisdiction of Texas over a portion of *our* territory lying in a remote corner of the country, a very large portion of whose inhabitants were anxious for the change: of this the President had the strongest assurance." It seems that the numerous merchants and explorers, British or native American, who joined the expedition, were not in the least aware of the political part of the commissioners' instructions. They marched from Austin across the great Prairie region; but before they reached the valley of the Rio del Norte, many had been slain in the repeated attacks of the Indians; and the survivors were so broken and discouraged, and sick from want of salt, that they surrendered in a body to a Mexican party of soldiers. Their lives were spared, and they were the first Texans taken in arms (since the contest of separation began) who had not been shot on the field. But they were marched off for the capital, a distance of some 1800 miles; and if a narrative of the expedition is given by the survivors, it will contain not only a strange glimpse of those secluded "internal provinces," but a relation of human endurance under privations not often paralleled. The following is the account given by one of the party, an Englishman, of one of their severest marches across the desert:—

"We commenced, in the afternoon, the march of the *Gran Jornada*: it is so called on account of its distance, and the difficulty with which it is performed. There is no water to be obtained on the road. We moved off at noon on the 31st of October, and our march continued throughout the night. In the morning we halted for about an hour and a half, when the march recommenced, and was continued throughout the day, until sunset. We waited for about three hours, and then went on for a second night, and until about ten next morning. Throughout the whole of this time, no provisions, or water, were given to the men."

A march of forty-six hours, interrupted by only two halts of four hours and a half together, without provisions or water, we take to be nearly unequalled. Yet this was performed by a party of civilians, many of them mere youths, and all unaccustomed to severe privations of any kind; while many of the hardy soldiery of Texas gave way under their sufferings, and the strongest men were seen weeping like children from very weakness, and falling by the wayside to die. "During many

^{*} Washington Irving's *Astoria*, Vol. ii. p. 59.

days," (says Mr. Webster, then Envoy to Mexico, who made various applications to the Mexican government on behalf of his countrymen among the party,) "they had no food, and on others, only two ears of corn distributed to each man. To sustain life, therefore, they were compelled to sell on the way the few remnants of clothing which their captors had left them—most dreadful of all, however, several of them, disabled by sickness and suffering from keeping up with the others, were deliberately shot without any provocation."

"It was about seven o'clock of the second day," (of the *Gran Jornada*, to quote again the narrative already referred to,) "that Golphin, a merchant, was shot: he had long been sick, and had been carried in the sick wagon, as it was called, nearly the whole distance from the river Quintafue to San Miguel. One of the soldiers gave him permission to ride, and he was in the act of taking off his shirt to pay for this favor, when some soldiers came up; one of them fired at and wounded him: he ran some yards, crying out to have his life spared, when another shot him dead. Griffith was killed the same night: he was ill and infirm, in consequence of having been speared by an Indian; he had been permitted to ride in a wagon during the day. His brains were dashed out by a soldier; but it was not ascertained what occurred previous to his being killed. Gates was another sick soldier: he caught cold after leaving San Miguel, which was followed by serious inflammation of the lungs. A few minutes before his death, a soldier put the end of a musket to his face, and snapped the lock, laughing at the painful effect produced. His body was stripped and thrown into the bushes."

Such were the sufferings of the party in the deserts, while under the guard of the cruel and cowardly soldiery which had captured them. When they reached the populous districts, the scene changed; the native kindness of the Spanish disposition triumphed over every feeling of enmity; and the unfortunates were treated in city after city, as they passed through them, with sympathy and kindness, by all classes of the population. The government, however, disposed of them with great severity: the foreign civilians were not liberated without the most strenuous exertions of their respective governments. The Texan soldiers were set to work in chains with the outcasts of the prisons, and remain there, for aught we know, to this day.

It is the prevalence of these ferocious

and revengeful practices on the part of the Hispano-American governments, which precludes all sympathy with *them* in the unequal struggle in which they are now engaged, with their encroaching, unprincipled, enemies of the "Anglo-Saxon race." The "secret instructions" of the Texan commissioners amply justify the Mexican government in treating these pretended traders as prisoners of war, and in disregarding the cant of Brigadier-General Macleod, the commander, who cannot be supposed ignorant of its real object, in his correspondence with his captors at the time of his capitulation. "All my operations," says this philanthropic officer, "were based upon the presumed good-will of the people, with whom we had no cause of war, and with whom a peaceful and regulated traffic would conduce to the happiness of both. Our age is too enlightened to tolerate the barbarous idea of eternal hostility and hatred between Christian nations." One is glad that the Mexicans were not duped by such sentimental hypocrisy. But for a Christian people to permit the cruelties practised on these men—the shooting of the sick and disabled—the torture of the remainder by almost superhuman labor—the committal of prisoners of war to the slavery of convicts—this is conduct which makes the victory even of Texans a desirable object. Whatever we may think of that rising people, and their Republic, which seems to serve as the Botany Bay for the unconvicted sinners of the western world, it is impossible not to feel that theirs is the side of civilization, in their now renewed struggles with Santa Anna and his barbarians.

The Rocky Mountains, it is now ascertained, form a vast continuous wall, with little interruption, from the plains of the Internal Provinces to the Arctic Sea, and contain a world of strange scenery as yet undisclosed; for it is only on some half dozen points that this chain is crossed by the trappers and hunters to the south, and by the explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company in the north. It reaches a vast and unknown height in the southern part, about lat. 39, in a range called the Sierra de Anahuac—a name not indigenous, but given by American geographers on the hypothesis that this Sierra forms the northern limit of the continuous table-land of Mexico; and again in high northern latitudes, between 53° and 56°, Mr. Thompson, the astronomer of the Hudson's Bay Company, "reports that he found peaks more than 26,000 feet above the level of the sea." So says Mr.

Farnham; but we should like to see his authority. Between these lofty portions, the central part of the range varies very much in elevation—from low arid ranges to lofty peaks. The Sierra of Anahuac itself, Mr. Farnham estimates conjecturally at about 15,000 feet.

Mr. Farnham crossed the mountains in about lat. 40°, by a route we have never before seen described; but interesting in a geographical point of view, from being close to the central knot whence the great rivers flow in various directions;—the Rio del Norte to the south, the Platte and Arkansas to the east, the Saptin, or south branch of the Columbia to the west, the great Colorado towards the Gulf of California. All these rise close together. Yet the general character of this part of the chain seems to be that of extreme aridity. Snow lies on the highest peaks; the rocky vales are bare and desolate as those of Idumea, and the sufferings of his party from drought and want of provisions were extreme. He even rises to the pathetic when he describes the sacrifice of their last dog, after a fast of fifty hours. "Some of the men declared that dogs made excellent mutton; but on this point there existed between us what politicians term an honest difference of opinion. To me it tasted like the flesh of a dog, a singed dog; and appetite, keen though it was, and edged by a fast of fifty hours, could not but be sensibly alive to the fact, that whether cooked or barking, a dog is still a dog everywhere."

The great untrodden Sierra de Anahuac formed a magnificent spectacle, as seen by Mr. Farnham from the ridges which enclose the Arkansas. "It was visible," says he, "for at least one hundred miles of latitude; and the nearest point was so far distant, that the dip of the horizon concealed all that portion of it below the line of perpetual congelation. The whole mass was purely white. The principal irregularity perceptible was a slight undulation on the upper edge. There was, however, a perceptible shading on the lower edge, produced, perhaps, by ridges protruding from the general outline. But the mass, at least ninety miles distant, as white as milk, the home of the frosts of all ages, stretching away to the north by west full a hundred miles, unscathed by any living being, except perhaps by the bold bird of our national arms, is an object of amazing grandeur, unequalled probably on the face of the globe."

The nomenclature which the hunters have bestowed on the various features of these mountains is rather peculiar. A small

fertile spot enclosed by rocks, such as is here and there to be found in this vast stony wilderness, is picturesquely termed a "hole," a steep ridge a "bluff," conical peaks "butes," (French, *butte*,) while a dark, narrow ravine is called a "kenyon"—the origin of which name we cannot divine.

West of the Rocky Mountains the desert extends again, from the Mexican border to the Columbia. The great Colorado of the west is said to flow many hundred miles through a ravine, cut perpendicularly in the flat, arid waste. Its banks are uncultivable, and its impetuous eddies defy navigation. Two Catholic missionaries once attempted to descend the stream in a boat, but their fate was never known. A party of trappers made the same experiment, but were soon forced to abandon their boat, and hardly escaped with their lives. North-west of this wild river lies the great salt lake of the Eutaws, the Dead Sea of North America. It has never yet been visited by civilized traveller: according to report, it lies in a fine climate; but its shores are a desert, composed of swells of sand and bare brown loam, on which sufficient moisture does not fall to sustain any other vegetation than the wild wormwood and prickly pear. It is supposed to be two hundred miles in length and eighty broad; the water extremely salt and heavy. But all attempts to explore it have hitherto failed, from the utter want of fresh water on its banks, except where one stream flows in at the eastern extremity.

Still further to the north, from the same portion of the mountains, flows the Saptin or Lewis's river, the great southern branch of the Columbia; and along which the main stream of internal traffic between the eastern and western coast of the Continent must eventually pass. Yet a wilder and more unpromising region than the six hundred miles traversed by this great river can hardly be imagined. Its valley seems to form a portion of that vast volcanic belt which girdles the Pacific Ocean. It flows over rugged platforms of black lava, or "cut rock," and through plains of sand and scoria, furnishing nothing but the wild wormwood and bunch-grass.

The Saptin conducts the traveller to the great Columbia—a wild romantic river, dashing its enormous mass of waters through pass after pass of the mountain ridges, which it cuts transversely in the whole of its course. Its valley forms the "Oregon territory," which has been lately made the subject of so much brave speaking in Congress; and which remains debatable ground between ourselves and the Ameri-

cans. And, notwithstanding the length to which our geographical researches have already run, we must be pardoned for bestowing a few words, in conclusion, on a region which promises to be more interesting and important than most of our readers are probably, at present, aware.

For, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, this is the last corner of the earth left free for the occupation of a civilized race. When Oregon shall be colonized, the map of the world may be considered as filled up. The romantic days in which every new adventurer saw, in the first green shores which greeted him, the nursery of some new empire to be called by his name, are gone by for ever. The world has grown old in the last two hundred years, more rapidly than in the preceding two thousand. Our future conquests must be over the power of the other elements. Earth has little more surface left to dispose of. Of Australia we know nearly all that will ever be worth knowing; and, although there is room enough there for a great multiplication of inhabitants, there are no new spots of value for the foundation of fresh colonies. Of the beautiful islands of the Pacific, the loveliest and the largest are already appropriated. Asia belongs to another race. The vast and teeming solitudes of South America afford room for Empires; but their air breathes death to the northern colonist. The only region of any extent, of temperate climate and agricultural capability, which still invites swarms from the old hives of mankind, is that which stretches along the west coast of America, between the extreme settlements of the Mexicans and those of the Russians. Formerly, this coast was nearly inaccessible: lying to the windward of the steady easterly currents of air, it was of difficult and uncertain approach; and the seas which wash it were unknown to commerce. Now, steam will render it approachable at every season, and from every quarter. The mouth of the Columbia lies but eight or ten days' sail from the Sandwich Islands, now as well known as the Azores, and as much visited by European and American vessels. This country, once settled, will command the Pacific. It will communicate directly with New Zealand, Australia, and China; and should the transit across the Isthmus of Darien be effected, it will be within forty or fifty days' voyage from the shores of Britain.

Generally speaking, Oregon consists of mountains. The Columbia river, its chief geographical feature, in falling from the

Rocky mountains to the sea, cuts transversely three or four distinct mountain ridges, running north and south; one of them, which the Americans call the President's range, of very great height, attaining the elevation of 15,000 or 16,000 feet in single peaks, some of which frown almost immediately over its waters. As might be supposed from the character of the country, this river presents a succession of magnificent rapids, perhaps unequalled in grandeur by those of any other American stream. Mr. Farnham thus describes the "Cascades," the greatest impediment to the navigation of the river, which occur where it cuts through the "President's range."

"The bed of the river here is a vast inclined trough of white rocks, sixty or eighty feet deep, about 400 yards wide at the top, and diminishing to about half that width at the bottom. The length of this trough is about a mile. In that distance the water falls about 130 feet; in the rapids, above and below it, about twenty feet, making the whole descent about 150 feet. The quantity of water which passes here is incalculable. But an approximate idea of it may be obtained from the fact, that while the velocity is so great that the eye with difficulty follows objects floating on the surface, yet such is its volume at the lowest stage of the river, that it rises and bends like a sea of molten glass over a channel of immense rocks, without breaking its surface except near the shores; so deep and vast is the mighty flood.

In the June freshets, when the melted snow comes down from the Rocky Mountains, the Cascades must discharge more water than Niagara; they carry off the whole store of 350,000 square miles. The accessories of the scene are of a very different kind; black craggy rocks, covered with forests of enormous pines, surmounted by glaciers and snowy peaks.

North of the Columbia the country is in general a labyrinth of mountain ranges, but interspersed with extensive valleys, and covered with a growth of heavy timber; the climate mild for the latitude, but moist and tempestuous. The following is the account given of the north-western corner of the continent, between this river and the Arctic regions, by Mr. Brinsley Hinds, surgeon to the recent expedition of Captain Belcher, in his rather fanciful apportionment of the globe into "regions of vegetation," in the appendix to that work:—

"The surface is irregular, consisting entirely of mountain and valley, without the least pretensions to plain; the former composed chiefly of primitive rocks, among which granite is abundant, quartz is sometimes seen, and rarely, I believe, limestone. The soil is often rich, from

the great accumulation and rapid decomposition of vegetable remains.

"Being fully exposed to winds from the ocean, and westerly winds prevailing, the climate is considerably modified. Compared with Europe it is far cooler for the latitude, and with the opposite coast, without those extremes so common there. It is, however, much more moist than either, and the rainy days are very frequent. In 56° N. lat., the mean temperature has been ascertained to be $46^{\circ} 5'$, and the range of the year from $2^{\circ} 5'$ to $91^{\circ} 9'$. Only thirty-seven really clear and fine days were experienced; on forty-six snow fell, and on the rest more or less rain. This was at Sitka, or New Archangel.

"Though the inequalities of the surface are great, soil is abundant, and the investing vegetation vigorous. The constant moisture favors premature decay, and thus the trees are early undermined, and, falling from their ranks in the forest, cover the ground in vast numbers. It is not easy to conceive how thickly the surface is crowded with these, unless by recalling something like the vast accumulations of the coal measures. Within the tropics I have never seen any thing equal to the scene of desolation the northern part of this region presents: branches of trees, of great length and clear of branches, are seen on all sides strewn in tiers, and covered with a dense agamic vegetation. It would often seem as if they were unable to attain a good old age—as, always exposed to moisture from the repeated rains, they have yielded to its influence immediately that that period of life arrived when the activity of vegetation diminishes."

South of the Columbia, the character of the country completely changes, and, as we have said, very suddenly. The forests give place to an open undulating country, still clad with magnificent trees on the mountain ridges. In the interior the plains are perfectly arid, the soil volcanic, and buffalo's dung supplies the place of fuel. But the tract intervening between the westernmost of the parallel ranges of mountains and the Pacific Ocean, enjoying more moisture than the rest, produces trees of a size hardly equalled within the tropics. This portion of Oregon appears to be the favorite *habitat* of the universally disseminated tribe of pines. The hemlock, spruce, and red cedar of Eastern America grow here in profusion, besides other varieties, of which rare specimens only have found their way to this country. The beautiful *Pinus Douglassii* grows 200 feet from the ground without a limb, and is five, seven, or even nine fathoms in circumference near the root. On the Umpqua, in latitude 43° , the pines grow to 280 feet in height; "the cones or seed vessels are in the form of an egg, and oftentimes more

than a foot in length; the seed are as large as the castor bean." Fine grassy glades diversify the intervals of the forest. The climate is mild, moist, and variable for six months of the year; but the rain, even then, is so light, that Mr. Farnham observed that the vegetable mould lay on the steep hills;—a sure proof that they are not liable to be swept by heavy storms. This is a very singular circumstance, when it is considered that this country has a westerly exposure, and fronts the vast expanse of the Northern Pacific.

Such is Oregon, a land of magnificent scenery, and a healthy climate; of limited agricultural capabilities, with a large proportion of unproductive soil, but with fertile ground enough to form the home of a new nation: poor in harbors, and deficient in navigable rivers, but yet by no means inaccessible, and possessing an admirable geographical situation for commercial purposes. The tribes of Indians which wander over its surface are few in number, chiefly subsisting by salmon fishing and on roots, and very inferior in physical power and in ferocious energy to their brethren of the Prairies. But, for this very reason, they offer the less obstructions to the operations of the colonist; and, it must be added, that their simple, inoffensive habits of life are found to be accompanied in many cases with a moral elevation, which ranks them in the scale of humanity far above most savages; and forms but too striking a contrast to the morals and habits of the wandering whites and half-breeds who visit them from the East. No race of men appears to live in so much consciousness of the immediate presence of the invisible world. "Simply to call these people religious," says Irving, in the character of Captain Bonreville, speaking of some tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, "would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades the whole of their conduct. They are more like a nation of saints than a herd of savages." Among such people as these, the exertions of a few Missionaries have met with rather more than usual success; but extermination treads rapidly on their heels. Christian Indians are found here and there up the wildest valleys of the tributaries of the Columbia. "Crickie," a Skyuse, who accompanied Mr. Farnham as a guide, not only said his prayers morning and night, but was in the daily habit of using "a small mirror, pocket-comb, soap, and a towel," in his travels—a union of piety with cleanliness rarely to be found,

we suspect, among the most gifted brethren of the churches of the States.

At present the only fixed inhabitants of this vast wilderness, may be said to be the people of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, and a few hundred English and Americans; chiefly men tired with the wandering life of the deserts, who have established themselves as agricultural settlers in the valley of the Wallamette, near the mouth of the Columbia. They have at present no government—being recognized subjects neither of Britain nor the United States—but are demanding loudly, according to Mr. Farnham, to be included within the boundaries of the great Republic. However this may be, they are at this moment partially under the control of a power not very responsible to either State, but of which all the instincts and habits are thoroughly British and anti-American—the Hudson's Bay Company.

Few among us are aware of the extraordinary resources and wide-spreading plans of this remarkable Society, which has exercised in its barren domains a steady enterprising policy not inferior to that of the East India company itself; and now, in Mr. Farnham's language, occupies and controls more than one-ninth of the soil of the globe. The great business of this Company is the fur-trade, of which it is now nearly the sole monopolist throughout all the choicest furbearing regions of North America, with the exception of the portion occupied by the Russians. The bulk of its empire is secured to it by charter; but it is in possession of Oregon as debatable land, under stipulations between Britain and the United States. The stockholders are British; the management of its affairs in America is carried on by "partners," so called, but, in point of fact, agents paid by a proportion of the net income of the company. These are scattered in various posts over the whole territory between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific. The governor-general resides in York Factory, on the former. They are chiefly Scotsmen; and a greater proportion of shrewdness, daring, and commercial activity, is probably not to be found in the same number of heads in the world. Before 1820, this body carried on a fierce contest with the North-West Company—attended with hideous battles of Indians and half-breeds, and the burning and sacking of each other's posts. In 1821, the two Companies were consolidated; since which time they have had no British rival, and have exerted all their policy to repress interference on the part of the Americans.

In this they seem to have thoroughly succeeded. The attempts of the Americans to establish a fur-trade of their own, one by one have ended in disappointment. Their own trappers and hunters prefer the markets of the Company. Its agents seek out the Americans—so, at least, they complain—outbid them, and under-sell them, in every point to which they can penetrate. The "Pacific Fur Company," the scheme of John Jacob Astor, commemorated by Washington Irving, those of Captain Wyeth, and many other American adventurers, have failed against the strength and perseverance of the old monopoly. Its traders supply the demand, such as it is, both of Indians and white hunters for European goods over all the north-west; for they are said to sell twenty or thirty per cent. cheaper than the Americans; and "there seems a certainty," says Mr. Farnham, "that the Hudson's Bay Company will engross the entire trade of the North Pacific, as it has that of Oregon." So powerful is this body on the continent, that it has actually established a kind of game-laws over a region twice as large as Europe, regulating the quantity of "trapping" to be done in particular districts, and uniformly diminishing it whenever the returns show a deficiency in its production of animals. It keeps both savages and whites in order, by putting into serious practice the threat of "exclusive dealing." Mr. Farnham met with an American in Oregon, who informed him that, in consequence of some offence taken, (very unjustly of course,) "the Hudson's Bay Company refused, for a number of years, to sell him a shred of clothing; and as there are no other traders in the country, he was compelled, during their pleasure, to wear skins!"

We have purposely abstained from all discussion of the question now pending between Britain and America as to the sovereignty of Oregon. We have been anxious, on the present occasion, only to point out the existence, and the capabilities of this region—the remotest nook of the world, and the last vacant space, as we have said, for the plantation of a new people. The land which is to command the North Pacific, and give the law to its myriad islands, cannot long remain unoccupied. It calls loudly on those who have foresight—on those who can estimate the promise of the future—to forecast its destiny. The Americans never show themselves deficient in this branch of political wisdom. They are familiar with what we can scarcely realize—the rapid march of time in the western

world. Almost before we have satiated ourselves with the mere contemplation of a newly-discovered portion of the wilderness—before its lines are mapped out, and the names of its natural features become familiar to our ears—the wilderness is gone, the mountains stripped of their forests, the rivers alive with navigation. The Far West will change as rapidly as the East has done. In the words of Washington Irving—"The fur-bearing animals extinct, a complete change will come over the scene; the gay fur trapper and his steed, decked out in wild array, and tinkling with bells and trinketry; the savage war chief, plumed, and ever on the prowl; the trader's cavalcade, winding through defiles and over naked plains, with the stealthy war party lurking on its trail; the buffalo chase, the hunting camp, the mad carouse in the midst of danger, the night attack, the scamper, the fierce skirmish among rocks and cliffs—all this romance of savage life, which yet exists among the mountains, will then exist but in frontier story, and seem like the fictions of chivalry or fairy tale."

Surely it well behoves us, who have an interest in every new corner of the earth, to note the signs of these changes, and turn them to our profit when we may. And one thing strikes us forcibly. However the political question between England and America, as to the ownership of Oregon, may be decided, Oregon, will never be colonized overland from the Eastern States. It is with a view of pointing out the entire distinctness of the two regions that we have gone, perhaps at tedious length, into a description of the geographical peculiarities of the vast space which separates them. It is six or seven hundred miles from the westernmost limit of the fertile part of the Prairies, to the cultivable region of the Columbia. Six months of the year, the whole of this space is a howling wilderness of snow and tempests. During the other six, it exhibits every variety of hopeless sterility;—plains of arid sand, defiles of volcanic rock, hills covered with bitter shrubs, and snowy mountains of many days' journey; and its level part is traversed by the formidable predatory cavalry we have described—an enemy of more than Scythian savageness and endurance, who cannot be tracked, overtaken, or conciliated. We know and admire the extraordinary energy which accompanies the rambling habits of the citizens of the States; we know the feverish, irresistible tendency to press onward, which induces the settler to push to the

utmost limits of practicable enterprise, regardless of the teeming and inviting regions he may leave behind. Still, with these natural obstacles between, we cannot but imagine that the world must assume a new face before the American wagons make plain the road to the Columbia, as they have done to the Ohio. In the mean time, the long line of coast invites emigration from the over-peopled shores of the old world. When once the Isthmus of Darien is rendered traversable, the voyage will be easier and shorter than that to Australia; which thirty thousand of our countrymen have made in a single year. Whoever, therefore, is to be the future owners of Oregon, its people will come from Europe. The Americans have taken up the question in earnest; their Press teems with writings on the subject; we need only mention the able Memoir of Mr. Greenhow, 'Translator to the Department of State,' in which their claim is historically deduced with much ingenuity. French writers, as may be supposed, are already advocating the American view. Let us abandon ours, from motives of justice, if the right be proved against us; from motives of policy, if it be proved not worth contesting—but not in mere indolence. Let us not fold our hands under the idle persuasion that we have colonies enough; that it is mere labour in vain to scatter the seed of future nations over the earth; that it is but trouble and expense to govern them. If there is any one thing on which the maintenance of that perilous greatness to which we have attained depends, more than all the rest, it is Colonization; the opening of new markets, the creation of new customers. It is quite true that the great fields of emigration in Canada and Australia promise room enough for more than we can send. But the worst and commonest error respecting Colonization, is to regard it merely as that which it can never be—a mode of checking the increase of our people. What we want is, not to draw off dribblets from our teeming multitudes, but to found new nations of commercial allies. And, in this view, every new colony founded, far from diverting strength from the older ones, infuses into them additional vigor. To them as well as the mother country it opens a new market. It forms a new link in the chain along which our commercial inter-communication is carried—touching and benefiting every point in the line as it passes. Thus, in former days, the prosperity of the West India Islands was the great stimulus to the peopling of North America; the newer colony

of Canada has flourished through its connexion with our settlements in the States; the market of New Zealand will excite production in Australia. The uttermost portions of the earth are our inheritance; let us not throw it away in mere supineness, or in deference to the wise conclusions of those sages of the discouraging school, who, had they been listened to, would have checked, one by one, all the enterprises which have changed the face of the world in the last thirty years.

MISCELLANY.

ENGLISH PEASANTRY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—Mr. Thomas Wright, Esq., F. S. A., stated that the agricultural population among the Anglo-Saxons, which he compared with the Roman *coloni*, were a different race from the free men; that they were the remains of the conquered people who had occupied the parts of Europe which were subdued by the Saxon and other Germanic tribes. When the Saxons came to England, they brought with them their agricultural population, which, becoming here mixed with the conquered Britons in different proportions in different parts of the island, was one of the causes of subsequent difference of dialect. The common name of the peasant among the Anglo-Saxons was *theow*, which means a *bondman*. Various instances were adduced, showing the degraded position of the Anglo-Saxon *theows*. There was originally no law which interfered between the lord of the soil and his *theows*, who were therefore exposed to all kinds of outrage and injustice. After the introduction of Christianity, the clergy continually exerted themselves to ameliorate their condition; and hence a few laws were from time to time enacted for their protection. This class among the Anglo-Saxons was constantly receiving on one side accession to its numbers, while, on the other, it was diminished by manumission. There were different means by which a free man became a *theow*: sometimes he sold himself to obtain a living, when no other means were left, or to obtain the protection of a master against his personal enemies. It was the punishment of various crimes to condemn the offender to bondship. A free father had the right of selling his children under a certain age, which appears to have been a common practice. Amid the turbulence of unsettled times, men were often betrayed into slavery by their enemies, or by persons who made a profit by the sale.

Mr. Wright gave several examples of manumission from contemporary manuscripts, which afford a curious illustration of the state of society. One of the strongest incitements to manumission was piety: many instances were pointed out of *theows* set free for the love of God. A *theow* sometimes saved money to buy the freedom of himself and his family. A freeman bought the freedom of a *theow* woman previous to contracting marriage with her. And sometimes a lord set free some of his *theows*, from motives of gratitude. The legal position of the servile class appears to have changed little in the period following the entry of the Normans;

but their social condition was much more miserable, and the treatment they received from their lords more harsh. The personal treatment of the *theow* in the later Saxon times appears to have been far more mild than that of the same class on the continent. In France, and particularly in Normandy, the *villans*—for that is the name by which they were designated—were subjected to the greatest indignities, which drove them into frequent insurrections at the latter end of the tenth and earlier part of the eleventh century. In revenge, their masters slaughtered them by hundreds, and treated them with the greatest atrocities. The Normans brought their hatred and contempt of the peasantry into England, and soon rendered useless all the laws and customs which had previously afforded them some protection. In addition to this, the *villans*, or peasants, were now loaded with oppressive and galling taxes, and services to their lords. Mr. Wright observed further, that the Norman masters not only looked upon the peasantry as a conquered and inferior race, but, what was very remarkable, they who in Normandy had deserted their own language to adopt that of their slaves, in England looked with contempt and disdain on the language which was nearly that of their own forefathers. The position of the English peasantry appears to have been most degenerated in the latter half of the twelfth century.

He stated that manumission was less frequent among the Anglo-Normans than it had been with the Anglo-Saxons; and gave some instances in which it had been reversed, and freed-men reduced into slavery. On the whole, the serfs or *villans* in England were in a worse condition than the Roman *coloni*. They were robbed without mercy by their lords; could not be admitted into trades,—at least, craftsmen were cautious of taking them apprentices, lest they should be reclaimed by their lords; nor yet as scholars. The Norman troubadours were unmeasured in their satire and abuse of the oppressed *villans*; but at length their cause was triumphantly vindicated by the author of *Piers Ploughman*. The insurrection of the rustic population in the reign of Richard II. was very pervading, but was at length suppressed with great severities; and the condition of the serfs was scarcely relieved until the expiration of another century.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

REV. SYDNEY SMITH AND THE AMERICANS.—The Rev. Sydney Smith, who it seems is one among the innumerable sufferers by the bad faith of the repudiating States of the American Union, has published an address to the Congress at Washington, in which he sets forth in peculiarly forcible language the infamy and fatal consequences of such conduct, not only in a pecuniary, but in a moral and political sense. This address is better calculated than any thing which has yet appeared to touch the pride of the great mass of the population in America—the middle classes, through whom, if at all, such a change in public opinion is to be brought about, as will ultimately produce the desired objects, of payment to the suffering British creditors, and the restoration of the American character. This document adopts the common error of addressing the Congress of the Union, instead of that of the particular State by whose bad faith the writer has suffered; but otherwise the sentiments it contains are worthy of being selected as texts for lectures and popular discourses all over the United States, of which the people are so fond, and which neces-

sarily possess so much influence over them. If ever the cry of "agitate, agitate, agitate," may with propriety be heard from the mouths of the friends of order and of social happiness, this is the instance, and the American States the proper arena for it.

The following is the address referred to:—

"THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH TO THE HOUSE OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.

"I petition your honorable House to institute some measure for the restoration of American credit, and for the repayment of debts incurred and repudiated by several of the States. Your petitioner lent to the State of Pennsylvania a sum of money, for the purpose of some public improvement. The amount, though small, is to him important, and is a saving from a life income, made with difficulty and privation. If their refusal to pay (from which a very large number of English families are suffering) had been the result of war, produced by the unjust aggression of powerful enemies; if it had arisen from civil discord; if it had proceeded from an improvident application of means in the first years of self-government; if it were the act of a poor State struggling against the barrenness of nature—every friend of America would have been contented to wait for better times; but the fraud is committed in the profound peace of Pennsylvania, by the richest State in the Union, after the wise investment of the borrowed money in roads and canals, of which the repudiators are every day reaping the advantage. It is an act of bad faith which (all its circumstances considered) has no parallel, and no excuse.

"Nor is it only the loss of property which your petitioner laments: he laments still more that immense power which the bad faith of America has given to aristocratical opinions, and to the enemies of free institutions, in the old world. It is vain any longer to appeal to history, and to point out the wrongs which the many have received from the few. The Americans, who boast to have improved the institutions of the old world, have at least equalled its crimes. A great nation, after trampling under foot all earthly tyranny, has been guilty of a fraud as enormous as ever disgraced the worst king of the most degraded nation of Europe.

"It is most painful to your petitioner to see that American citizens excite, wherever they may go, the recollection that they belong to a dishonest people, who pride themselves on having tricked and pillaged Europe; and this mark is fixed by their faithless legislators on some of the best and most honorable men in the world, whom every Englishman has been eager to see, and proud to receive.

"It is a subject of serious concern to your petitioner that you are losing all that power which the friends of freedom rejoiced that you possessed, looking upon you as the ark of human happiness, and the most splendid picture of justice and of wisdom that the world had yet seen. Little did the friends of America expect it, and sad is the spectacle to see you rejected by every State in Europe, as a nation with whom no contract can be made, because none will be kept; unstable in the very foundations of social life, deficient in the elements of good faith, men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.

"Nor is it only this gigantic bankruptcy for so many degrees of longitude and latitude which your petitioner deplures, but he is alarmed also by that total want of shame with which these things have

been done, the callous immorality with which Europe has been plundered, that deadness of the moral sense which seems to preclude all return to honesty, to perpetuate this new infamy, and to threaten its extension over every State of the Union.

"To any man of real philanthropy, who receives pleasure from the improvements of the world, the repudiation of the public debts of America, and the shameless manner in which it has been talked of and done, is the most melancholy event which has happened during the existence of the present generation. Your petitioner sincerely prays that the great and good men still existing among you may, by teaching to the United States the deep disgrace they have incurred in the whole world, restore them to moral health, to that high position they have lost, and which, for the happiness of mankind, it is so important they should ever maintain; for the United States are now working out the greatest of all political problems, and upon that confederacy the eyes of thinking men are intensely fixed, to see how far the mass of mankind can be trusted with the management of their own affairs, and the establishment of their own happiness."—*Colonial Mag.*

MR. BUCKINGHAM AND THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.—A plan has been put forward by Mr. Buckingham for the establishment of "a British and Foreign Institute" for facilitating personal intercourse between the educated classes of all countries, and rendering the literary circles of the metropolis more easily accessible to visitors from the Continent, the colonies, and the provinces. The second and subordinate object of the institute is stated to be to secure for Mr. Buckingham himself "a permanent home and resting-place after his varied and active life in all quarters of the globe, and an honorable occupation and pursuit, by which, while laboring for the intellectual gratification of others, he may be enabled to enjoy a moderate competency himself." A meeting was held at the Hanover-square Rooms to take the plan into consideration. The Earl of Devon presided, and among the company were Lord Brougham, Earl Grosvenor, Lord James Stuart, Lord Dudley Stuart, Admiral Sir E. Codrington, Thomas Wyse, Esq., M. P., Charles Hindley, Esq., M. P., Wm. Ewart, Esq., M. P., and J. S. Buckingham, Esq. The Earl of Devon entered into a lengthened statement of the objects sought to be attained by the proposed establishment. It was estimated that not less than 200,000 strangers visited London every year, and it was thought desirable to present the many well-educated and accomplished individuals who were included in that number with facilities of personal intercourse, under proper guards for respectability, and at the same time at a moderate expense. The existing clubs had not supplied that desideratum, as the entrance fee to most of them was greater than any stranger could be expected to pay for the temporary enjoyment only of these advantages, while the difficulties and delays in the process of introduction were now greater than visitors would be able or disposed to encounter. The expense was also more than occasional visitors would be inclined to incur. The plan of a commodious edifice for the institute was prepared and highly approved of. The site would be in as central a position at the west end as was practicable. It was proposed to have four classes of members at different rates of entrance fees and annual subscriptions. Twenty-five lectures, and twenty-five *soirées*, to which ladies would be admissible,

should be given each session, including fifty meetings in each year, to all of which the members should have free admission. Distinguished foreign travellers visiting London only for a short period would be invited to join the institution without cost. Resolutions approving of the plans suggested were proposed, after the delivery of long speeches, by Lord Brougham, Lord D. Stuart, and a number of other gentlemen. In the course of Lord Dudley Stuart's speech, while eulogizing Mr. Buckingham's experience as a traveller and an author, and suggesting that that gentleman should be appointed "resident director" of the institute, an amusing little dialogue occurred, which is given *verbatim* :

A gentleman who was seated in the centre of the room interrupted Lord Stuart, and asked in a very loud tone of voice whether Mr. Buckingham had not, in his book on Palestine, used Lord Valentia's plates?

Lord Brougham, who sat next the chairman, and Mr. Buckingham, simultaneously replied, "No." The gentleman having still looked rather skeptically, Lord Brougham, in a very angry and loud tone, reiterated, "No, I say no; do you understand that?"—(Laughter.) You have got your answer. Mr. Buckingham says no, too—(Laughter.) What more do you want?—(Laughter.) No, no, no; do you understand that?"—(Laughter.)

The gentleman who had originally put the question said he understood sufficiently what "no" meant, and asked his lordship whether he did?—(Laughter and confusion.)

Lord Brougham (passionately): Why, the man is mad—(Laughter). Do you hear, sir? You put a question, and we say "no;" that is your answer,—no; can you understand that? No! I say no.

The former speaker: I am very glad to hear it.

Lord Brougham (angrily): We don't care whether you are or not—(Laughter).

The storm having then subsided,

The Chairman said he was authorized by Mr. Buckingham most distinctly and emphatically to deny that he had ever used the plates alluded to.

The resolutions were then adopted, and a long list of officers appointed. The "institute" may now, therefore, be considered as established, as Mr. Buckingham will be entrusted to carry the plan into execution, and the committee will *only* have to raise the necessary funds.—*Britannia*.

MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS IN GERMANY.—

No one accustomed to take any interest in the history of the Jews can have failed to remark the indications which have lately occurred that events of great importance connected with the future destiny of this "peculiar" people are being rapidly evolved. Besides those who have openly avowed their faith in the Messiahship of our Divine Redeemer, we have reason to believe that there are great numbers who are only deterred from taking such a step by the fear of the persecution and poverty to which they would be exposed by so doing. There has been, however, an extensive movement in the Jewish body, which has not subjected the actors in it to such pains and penalties, but which may fairly be regarded as preparing the way for more decided and gratifying measures. The event to which we refer is the determination to which many of the Jews on the Continent, as well as in England, have come, to throw off the authority of the Talmud—the traditions of the elders—and to adhere solely to the writings of Moses and the prophets. In the extract which follows, and which is taken from the *Universal German Gazette* of Leip-

sic, the dissatisfaction with Judaism, resulting from the conviction that it is in vain any longer to look for the advent of the Messiah, is seen developing itself in another manner; and the determination of the Jews to allow their children to be instructed in Christianity reminds us of a precisely similar case mentioned by Mr. Grant, in his interesting work on the "Nestorian Christians," respecting the Jews of Ooroomiah, a large city on the western borders of Persia.

The *Universal German Gazette* states that a new Jewish sect has been formed at Leipsic, under the auspices of a Dr. Creiznach, and makes the following remarks on the event:—"Highly interesting is it to inquire into the origin of this sect, which clearly and openly abandons the doctrines of Judaism, without, however, adopting those of Christianity. It will be seen that a long struggle preceded this event, and that political causes had their share of influence. The *new Jews*, it is well known, have already for a long time neither kept the prescriptions of the Talmud, nor the laws of the Old Testament. Not 500 out of the 6000 Jewish inhabitants here live according to Jewish laws, and that small number only because they are compelled to do so from personal, not conscientious motives. They even pay men to attend the synagogue, so that there, at least, a sufficient number is present for reading prayers. The best, therefore, the Jews could do is to adopt Christianity in a body. But, in doing so, they have to swear to forms of creed in which they have no faith. Let people say or think what they please, but a man who speaks candidly what he thinks, certainly deserves more esteem than he who simulates a creed in which he does not believe. From these motives they formed a separate sect, which obliges the members to have their children christened and educated in the doctrines of Christianity, without their parents becoming Christians themselves. This idea we think is the best and most honest, but it nevertheless meets with opposition from persons where it was least to be expected. Late measures also, in regard to converted Jews, had great influence upon this step. 'Look,' they would say, 'the Christians do not want us as converted Jews; they do not call us Christians, but they continue to give the former appellation; let us, therefore, much rather remain Christian Jews, such as the gospels are speaking of.' This is the base upon which the sect is founded, and declarations are now arriving from all quarters in favor of it, as well as against it. The Jews in Austria would adopt this new doctrine *en masse*, but they are afraid that it would make their political situation worse. Dr. Creiznach is exactly the man to direct a matter of this kind. He has zeal and energy, and as to classical education and learning he is probably the first among the German Jews. His literary acquirements are almost as incredible as his extraordinary memory, and with all this he is a thorough patriot, and highly esteemed everywhere. But whether this sect will spread excessively is a great question."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

SILK PORTRAITS.—Portraits of the Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Wellington, formed alone of black and white silk, the shades of which are drawn out so as to effect very exact likenesses, have recently been presented to those illustrious personages by a committee of weavers, which was established for promoting the improvement of British silks. The committee has also in progress a portrait of the Queen Dowager, composed of similar materials.—*Court Journal*.

OBITUARY.

JOHN MURRAY, Esq.—On Tuesday morning, a few minutes past eight o'clock, this eminent publisher and bookseller breathed his last; having been in but indifferent health for several months, but only alarmingly ill from the Friday preceding. Mr. Murray would have been sixty-five if he had lived to November next. His situation in the literary world has long been most prominent; and there is hardly one author of high reputation, either now living or dead within the last quarter of a century, who has not enjoyed his intimacy and regard. With the majority his social intercourse was most gratifying, and his liberality towards their public undertakings such as merited their esteem and gratitude. It is too early a day to dilate upon even his good qualities. That he was warm-hearted and generous will be allowed by all who ever knew him; whilst those who had the pleasure of a more genial acquaintance with him, will long remember his lively conversation, and the ready humor which often set the table in a roar. He was, indeed, on such occasions, a very agreeable companion, and his ready wit was only an indication of the acuteness and judgment which he carried into his professional concerns. His clear mind in this respect led him to enterprises of great pith and moment; and we owe to it some of the most celebrated works in our language. He originally began business about forty years ago in Fleet-street, nearly opposite old St. Dunstan's giant-guarded clock, and then succeeded Mr. Miller in Albemarle-street. Among his earliest literary connexions were D'Israeli and W. Gifford; and in later years, Scott, Southey, Moore, Byron, Barrow, Lockhart, nearly all our illustrious travellers, and authors in every branch of publication. He was a true friend to the arts, which he largely employed; and, in short, we may sum up this brief notice by saying, that in all the relations of society, few men will make a greater blank, or be more truly regretted, than John Murray. Mr. M. has left a widow, we are sorry to hear, in very indifferent health, daughters, and a son and successor, who, we hope, will emulate the friendly and liberal traits of his father's character.—*Literary Gazette*.

DR. HAHNEMANN, the founder of homœopathy, died at Paris on Sunday, 2d July, aged eighty-eight. The *Commerce* sketches his life—

"Dr. Hahnemann was born in 1755, at Meissen, of poor parents; and owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was first placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heidelberg in 1781, and discovered in 1790 the new system which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1820 his experiments and researches on his new system, and then published the results of his labors under the title of *Matière Médicale Pure*. In 1829 he published his *Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their Remedies*; of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To those works must be added his *Organon de l'Art de Guérir*, which ran through five editions. He also published nearly 200 Dissertations on different medical subjects; and he did all this whilst occupied with patients, which took up from ten to twelve hours a day. He had the satisfaction of seeing his system, after half a century's existence, spread over every part of the globe; and just before his death he learned that homœopathy was about to have a chair at the University of Vienna, and hospitals in all the Austrian States, at Berlin, and at London."—*Spectator*.

MR. MORRIS.—We are sorry to have to announce the death of Mr. J. B. S. Morris, of Rokeby-park, Yorkshire, who died on the 12th inst., after a lingering illness, in the 72nd year of his age. He was one of the earliest and most extensive Greek travellers of the present generation, and after two years spent in the interesting countries of the East, he returned with a mind replete with classical information, and a taste for every liberal art. It was during his residence abroad that Bryant promulgated his fanciful theories on the site of Troy. On his return, with Chevalier and others, he entered keenly into the Trojan controversy, and became one of the most successful supporters of Homer, and able vindicators of his location of the Troad. His two dissertations are familiar to ever classical scholar, and went as far towards the settlement of that "*rezata quæstio*" as any of the productions of the period.—*Times*.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN EXPEDITION TO THE CAUCASUS is about to be undertaken, at the expense of the King of Prussia, by Prof. Koch, the Asiatic traveller, and Dr. Rose. Their instructions are to commence their researches at Trebisonde, to trace to their sources in the high lands of Erzerum, the Western Euphrates, the Araxes, and the Tschorock. From thence they are to proceed to the second high lands of Armenia, and so on to the ruins of Ani. They are also to visit and examine the range of mountains which connects in one unbroken line the ranges of the Caucasus and the Armenian Taurus. They are directed to investigate the question, as to whether there ever was a wall extending over the whole of the Caucasus, similar to the great wall of China. Prof. Koch will then proceed to the Tartarian Circassia, and the sources of the Kuban: he will also make an attempt to ascend the Elbrus, and examine the numerous monuments in the valleys of the Karatschai.—*Athenæum*.

DOGS.—Two years ago, we noticed the experiments of M. Leonard, in which that gentleman exhibited two dogs under a degree of command which implied a higher development of faculties than had hitherto been witnessed. M. Leonard is here again, having in the interim, he informs us, tested his theories and the skill of his methods, by applying them to the education (if it may be so styled) of horses; and he is now anxious to go, step by step, through his process of training, in the presence of those whom it may interest, with the view of promulgating principles which he believes capable of general application. We must add, that M. Leonard appears anxious not to be confounded with those who exhibit tricks for pecuniary profit; his desire apparently being, to bring what he conceives an important discovery before some of the scientific bodies, for philanthropic purposes.—*Ibid*.

"A statement of Experiments showing that Carbon and Nitrogen are compound bodies, and are made by Plants during their growth." By R. Rigg, Esq.—The author, finding that sprigs of succulent plants, such as mint, placed in a bottle containing perfectly pure water, and having no communication with the atmosphere except through the medium of water, or mercury and water, in a few weeks grow to more than double their size, with a proportionate

increase of weight of all the chemical elements which enter into their composition, is thence disposed to infer that all plants make carbon and nitrogen; and that the quantity made by any plant varies with the circumstances in which it is placed.

ELECTROTYPE.—At the last meeting of the Horticultural Society, some beautiful specimens of the application of the Electrotpe process to vegetation were exhibited by Messrs. Elkington, of Regent-street. Upon the surface of leaves a deposit of copper was thrown down, so as to form a perfect representation in metal of the surface of the foliage. Since that time we have been favored by Messrs. Elkington with a sight of other leaves coated with gold and silver as well as copper. Among these were a Pelargonium-leaf, having all its glandular hairs preserved with admirable precision; an ear of Wheat; a leaf of Fennel; a Fern, with its fructification; a shoot of the Furze-bush, and an insect, (a Carabus) with every part of it encrusted with the metallic deposit. In our opinion this opens quite a new view and most interesting field to the application of the Electrotpe process.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

THE POWER OF OIL TO ALLAY THE VIOLENCE OF WAVES.—The existence of this property in oil has been so often asserted, that a commission was lately appointed by the Royal Institute of the Pays Bas to make experiments on the subject:—"The Commission assembled at Zandvoort, on the shore of the North Sea. Some of them proceeded a short distance from the shore, in order to pour the oil upon the water, and observe the results; the others remaining on land, and not knowing either at what moment or how many times the oil was poured out, were to keep their eyes fixed on the waves, which rolled from the boat towards the shore; by these means, their opinion, exempt from all influence, might be considered as so much the more impartial. The wind was south-west, and of moderate force; the quantity of oil poured out at four different times, namely, at 43, 45, 50, and 54 minutes past nine o'clock, amounted to 15 litres, (upwards of 3 imperial gallons;) the tide was flowing, and would not reach its full height till 21 minutes past eleven o'clock. The Commissioners who remained on the shore not having remarked any effect which could be ascribed to the effusion of the oil, and the same thing being the case with those engaged in pouring it, we might already consider the question, if oil poured at a little distance from our piers could protect them from the fury of the waves, as answered in the negative. Nevertheless, the Commissioners thought it incumbent upon them to make a second trial at a somewhat greater distance from the shore. Two of them were rowed beyond the rocks, and then cast anchor. The distance was calculated by the boatmen at 300 yards; the sounding line indicated a depth of about three yards; and the waves were rolling considerably. More than the half of 15 litres of oil was poured out in the space of five minutes, (from 15 to 10 minutes before 12 o'clock,) and the Commissioners did not observe the slightest effect in relation to the object of their mission. They saw the oil swimming on the surface of the water, partly united in spots of an irregular form, partly extended and forming a pellicle, and partly mingling with the foam of the waves, and sharing in their oscillatory movements. When returning to the shore, at the moment of passing the rocks, the Commissioners caused the rest of the oil to be poured on the water, and they can testify that it

had no effect in diminishing the motion of the waves, for they were many times abundantly sprinkled with the spray. It is unnecessary to add, that those who remained on land had remarked nothing at all which could be attributed to the effusion of the oil. After all that has been said and written on this subject, the Commissioners are astonished at the negative result of their experiments, and, limiting themselves to the account of them, they add no observations. They believe themselves, however, authorized to assert, as their personal opinion, that the idea of protecting our piers by means of oil, is not a happy one.—*Athenæum*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great-Britain.

- 1.—*The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih, in Keang-nan. A Chinese Tale.* Translated by T'KIN SHEN, Student of the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca. With a Preface by James Legge, D. D., President of the College. Two vols. London, 1843. Longman.

THIS Chinese tale, or historical novel, has been translated into English by a native of China, a student at the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca, the translation being revised by Dr. Legge, the Principal, who vouches for its fidelity. It is founded upon the predominance of eunuchs at the court of the emperor, a circumstance which has not infrequently disturbed the tranquillity of the empire, and placed the monarch in jeopardy.

Ching Tih, the hero of the tale, ascended the throne at the age of fifteen, on the death of his father, Hung Che, of the Ming dynasty. The young prince, being "of an open and free disposition, self-conceited, and indolent," fell an easy prey to the seductions of the eunuch Lew Kin, "an intriguing, deceitful, crafty villain, skilful in devising schemes of amusement and detecting the characters of men." With the co-operation of his fellow-eunuchs and creatures, he corrupts the young prince by "the exhibition of skilfully-trained animals, mirth, dancing, music, wine, and women." The nobles remonstrate, but Lew Kin and the eunuchs counteract the effect of the expostulation by their artifices, aided by the emperor's love of pleasure; the nobles consequently abandon the court, leaving the offices to be filled with Lew Kin's partizans, the prince being "absorbed in fun and feasting." Famine ravages the empire; rebellion breaks out, encouraged by misgovernment, and a large portion of the work is devoted to the description of military operations and incidents. The emperor still protects the eunuch, who contrives to secure the help of a supernatural "dragon horse," sent by the king of Ton Kin, as a present. At length, however, Lew Kin is seized by the exasperated nobles, threatened with torture, confesses his guilt, and, being banished with his partizans, turns robber. The empire being restored to tranquillity, Ching Tih resolves to travel to Keang-nan in search of "loyal officers to benefit his kingdom." In the disguise of a scholar, and under the name of Hwang Lun, he commences his "rambles," the adventures in which occupy the whole of the second volume of the work. In the course of them he is placed in peril, being beleaguered by a rebel army sent by

Lew Kin, who, with the other traitors, is at length taken and put to death.

Ching Tih returns to his capital with two wives, whom he had picked up in his rambles; one of them the daughter of a little inkeeper, who "sold wine before the furnace."

The tale will familiarize the reader with Chinese habits and manners; in other respects it possesses but little merit.—*Asiatic Journal*.

- 2.—*Collectanea Antiqua, No. 1. Etchings of Ancient Remains, illustrative of the Habits, Customs, and History of Past Ages.* By Charles Roach Smith, F. S. A., one of the Secretaries of the Numismatic Society, &c., 8vo.—Eight plates, containing, 1, 2. Roman glass vessels in the museum at Boulogne sur Mer; 3, 4. Bronze fibulæ, &c., and pottery, found at Etaples, Pas de Calais.

Four of the pots are inscribed, one with AVE, Hail! another with BIBE, Drink! the third with IMPLE, Fill! and the fourth apparently with VIVAS, Your good health! Plates 5 and 6 are British and Roman coins found in Kent; 7, Gold British or Gaulic coins found at Bognor and Alfriston in Sussex; and 8, a Gallo-Roman votive altar, now the baptismal font in the church of Halinghen, Pas de Calais. The inscription on this extraordinary relic is,

EIDEO IOVI
VICVS
DOLVCENS
CVVITALIS
PRISC.

which has been variously interpreted by different French antiquaries. The word EIDEO is apparently the name of a local deity associated with Jupiter, and it is remarkable that three altars have been found dedicated to Jupiter Dolichenus, which name has some apparent connection with the word DOLVCENS. As, however, we are unable to elucidate the matter, we will refer the curious antiquary to Mr. Smith's own description, in which he has discussed at length this subject, as well as those of his other plates. The having been at the pains to make these etchings with his own hands, is characteristic of his usual zeal and perseverance, and the antiquarian world may well wish that they possessed more members equally active with Mr. Roach Smith.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

- 3.—*Steam Voyages on the Seine, the Moselle, and the Rhine.* By Michael Quin, Author of "A Steam Voyage down the Danube."

It should seem that steam is ultimately destined to be as much an agent of pleasure as of business—as extensively employed in the service of the *dulce* as it has hitherto been in that of the *utile*; or, what is still better, it will do the work of both at the same time, as, in fact, it does in the pleasant and useful volumes before us, which, by its aid, open to the traveller entirely new and heretofore unknown roads into the heart of all that is beautiful in scenery and attractive in social novelty, in the districts through which the Seine and the Moselle, but particularly the latter, have hitherto borne few or none but those who are as little qualified to appreciate the one as to take advantage of the other.

The portion of this work which claims, and will attract by far the most attention, is that devoted to the Moselle—a river inferior to scarcely any one in Europe, for the charms of its scenery and the characteristic nature of its social attractions; and yet the inconveniences and delays that have heretofore attended its navigation have kept it a sealed book

from all but those select few who were content to pay the price of pacing its shores on foot. Steam, however, has now made it one of the high-roads of the Continent, and Mr. Quin, (as in the previous case of the Danube,) has been the first Englishman to explore its beauties and attractions, and report on them to the rest of his countrymen, who only require a guide and avant courier of this kind to induce them to flock in shoals to the indicated spot.

For the benefit of all such, of whatever grade or temper, we shall simply describe Mr. Quin's book, and leave them to choose between the threefold course it opens to them.

Its first portion comprises a Steam Voyage up the Seine, in which every point and feature worthy of note is fairly and pleasantly placed before us, and all the appliances and means needful to their enjoyment made ready to our hands. The second, and (as we have hinted,) by far the most valuable and interesting division of the work, is a Steam Voyage down the Moselle, from Treves to Coblenz; at which latter point the Moselle falls into the Rhine, as most of our readers doubtless know, though that is in all probability the extent of the knowledge of every one of them touching this beautiful and even famous river—already as famous for its delicious wines as it will henceforth be for its delightful scenery.

A third very useful and pleasant feature of this book is, its "Railroad Visits" to the principal cities of Belgium; a country too little known to English travellers, whether on the score of its singular antiquarian attractions, or its valuable and little-observed social features.

The remainder of the two volumes comprises brief touch-and-go details of those portions of the Rhine, and its adjacent Spas and Watering-places, to which the course of Mr. Quin's route led him. The whole forms one of the most useful and efficient hand-books that can anywhere be pointed to, even in this age of intelligent guides and of publishing travellers.—*United Service Mag.*

Germany.

The Socialism and Communism of the present day. A contribution to contemporary history, by L. Stein, L. L. D. Leipzig.

The recent aims which have been manifested in the department of political economy, out of the proper school, must be regarded as reactionary and revolutionary. The latest, proceeding from a basis of society altogether opposed to the existing one, and attempting to mould the entire organization of society in accordance with their new principles of national economy, are those, which constitute the subject of this interesting work. It would have been better if the author had confined himself to the pure basis of political science, and divested himself of the philosophy of his own school. This, however, only shows itself occasionally: and on the whole, the judgment of the author is correct. He deserves great credit for his very exact and special investigation and representation of all the facts appertaining to the subject, thus qualifying himself to discuss so much, of which we in Germany at present have scarcely a distant knowledge. On the St. Simonians, Fourier, and his disciples, Pierre Leroux, Proudhon, Louis Blanc, Babeuf, and the different phases of communism we have the most complete account which has appeared in the German language.—*Gersdorf's Repertorium*.



ESCAPE OF CARTHAGE.

Painted by J. M. W. Turner, 1813.

